THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ted Weekly
8 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 195, Number 46

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MAY 12, 1923

Beginning **BARBRY—By Henry Milner Rideout**

The Tire of Traction

Note the big rubber cogs and curl groove of the Goodrich Tractor Type Truck Tire—the newest development in a solid tire.

Your eye sees at once how they dig into soft going, and stop a sliding truck on a slippery pavement.

Here is a non-skid tread that lasts the whole life of the tire.

Here is the tire built to give maximum service for heavy duty trucking and long hauling.

Its performance has already outstripped the splendid service forecasted for it.

The problem of the hour is to reduce the cost of distribution. This tire does it.

We invite you to call on a Goodrich Truck Tire Distributor, and examine the exceptional features of this tire.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

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Tractor Type TRUCK TIRE

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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A Society Brand three button, single breasted lounge suit that gives the loose, easy effect without sacrificing grace. The lines are rather straight, the shoulders rather broad. No vent. A short cut vest with blunt corners; straight trousers with two pleats in front.

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A simple, very effective comfort feature; the Kant Slip waistband keeps the shirt down and the trousers up. Exclusive with Society Brand.

The price range is from $40 *to* $75

A wide selection at $55 *and* $60

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The one thing that counts above all others in the appearance of a suit of clothes is the cut – Everyone makes the conventional styles but on the cut depends their character. The reason Society Brand Clothes are acknowledged the finest is because of their cut. It gives them the fashionable air that well dressed men demand

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · In Canada: Society Brand Clothes, Limited, Montreal

How a healthy skin may be made sick

Treat a healthy person like an invalid and he soon *becomes* an invalid. Every doctor knows this.

A normally healthy skin, treated as if it were sick, can be easily *made* sick.

Most women have normal complexions.

Yet some of them indulge in "treatments" and "methods" which any reputable physician would denounce as useless for a normal skin and positively *dangerous* for an *un*healthy skin!

Every woman naturally wants her complexion to be clear and soft.

To remain clear and soft, her complexion must be able to resist dust and weather and other damaging influences of daily life.

The highest medical authorities say that too much manipulation, too frequent and zealous "shocking" of the skin cells make the skin TENDER—it is then no longer able to resist damaging influences; it breaks down under the strain and serious skin troubles often result.

Simple, daily cleansing with Ivory Soap and warm water, followed by a dash of cold water, will keep your skin clear, soft and normal, render it proof against dust and weather, and cleanse it thoroughly, yet safely and gently.

Ivory Soap cleanses safely and gently because it is pure, mild and white. It contains no dye, no medicaments, no strong perfume. It is made of the very finest ingredients. As a soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo, it has never been excelled or successfully imitated.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

Mrs. Jollyco is very proud of a pair of beautiful appliqued bedspreads brought to her from Europe by Mrs. Latham.

"Julia," she is saying, "those spreads must be washed with Ivory Soap. I shall trust you to make sure of that."

"I was just getting a fresh cake for the laundress, Mrs. Jollyco," says Julia, paragon of maids.

Julia knows. She wouldn't *think* of having such delicately colored things washed with any soap but Ivory. And the same is true of all the fine embroidered and lace pieces in the house. She knows Ivory is *safe*.

"Aw gee! Can't you quit throwin' 'at Ivory Soap around? Doggone it!"

We sympathize deeply with Bobby Jollyco, because (back where you can't see her) Pinky Parker, whose name is sweet to Bobby's ears, looks on at his humiliation.

But of course, Teewee *naturally* considers all Ivory Soap as his own particular property, to do with as he chooses, whether in or out of the tub; that's the way he's been brought up. So while he may be a source of occasional embarrassment to Brother Bobby, he is highly satisfactory to his mother.

"What!" exclaims President Jollyco.

"Yes, sir," says Miss Jump. "It's no wonder the girls can't keep their hands clean. I thought you'd like to know."

"Know! Of course I'd like to know! Call Mr. Jimpson * * * Jimpson, hang it, sir, why do you discriminate against the girls in this office? Why don't you provide Ivory Soap in their rest-room? * * * Well, please throw that stuff away and get some Ivory. If I can have it, so can *they* * * * How's that, Miss Jump?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jollyco. Our girls *all* like Ivory."

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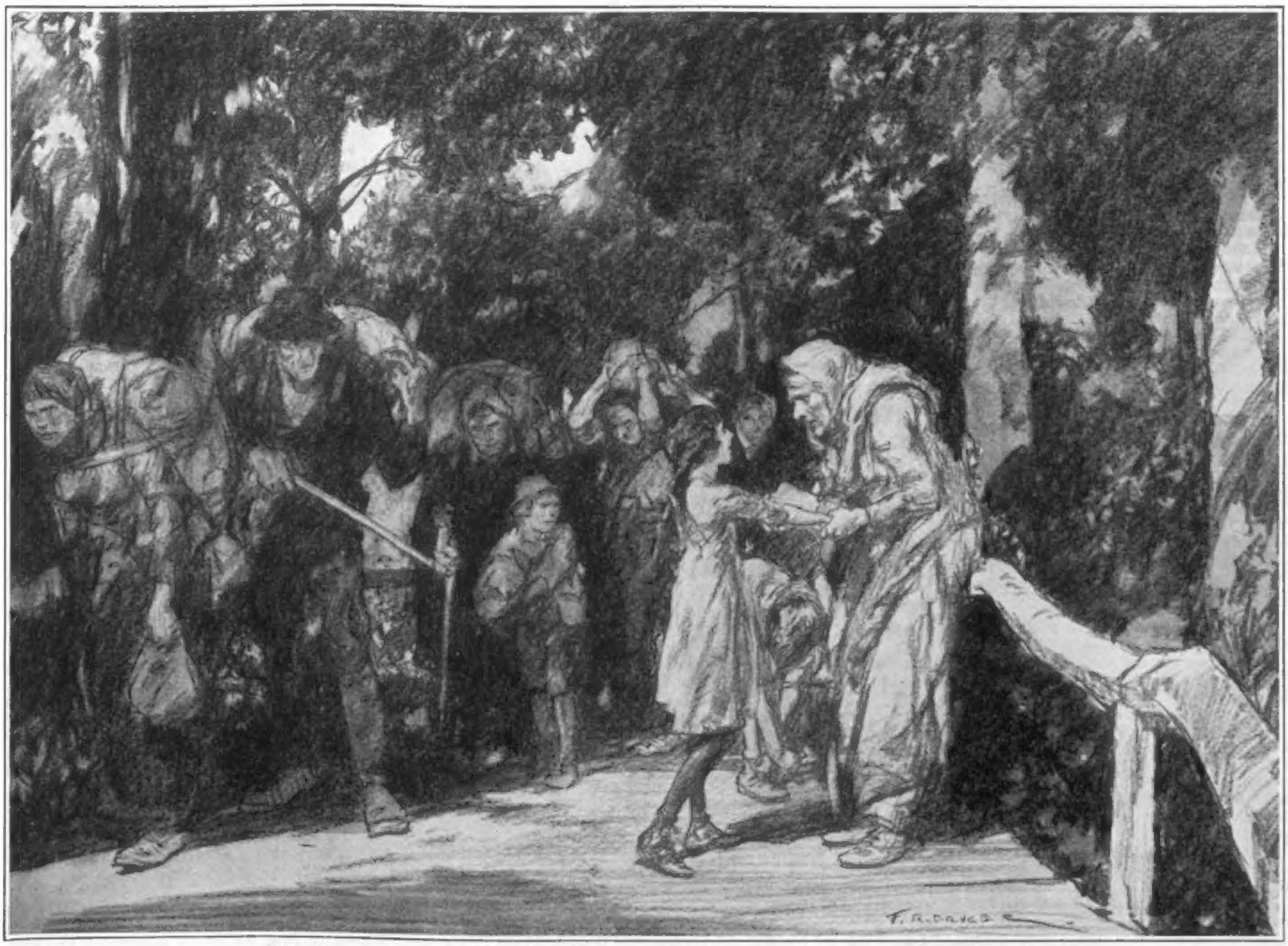
BARBRY

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"Child That Can Play to Your Lonesome Jumpin', Let a Weak Mother of Men Tell What Lays in Your Face"

A LITTLE girl sat alone on a broken chair, looking out through the window of a shop. Her black hair was tousled, for the room being hot and steamy she had pulled off her knitted hood of bright-red yarn and laid it across her knees. A chink of flame, wriggling through the barrel stove by which she warmed her hands, played goblin tricks of light and darkness over a bare counter and a row of empty shelves. Evening already surrounded her, indoors. Outdoors, a December afternoon still lingered on the snow.

"You was go too queek!" complained her father's voice from behind the curtains of the back shop. "Ah'll was not so ease to fool, me! Ah'll was mek up my minds. You can pass me—ho-ho—pass the Gunjerboo! *Merci!* Tha's right."

Bottle clinked on glass behind the curtains. Another voice replied in a deep, cautious hum of words. The girl made no stir. For a long time, ever since the sun left the window, she had waited, hearing the same sounds.

Dirt obscured the windowpanes—dust, cobwebs, clay pipes hung by the neck disorderly on strings, and a few sticks of neglected, shopworn candy; but by peering very patiently with her great black eyes the child could watch the shapes that passed. Tall men in coon fur or blanket coats went trudging silently, following the sleigh ruts; now and again, to the jangle of bells, a pung slid by, with some huge bearded bundle of a farmer driving bodkin between two bundles of womankind; then a hunter on foot, with rifle and snowshoes clapping at his back; then a sheep dog that galloped alone, snatching bites of dry snow joyfully; then a horse, all smoking as he drew a sled of yellow-birch cordwood, on which an axman sat sidewise and beat his Indian shoepacks together for warmth; and after these another smoking horse with a load of young firs, the tops brushing the snow level in their wake.

Voices rang sharp outdoors, for the air was frosty.

"Done yer Christmasin'?" hailed one.

"Hoo! Hoo!" yelled another, far off, but coming rapidly near. "Hoo! Hoo! Hurrah fer sailors' rights!"

A horse thundered past the window, sluing a pung behind him, his heels throwing clods of snow high over the dashboard. A farmer sat reeling in this wild conveyance, his face flame-red, eyes tight-shut, and mouth open in song:

"—— kingdom come
With a jug o' rum
An' high, low, jack "n' the game!"

He disappeared, screeching, far off again.

"Chris'mas?" cried somebody. "There goes a skinful for ye. Pretty way to git home to his woman, hain't it?"

The girl's face darkened somewhat, and she looked behind her with a frightened air. When her father sang like that man, too loudly, it meant hard words later, and a hard fist.

The curtains parted. She winced. But only the shopkeeper sidled in from the back room. He spread his hands over the stove and remained looking down at her curiously. The firelight through the crack showed him for a little dull gray man, with long teeth like a rat's.

"Well, sho!" he said presently, in a whining voice. "You hain't no great of a girl, be ye, to make such a row an' conflaragestion o' talk about?"

The girl hung her head and twisted both hands deep in her red-yarn hood.

"Be ye, now?" he insisted.

"I don't know," she murmured.

Her voice, had anyone cared to listen, was quiet and shy like the running of a brook.

"Ye do' know?" mocked the little gray man. "Well, I do. You hain't." He lifted the stove cover, dropped in a billet of maple and spat among the flames, which for a moment curled upward. "You hain't no great of a girl." After warming his hands again, he suddenly inquired, "Ye lon'some?"

"I don't know," repeated his guest.

"Don't ye, though? Don't ye?" The shopkeeper yawned, stretched and moved irresolutely off about the room. "I guess you be, mebbe, though your mind don't kerry so fur yit. 'Pears to me a lon'some settin'."

He returned from his front window with two striped cylinders of candy.

"Clove," he propounded, "or pep'mint? Which flavor d'ye lot on? Speak up, and be swingled if I don't give ye somethin' to pass the time with! Now, here's a good girl. Look ahere. Clove or pep'mint?"

The child made no answer, but sat cowed.

"Didn't ye never taste none?" he said, more kindly. "Never in yer life be'n treated? Well, there. Ain't your father an old hell-cat?"

Her black eyes flashed at him suddenly.

"No! No!" she cried, and her words rang in the shop. "No, my father ain't!"

The gray merchant laughed dryly in his throat.

"Good girl!" he drawled. "Stand up fer your fo'ks, and stand by 'em, no matter what they be. That's the talk. That's clear spunk, nowadays. Wish't I had somethin' better to give ye!" And he laid both sticks of candy on her hood. "There! Don't cost ye nary copper, so ketch a-holt and eat 'em up."

The child, embarrassed, hung her head.

"What's your name, anyhow?"

She writhed in her chair and would not answer till he repeated the question.

"I got two names," she replied without looking up. "Mother use' to call me Barbara. But father says I'm Marianne Françoise."

The man puffed out his lips, disparaging.

"Pooh! Mary Ann Frossway! That hain't an English name," said he. "Good honest fo'ks don't want but the one. I like Barbry better. You jest stick to Barbry, the name yer mother give ye." He glanced round toward the curtains of the back shop, then lowered his voice. "Where is your mother, I'd like to know, if she'd suffer this to go on?"

The girl looked up now placidly.

"My mother is dead," she stated. "My father says God was wicked and killed her in a long bad weather."

The shopkeeper wagged his head and showed his teeth severely.

"Foh!" he exclaimed, like a man shocked. "I never cal'lated your father was that bad, to tell such a mite of a girl ——"

He cut the rebuke short, however, and stood gnawing his thumb.

"Poor thing," he mumbled at last, with a vague weakly compassion. "Poor black-complected chickabiddy as you be!"

A long silence filled the shop, except for the fire crackling in the stove and those two voices murmuring behind the curtain. As for Barbara, or Marianne, she sat quiet as a mouse, the clove-and-peppermint gift lying disregarded upon her hood. With bright, black, mournful eyes she wondered at the grimy riddle of that place and hour.

"What ye thinkin' about so, ye queer little mite?" said the man. "Why don't ye eat them candies up?"

"They're dirty," she replied.

Her benefactor gave a start and a snort of umbrage.

"Ho, they be? Dirty, be they?" he cried. "Yes, I dessay. I keep a dirty shop, don't I?" His wizened gray face became dark and bitter. "Ye don't like it, do ye, nor me neither? Dessay I'm a dirty man, too, myself. Ain't I? Look up here! Don't like me, do ye? Look at me!"

The child obeyed, lifting her eyes and making a slow, clear study of him.

"Am I a dirty man?"

"Yes"; then cheerfully, "but I like you."

The little man growled, spun on his heel and paced an angry turn up and down the shop. Passing the counter,

The Water Gave Out a Summerlike Breath as of Rain and Sodden Leaves

he struck it with his fist so that the bare board creaked and up sprang a low cloud of dust. He halted at sight of this, gave an odd laugh, and with his back toward his young critic remained motionless for some time as though thinking.

Barbara forgot her apathy, to watch him. The ice of their acquaintance had broken, for she spoke next, of her own accord:

"What do you sell in your shop?"

The man faced about slowly. A grin worked round his lips, pulling them askew.

"Well, Barbry," he answered, "I'm glad the's one in the town don't know." He came shambling back toward the stove, and after some hesitation awkwardly patted the child's dark hair. "Guess ye take things in with them eyes o' yourn. Hain't much for a layout on my shelves, is they? No, little girl, I only sell old Woodstocks and T.D.'s, old candy in my winder, empty cigar box or two; and as you made the remark, all dirty at that. In old days I'd 'a' kep' a good, clean, honest tavern, for good ord'ly men, as my father did afore me and his father afore him. But now 'tain't even a real store I keep, my dear; only a—a back shop for Old Gunjerboo."

He drew his hand away.

The girl stared at him with lively wonder. He had spoken a mysterious word, large, shadowy, full of pleasant fear and trembling, like the name of an ogre; he dwelt in a place that was not real; and whether he was glad or sorry to do so, or both sorry and glad, she could not tell. The smile he wore was part of that mystery.

"What is a Gunjerboo?" she faltered. "Where is he? Can I see one?"

Her friend laughed for a long time without making any sound. That also was queer, especially to see how his long teeth shone and think how fine they would be for eating apples with. Then he winked at her.

"I guess, my dear," he replied, "ye better not. Old Man Gunjerboo, he ain't a bad feller if ye treat him right; but he don't git along well with your relations."

Barbara sat pondering this fact, until from behind the curtain came sounds which made her rouse and turn. A chair moved, scraping; then footsteps drew near the door of the back shop.

"No, you've had a great plenty to drink, Mr. Vannes," declared a deep voice rather sternly. "Our bargain's a'ready struck. I wish you good day, likewise a better course o' life than what you 'pear to follow."

The speaker flung apart the curtains and entered, shrugging on a great black bearskin coat. He came directly to Barbara and held out his hand. A hooked nose and a tawny mustache peeped down from his fur collar, like features of an owl upon a bear's body.

"Le's go take a little sleigh ride," said he; and though she violently shook her head and crouched away, he lifted Barbara gently and carried her toward the front door. "Come on, my pound sweetin', for a sleigh ride."

The shopkeeper sidled after them.

"Nice little girl you got there, Deacon Savory," he ventured. "A good trade."

"I figgered so, Mowle," replied the other dryly. "Take care of her, won't ye?"

"Well," said the furry deacon, pausing at the threshold, "Mr. Mowle, she won't spend no great amount o' time in your store again, if you mean that—nor money."

Out on the snow, Barbara found the afternoon brighter than she had thought it, the air colder. As she trudged along beside a moving wall of black bearskin four men in shaggy reefers met her, and stared, and talked in passing.

"Glory to God, Brother Savory," said one, "you got her, did ye? She's bound out to a good provider."

"Who is her father, anyway?" inquired another.

They were all brown, jolly men. The shortest of the four had gold-wire rings in his ears.

"Her father?" rejoined this one. "Why, there he stands, or tryin' to, talkin' with Oddy Mowle the rum seller. 'Twas him, that Fiddler John, worked with us last summer, I tolt ye, riggin' the Martha an' James, when he can't tell a rigger's lobster from a scy'snath. That's him now, a-staggerin' and sheddin' tears."

Barbara looked backward, for the man was pointing thither. Below the steps of the shop where Gunjerboo lived, her father stood mopping his eyes with his cap. He seemed—for the first time within her knowledge—a very little, swarthy man, and ragged.

"Ho, I mind him now," said another of the shaggy-brown riggers. "I mind that Vannes. He never had no peth to him. A sick man could twine him over his knee. . . . So this'll be his daughter? This nice little soople dark girl? I wonder what she's thinkin' of it, s'pose, now she's bound out away from her dad?"

The man with gold earrings bent over to look into Barbara's eyes.

"What, her?" He laughed. "Why, she's neither merry nor sad, like a noo colt to the fair. She won't remember."

The child found herself going forward along the snow ruts toward a glorious vast edifice, painted yellow, above the door of which frowned a black inscription, Livery and Boarding.

The rigger had spoken wisely, but not as a prophet. Barbara Vannes moved on in a daze, neither merry nor sad; yet afterward, when she had seen many more people, she did not forget that shabby figure crying alone on the trampled snow.

II

BELOW Savory's farm the river made a bottom for the evening landscape. Black as ink, bordered with torn ice, and locked from the sea by overlapping evergreen headlands, it seemed a lake of winter and of night. Broad white snow pastures ran gently up from either bank toward the sky, then melted into farther hills, which again melted into dense gray frost. The only light—vague twilight prolonged by the snow—was waning, negative. The river lay positive and solid at the root of growing darkness. Above it, along the firs that slanted down the easternmost line of all the promontories, a pink mist faded, the dying reflection of sunset. This color was the only trace of warmth.

One sleigh bell made the only sound, a broken jangle that moved without haste along the river road, where Bion Savory was driving home from town. His horse, a bay whose winter coat was turning silver in the frost, wearily halted.

"I rest him always," explained his master. "'fore tacklin' this last pitch up to the house. Tough ro'd, ain't it?"

Nobody answered the question.

Savory looked about him from his pung, at hills and solemn river, and forward to the notched barrier of headland firs.

"Tough ro'd, and a cold night," he grumbled. "A cold night shuttin' in. Snow's come to stay, by the cling of it on the ellum boughs."

That was all he saw of his lifelong environment; but beside him a younger pair of eyes viewed, through tears, the ghostly undulations of the valley, the bitter black water and the pink light failing in the eastern sky. Savory, after declaring his thought, heard nothing more; but younger ears were hearkening to strange, tiny movements throughout the freezing countryside—a far-spread whisper of little surfaces everywhere contracting, as rills, half-thawed ruts, tissue ice at the verge of hidden streams now tinkled and drew crackling together after sunset. It was as though Nature audibly shivered and lay down in her chill bed, suffering.

"Ye cold, Nubbins?" asked the farmer. He bent toward his companion.

The little girl snuggled against his black fur and whimpered. Her knitted-woolen hood showed scarlet in the receding light, so that as she hid her face to cry more secretly she bore a likeness to some child in fable—a child carried off by the Snow King, or Red Riding-hood sitting beside a bear. She had been looking backward while the pung moved on; and therefore all the great ridges, far off, white with drift, black with trees, had seemed to follow her stealthily and mightily.

"O-oh!" she moaned. "Stop them!"

"Stop what?" said Savory. "Ye be stopped. What's trouble?"

"Stop the hills! The hills are chasing us!"

Deacon Savory glanced down the road behind him.

"Them Hill you' ones?" he grumbled. "Why, no, dear. We passed the house where the Hills live. Mr. Hill's boys ain't after us—nor nobody."

Barbara would not be comforted.

"There, now, don't ye cry," continued the deacon. "Most froze, hey? Well, soon be warmer'n toast, you will. Giddup, hossy!"

Harnes and traces creaked, the sleigh bell jangled again as the tired horse flung straining forward, left the river road and began, shank deep, to climb Savory's lane, which wound upward steeply through an orchard. Apple trees, racked by old age and the bearing of heavy crops, crowded the ascent with their black wriggling lines and marked the twilight as with sad yet undecipherable writing. Down through this orchard the farmhouse peered from the hill, a square white front showing almost human dullness of countenance in its pair of blank-eyed windows divided by a storm door.

"See the crab tree?" asked the owner of this dwelling as his horse floundered over the crest. "See that big crab tree, Nubbins, and all them little hoppin' birds?"

Here, on the level height, day filled the air enough to show the black network of a lofty tree before the house, a spreading crab apple. Through its top went pecking and popping a confusion of midget silhouettes—arctic snowbirds, busily eating their frozen supper.

"Always leave the top crabs for 'em, I do." Savory jerked upward his mittened thumb. "Wouldn' seem winter, like, without them birds." He laughed sagaciously. "An' top crabs is e-tarnal worthless hard to rake down."

The little girl in the red hood made no answer, but looked up at the hopping shadows, and as the pung slid past the tree turned her head to watch them. She thus revealed a pair of great, solemn black eyes, and a thin face set aglow by frost.

"Why, Barbry!" complained the farmer in the voice of one unfairly dealt with. "Why, Barbry, they're froze on your cheeks! Mustn't cry outdoor, zero weather!"

Barbara turned quickly and hid her face in the bear's fur. The pung glided on, past the gable end of the house, past the L, into a wide barnyard containing only snowdrifts, a well sweep saddled with broken pads of snow, and here and there the stains and tramplings left by cattle. These last converged at the door of the barn itself, a barn so huge as to mock the human dwelling, and so high that the line of swallows' nests built last summer under its peak caught a wintry daylight and retained the olive-yellow tone of their spattered masonry.

The horse waited in the cattle tracks.

"Now you run right home." Savory, ponderous in his long robe, stumbled out on foot and advanced to roll aside the barn door. "You run right home, Barbry."

The child sat still, gripping the buffalo robe with her red mittens.

"Don't ye hear?" The hulking bear man threw the hasp from its staple and turned. "You hyper in home and git warm. Why don't ye?"

Barbara's mittens took a fresh hold.

"I darsn't! I darsn't go—all the way back home alone—past the hills!"

Savory looked at her, puzzled.

"Humph!" said he; then pushed the door open with a gloomy rumbling sound.

The horse gathered his frosty flanks, heaved forward, and to a final clangor of his bell charged through the black opening. The pung brought up on wood, as though spiked to the floor.

"You can set there if you'd ruther. You'll have to wait ontil I fed and bedded him."

The deacon knew his barn better than to waste lantern light; and so Barbara, dismally enthroned in the pung, saw little but shadow. The horse, even as the thills dropped and rang their bells, ambled away. When his clumsy hindquarters had vanished, the child sat straining her eyes for other objects in vain. The barn seemed to her an immense, crowded cavern. The acrid warmth of stall ammonia, the brute smell from living hides took her by the throat; but to these gradually succeeded the delicate, herbal fragrance of a haymow. Noises encompassed her like a movement of ghosts—the bony rattle and clash of horns gently struck together by accident, chains jingling as in a prison, the thud of an impatient hoof, the gnawing of strong teeth on the edge of a crib. Some wooden trapdoor was flung back with a hollow slam. Unseen horses neighed immediately, even before they heard the rasping of cracked corn in a wooden scoop; then followed everywhere a steady champing and crunching, till this in turn was smothered by the rustle of dry leaves shaken down from stall to stall. *(Continued on Page 80)*

"My! What a Sleazy, Tawdry Piece o' Dress Goods!" That Lady Cried. "So Turrible Red Too! And Her Jo Pindlin'!"

FILIBUSTERS — By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE filibuster of ancient days was a romantic spectacle. Clad in voluminous golf trousers and hip boots, with a red bandanna tied around his head to take the place of a golf cap—which had not then been invented—and with a large collection of lethal weapons conspicuously displayed on all portions of his body, as well as cunningly concealed in his boots, trousers, belt, shirt, sleeves and headdress, he roamed the Spanish Main, making himself generally obnoxious to all law-abiding persons and stealing or destroying almost everything that wasn't either bolted to the ground or constructed of noninflammable material. His favorite sport was climbing over the bulwarks of a helpless vessel with a carving knife between his teeth, dissecting all the males in sight and carrying off all presentable females to relieve the labor shortage in filibuster circles.

PHOTO, BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway

The word "filibuster" was a corruption of the early Danish and German and French words from which came the English "freebooter." A filibuster, then, was a freebooter, meaning that he freely booted everyone who would stand for being booted; and his was a risky life. He never knew when he was going to be cloven to the chine with a meat cleaver or perforated in the tenderest and most vulnerable section of his midriff by an errant bullet.

Time went on, and a different breed of filibusters came into being. These later specimens were not so romantic as their predecessors, and frequently wore ancient hats with broken crowns, red suspenders, sleeve supporters, and trousers that were heavily frayed around the edges.

Their general theory of existence was not unlike that of the earlier filibusters. By the exercise of guile, stratagem and well-applied force they sought to destroy or overturn the established order of things.

Their chief delight was to organize a revolution in a Central American republic, shoot holes in the palace of the regular army, and install themselves at the head of the works. We find Narciso Lopez leading a filibustering expedition out of New Orleans to Cuba in 1850; and a little later we find William Walker filibustering out in California, first against the State of Sonora in Mexico and then against the Republic of Nicaragua.

The Tolerated Rule of the Minority

WALKER ruled Nicaragua for a time; but eventually he, like Lopez, became the repository of large numbers of anti-filibuster bullets and ceased his romantic activities with the utmost vigor.

A more recent filibuster was Dynamite Johnny O'Brien, who ran cargoes of guns and ammunition out of Florida ports to the Cuban insurrectionists, pitting his ocean-going tug, The Three Friends, against the entire Spanish Navy. Like all other filibusters before him, Dynamite Johnny was taking a long chance; for if the Spanish Navy had ever been able to get a gun muzzle against his tug it would have blown him to the approximate altitude of the Great Dipper.

Senator Morris Sheppard

Again the passage of time resulted in pronounced changes. The modern filibuster, who is a purely American product, is even less romantic than his predecessors. To a certain extent he seeks the same results that the earlier filibusters sought. Always a member of a minority in a legislative body, he resorts to irregular and high-handed tactics to wreck the plans and the action of a legally elected majority. Being caught in the traffic jam that results when the filibuster begins to boot the object of his hatred, all other innocent measures that are following along in the same direction are unable to move, and are booted to death by the careless filibuster with a full measure of freedom.

The modern filibuster has inherited a romantic name; but he has inherited none of the daring, dashing qualities that cast a glamour around the earlier filibuster. Nothing about him is romantic. He can, it is true, outtalk almost everyone on earth; but almost invariably his talk is of such a boring nature that any insomnia victim who listened to it for over half an hour would fall into the deep and untroubled sleep of a tired child.

It is in the United States Senate, with its antiquated and worm-holed rules originally designed for the Senate when it was a body that handled a comparatively small amount of business, that the modern filibuster has ripened to a full-blown fruit—a fruit, it might be remarked in passing, that is so full-blown that it is extremely soft and squashy in spots, and fit only to be dropped carefully into the ash can or some kindred receptacle.

In order that these matters may be made perfectly clear, it should be explained that the word "filibuster," which originally meant the individual freebooter, has in modern times been applied to the act of legislative freebooting; and the individual who does the freebooting is now known as a filibusterer. When a filibusterer is engaged in a filibuster he is said to be filibustering. If the truth had been observed when these slight changes were made, the word would have been altered to "filibluster"; and a person who participated in a filibluster would be known as a filiblusterer, or one who is full of hot air.

Senator William E. Borah

Stripped of the technicalities and the intricate language that are so popular in the Senate, a filibuster, as carried on in that august chamber, is prolonged speechmaking on the part of a minority of the senators for the purpose of preventing a majority of the senators from voting on a measure that is pleasing to the majority and distasteful to the minority.

Reduced to its simplest terms, such a state of affairs is improper, unjust, unfair and unreasonable. Filibustering is not, as our English cousins are wont to remark, cricket.

This nation and its institutions are built around the theory that a majority of the nation's citizens are qualified to say how they shall be governed. This theory may be right and it may be wrong, but so long as it is the accepted theory, the majority is entitled to rule. Yet when six or eight or ten senators, toward the end of a session of Congress, make up their minds to conduct a filibuster against a measure that fifty senators wish to pass into law, they can prevent a vote on that measure and thus prevent the majority from ruling.

Let us consider, for example, the filibuster conducted in the Senate during the closing days of the Sixty-seventh Congress, which faded into history on March 4, 1923, without any noticeable ululations of sorrow or regret on the part of the populace.

The matter against which the filibuster was directed was the Shipping Bill. Now the Shipping Bill is a dead coon, as one might say—deader, in fact, than a door nail, which for some occult reason has long been regarded as the deadest thing in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms—and there is no desire to disturb its moldering bones. No arguments are to be brought forward in favor of the defunct Shipping Bill, or against it either. It is merely mentioned because it was the point around which the filibuster revolved.

The Shipping Bill was an administration measure. The President of the United States had urged its passage, and a majority of the senators were willing to vote for it. A minority of senators, composed of practically every Democrat and a handful of the senators who ran on Republican tickets but prefer to call themselves Progressives and often vote with the Democrats, were against the Shipping Bill for various reasons, some of which were good and some of which were worthless. Nevertheless, there weren't quite enough Democratic and so-called Progressive senators combined to defeat the Shipping Bill if it were allowed to come to a vote. Accordingly six senators got together and agreed to prevent it from ever coming to a vote by talking it to death.

Flimsy Pretexts for Obstruction

FILIBUSTERING is peculiar in that a great many senators who participate in filibusters are unwilling to admit that they are participating. Senators rise to their feet in the middle of a filibuster, talk for three and five and seven and more hours about subjects that have nothing to do with the matter in hand, and in which no other person on the Senate floor or in the Senate galleries takes the slightest interest; but when accused of filibustering they keep affirming that they are not filibustering.

These senators may not be filibustering, as they claim; but if they aren't, then the Senate is in dire need of a rule that will gag and even strangle a senator who, for his own personal gratification, is willing to waste ten or twelve hours of the Senate's time in useless talk at a time when that body ought to be doing business and doing it fast.

There are a great many other senators who refuse to participate in a filibuster at any time or for any reason. They are willing to reap the benefits of a filibuster; but they refuse to be accomplices. This fact alone shows that minority rule doesn't appeal even to the minority as being a square deal.

Six senators, then, agreed to talk the Shipping Bill to death. Another half dozen senators, though refusing to join in talking it to death, agreed to use all the methods that they could devise in order to delay a vote.

The understanding was reached on February 18, 1923. Thirteen legislative days remained for the Senate to do business before the Sixty-seventh Congress died with the conventional death rattle. Up then rose the distinguished junior senator from Texas, Morris Sheppard, Democrat, of Texarkana, and Sovereign Banker, or national treasurer, of the Woodmen of the World. Senator Sheppard, though young in years and frail in appearance, is a studious person, in proof of which he wears upon his watch chain the gold key of Phi Beta Kappa, which is awarded only to those who have burned the midnight oil in their college days and answered puzzling questions that they will have forgotten within three years of their graduation.

Senator Sheppard, it was understood, was not filibustering; but his studious nature had been deeply stirred by the work of the League of Nations from October 3, 1921, to July 24, 1922. Consequently, with only thirteen legislative days left to the Sixty-seventh Congress, and in spite of the fact that there were still many important measures to be considered, he wanted to tell the other senators all about it.

He therefore proceeded to do so, and he occupied ten and one-half hours of the Senate's time in doing it.

In great detail, and in a dull and monotonous voice, he read a manuscript in which were detailed such absorbing matters as the address of Prince Arfa-ed-Dowleh to the League, the adhesion of the Saar Basin to the Bern Convention, the protection of minorities in Albania and Finland, the organization of a service of epidemiological intelligence, Eastern Karelia, Armenians in Cilicia, the use of Esperanto as an international language, Russian

refugees, the Ter Meulen plan of international credit, frontiers between Hungary and Jugo-Slavia, and some other things.

Senator Sheppard's ten-and-one-half-hour speech occupied forty-four pages in the Congressional Record; and the cost of printing forty-four pages in the Congressional Record, at the standard price of fifty dollars a page, amounts to twenty-two hundred dollars.

Senator Sheppard, having begun his speech on the afternoon of February nineteenth, completed it late in the afternoon of February twentieth; and when he had finished, Senator John Sharp Williams, Democrat, of Mississippi, defended filibustering in general and roasted the Shipping Bill in particular. After him came the distinguished junior senator from Arkansas, Thaddeus H. Caraway, who recently distinguished himself in Washington by handily defeating an opponent in a street fight through the clever use of an umbrella. Senator Caraway is the proud owner of the shortest autobiography in the Congressional Directory, said autobiography consisting of the words "T. H. Caraway, Democrat, Jonesboro." He could shorten it by thirty-three per cent without hurting anyone's feelings and without detracting from the value of the autobiography. All Arkansas legislators are Democrats; so if he wrote for his biography merely "T. H. Caraway, Jonesboro," the eager readers of the Congressional Directory would be as comprehensively informed concerning his activities as they are at present.

Senator J. Thomas Heflin

Talk Against Time

SENATOR CARAWAY suddenly realized on the evening of February twentieth, with eleven legislative days remaining, that, in spite of the fact that the Ship Subsidy Bill was before the Senate, it was absolutely imperative that he address his eager colleagues at great length on the discharge of sundry employes from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. This he promptly proceeded to do; and unlike Senator Sheppard, who adhered to facts so dry that they made the Sahara Desert look like a swamp, he retailed many juicy bits concerning persons whose names came up in his speech.

Following Senator Caraway, Senator James A. Reed, a Democrat, of Missouri, felt within him an uncontrollable urge to advocate the acceptance of the islands of the West Indies from England and France in part payment of their war debts to the United States, notwithstanding the fact that England and France have no more idea of relinquishing the West Indies than has Mexico of buying Iceland.

Senator Reed, a tall, imperious figure with close-cropped white hair, a lowering brow, a hoarse and threatening voice, and a seemingly strong dislike of almost everyone in public life, starting with Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding and extending well down into the lower ranks of both political parties, wished it distinctly understood that he was not filibustering. No, indeed! Perish the thought; electrocute it; cremate it; scatter it to the four winds of heaven! He was merely seized with an overwhelming appetite for islands. He craved islands. He couldn't be happy without islands. He longed, hankered, yearned and itched for islands. He pined and panted for them; he languished and faded for them. It was an all-consuming passion with him; and he wanted the other senators to realize that fact.

"May I ask," he demanded hoarsely at the beginning of his speech—"may I ask the Senate to disabuse its mind of any thought that there is any purpose in any remarks except to seek to impress the great importance of the question upon the Congress?"

During Senator Reed's attack of island worship the assistant filibusterers killed time in the approved filibustering style, somewhat as follows:

A Democratic senator suggested that a quorum was not present, and asked for a roll call. After some bickering the reading clerk was ordered to call the roll. As soon as he began to do this the Democrats left their seats and repaired to the Democratic cloakroom, accompanied by Senator Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa, who wears the Republican label. Safe in the confines of the cloakroom they refused to answer to their names when they were called. Only forty-two senators could be found to answer to their names, so a quorum was not present.

Another Democratic senator promptly moved that the Senate adjourn. A Republican senator blocked this easily by calling for the yeas and nays, so the roll had to be called again. After many minutes of talk and roll-calling the Senate refused to adjourn by a vote of twenty-nine to fourteen. The roll was then called again to find out whether a quorum had developed since it was learned a few minutes before that a quorum was not present. Since the Democrats with their little near-Republican playfellow, Senator Brookhart, were still lurking in the cloakroom, a quorum had not developed; so a Republican senator moved that the sergeant at arms be directed to request the presence of absent senators.

A Democratic senator demanded the yeas and nays on this motion, and the roll was called once more. This roll call permitted the sergeant at arms to do the requesting; but when he entered the cloakroom and made his request of the Democrats, the Democrats gave him a more or less dignified senatorial razz, and politely instructed him to go chase himself. Even two Democratic senators, seated at their desks, chatting amiably, refused to make answer when their names were loudly called.

The Cloakroom Round-Up

CONSEQUENTLY a Republican senator moved that the sergeant at arms be directed to go out and hunt up absent senators, take them by the scruff of the neck and haul them back to the Senate. A Democrat demanded the yeas and nays on this motion, and another roll call was enjoyed by all.

The sergeant at arms prepared to go out on his scouting expedition, when another Democrat moved that the vote just taken be reconsidered, and demanded the yeas and nays, and this resulted in another roll call.

Having officially received his instructions, the sergeant at arms rounded up the Democrats in the cloakroom. At the same time a Republican senator, who had been helping his country and his party by giving at that particularly inopportune moment a dinner for various other Republican senators, entered the chamber with some of his guests. A roll call then showed fifty senators present, and fifty constitutes a quorum.

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Senator Kenneth D. McKellar

A Democratic senator promptly moved that the Senate take a recess, and another roll call was started. Whereupon the Democrats who had been dragged in by the sergeant at arms sneaked away to the cloakroom again. Therefore the roll call showed that there wasn't a quorum after all. But eventually a quorum was discovered.

On February twenty-first, with ten legislative days remaining, Senator Reed, of Missouri, the ardent island lover, resumed his interrupted speech of the evening before, and roared majestically and impressively concerning the beauties of the Isle of Pines, the inner thoughts of the inventor of the Monroe Doctrine, various happenings of the War of 1812, the French Revolution and the Boer War, British propaganda, and divers other matters closely and not so closely related to his pet subject of islands, and not in any way related to the Ship Subsidy Bill, which theoretically was still before the Senate.

Mr. Borah Talks About Russia

WHEN Senator Reed had quite exhausted the possibilities of the West Indies, to say nothing of exhausting his hearers, Senator Borah, of Idaho, rose and delivered a lengthy and powerful argument advocating the recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States.

Senator Borah quoted numerous authorities to prove that life in Russia at the present time is one grand sweet song, and that the Administration, in refusing to recognize Russia, is endangering the welfare of the world.

Some of Senator Borah's sudden anxiety over Russia may have been due to the fact that the farmers out Idaho way are convinced that if the United States recognizes Russia they will automatically be supplied with a highly advantageous market for all their crops forever. And then, again, his anxiety may not have been due to that

(Continued on Page 174)

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Senator Smith W. Brookhart Fully Armed and in His Hunting Clothes

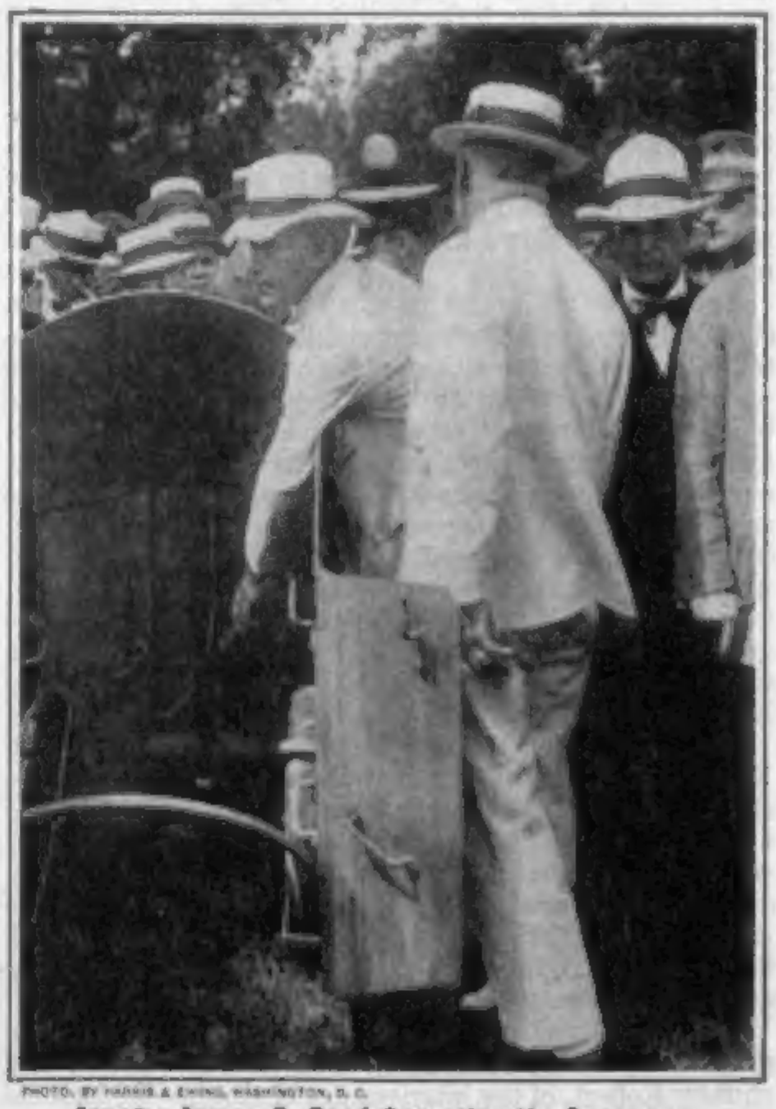


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Senator James A. Reed Operating the Lever on a Barbed-Wire Cutter on the Capitol Grounds

CHIN-CHIN

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"The Only Two Things in the House That I Can Really Call My Own, and You Stick Them Away as if You Were Ashamed of Them"

THIS is a story that has to do, basically, with chins—yes, chins, the determining feature of all faces—what chins can achieve when roused and what chins can do when preserving the usual *status quo* of well brought up, properly shaped chins; and how independently they can act of all other portions of the physiognomy, and so on and so forth, ad lib., ad chinfinitum.

Consider primarily, therefore, the chin of Mr. Herbert Kalness. It is long, lean, thrust forward, almost in that mold that the vulgar-tongued call jimberjaws. To the most casual observer it denoted determination and aggressiveness, and to those who study human nature it may also have suggested obstinacy, narrow-mindedness, a streak of vindictive temper and at times a certain pettiness in thought and act. Also, to those who had business dealings with him it indicated a willingness to hold on tight to the riches that moth and dust do corrupt, and to hew his business deals close down to the very last penny of what he might secure.

Yet he was an honest man, an able man, and from a singularly hard and depressing childhood he had made himself into such an able citizen of his native city that he was no longer referred to as "old Tom Kalness' son—poor blood, the Kalnesses," but was spoken of in the newspapers and by his acquaintances as "Mr. Herbert Kalness, one of our leading manufacturers." Let no one sneer at this achievement. It is far easier for the proverbial camel to pass through the needle's eye than to live down an unpleasant past right in the place where the past occurred, even though it is no fault of your own that your background is cloudy. Herbert Kalness had done it. He was an excellent self-made man; but like so many of his kind, he took undue delight in his handiwork.

He had married well. Which brings us to Elizabeth Kalness' chin, for Elizabeth Kalness was his wife, and as she had been a slender, pretty laughing girl, so now she was a slender, pretty, not quite so laughing woman. Her chin still had its mischievous flickering dimple, was still round and essentially amiable, so much so that the aforementioned casual beholder might be forgiven for not noticing it had an underlying form that denoted justice, generosity and considerable potential strength of character.

With the chins of the three Kalness children—Aline, the girl, just nineteen; and Junior, the older boy, sixteen; and chubby Robert, of the hilarious age of eleven—we have no great concern. Suffice it to say that they took more after mother's than after father's, which may have been one reason why they were all handsome, popular children; and also why they were a little more in awe of their paternal parent's tastes and will than is the usual modern juvenile.

Yet they had restive moments, and this story really begins with one of them. For at the breakfast table—a typical American breakfast table, with coffee, grapefruit, rolls and bacon in evidence—Herbert Kalness was lingering a moment to discuss with his wife the problem of Junior's future.

"It's all foolishness, his wanting to go to college. As soon as he's through high school he can come right down to the factory and begin at the beginning as I did," said Herbert Kalness.

"But Junior feels so strongly that he wants to be an engineer, Herbert. He isn't keen on the business; hasn't any aptitude for it, he says."

"How can a boy of that age, totally unformed, ignorant of the world, know what he wants to do? He's got a good mind for a youngster, I'll admit that; but he's got no idea of what the world is, sheltered and coddled as he's always been. I'd been earning my own living for five years when I was his age. He's never earned anything except a little pocket money. He's had no contacts to mature him."

Mrs. Kalness opened her mouth to speak, but her husband forestalled her.

"He won't be through high school for another year, and then if he expects to cadge on me for four years more of loafing through college he's very much mistaken. I am a plain man, with plain ideas. What was good enough for me is good enough for my son. This modern idea of a young fellow having to be taken care of until he's a well-grown man is ridiculous. It's largely to blame for the rottenness of the present generation. They've no sense of responsibility, no sense of decency, no idea of ——"

Elizabeth had heard all this many times before.

"But that isn't true of our children, Herbert, and you know it," she interposed quietly. "Junior can't be an engineer without technical training. He thinks—he feels sure—that if you would see him through his freshman year he could manage the rest of it, by working summers and getting something to do part time for the other three years. Maybe he'd get a scholarship, too, for he really is clever. He takes after you in brains, dear."

This sop of flattery was received as his rightful due, and did not soften in the least Mr. Kalness' views.

"But I said that I don't intend for Junior to be an engineer, so that does away at once with the necessity of my helping him through his first year or any other year. He's to come down and work in the factory this summer during vacation; and next year, when he's through high school, he'll come down there permanently. I suppose it's only natural that I should want my son in business with me, isn't it?"

His wife watched him with the complete understanding that only a woman who has lived with a man for nearly twenty years can have of him. She was wondering how far she dared press the point without shipwrecking Junior's ambitions beyond hope. She finally decided on one more question:

"But do you think it wise, Herbert, to force the boy to do something he's not—he's not"—she must choose her words carefully here—"fitted for by nature, and turn him away from his real bent? Remember how, ever since he could toddle, he's played with blocks and construction toys, and built dams and bridges that the Scoutmaster said were remarkable for a boy of his age? And he's read engineering books, and this summer"—here was the crux of the matter—"Mr. Lawrence has offered to take him up to Canada where they're building that wonderful bridge in the mountains and let him work and pick up what he can."

Alas, the beans, to put it in the argot of the day, were spilled. Mr. Kalness swelled with annoyance.

"This is the first I've heard of that. Why didn't Lawrence say something to me about it? I suppose he spoke to the boy, and he got you to try to talk me over. Elizabeth, I am sick and tired of the interference of the Lawrences in our family life. Isn't it enough that Mrs. Lawrence is the worst possible influence on you and Aline? And now, when Lawrence attempts to play the paternal to Junior and helps him to go against his own father. Good Lord! I've a great mind to buy a house at the other end of town and see if we can't get away from their constant butting in. What there is about the Lawrences to fascinate you all so—well, there's no use going into one of the world's greatest mysteries. Anyway, you can tell Junior from me, as my final word, that he's coming into the factory when school closes and try to make some return for all these years of care and expense he's been; and no sulking or sullenness about it either."

Mrs. Kalness watched her husband's back going down the street with a sense of overwhelming defeat.

"And yet, he adores Junior," she mused. "He adores him, but he won't permit him to be a separate person. Because he's Herbert's child, he's also Herbert's property, to be disposed of in the way he sees fit. It wasn't so bad when the children were little, but now they've reached the age—— Oh, dear, I suppose I ought to have begun when we were first married to stand up for my rights. But we were so young, and there was such a long way to go, and he wasn't half so bad then, anyway, and he's such a darling about most things. Goodness knows, he's never looked at another woman, and that's a lot these Cytherean days."

She got up and began to clear the breakfast table. True to his creed of living plainly, Mr. Kalness did not believe in servants; so his wife depended for the heaviest work on an intermittent Martha-By-The-Day, and accomplished the rest with the aid of Aline.

She went on with her morning's work, puzzling about the situation. The taunt about Mrs. Lawrence's bad influence was so old that she had heeded it not at all. Yet it seemed to her that Herbert was using it oftener than usual. He had never liked the Lawrences, but then he had never liked any people who enjoyed the refinements and beauty of life. There, she had acknowledged it. It was so. It was growing on him too. With Aline of the age to want to entertain her friends, to go about with them, to need pretty frocks and ornaments like the other girls she knew, it seemed as if Herbert was growing harder, more difficult, more unsympathetic, and—she sighed—more difficult to get money from.

Elizabeth Kalness looked back down a long vista of makeshifts. She was, luckily, the sort of woman who could do anything with her hands, and it had not been hard to make clothes for herself and Aline that looked professional. She could look in the window of a milliner's shop and copy the Frenchiest creation for a tenth of the cost. She could make cunning things of beads and ribbon and a dab of paint. Aline had not minded having no jewelry so long as her mother contrived her a unique dangle or buckle for every frock, to the envy of the other girls. And her mother had loved doing it, both enjoying her own skill and tacitly avoiding the conflict with Herbert that came every time she wanted any small luxury.

She wondered again if she had been wise. Perhaps she had bought peace at too high a price. Perhaps if she had trained Herbert from the altar to give up cheerfully when she asked for extra money—but she smiled at her own whimsey. In those days they didn't have any extra money; it was simply nonexistent. She couldn't train Herbert to give up the nonexistent. Later, his habit of not giving up cheerfully had been a part of him, as much to be accepted as his coming home promptly at 6:30 every night and leaving at 8:30 every morning, rain or shine, and—well, she sighed again. Her perception of her husband seemed to her hopelessly belated.

She left the kitchen, with lunch started, and walked through her house, looking at it with a new vision. It was a tribute everywhere to her ingenuity, her capable fingers, her contriving brain, her good taste. Herbert bought new furniture only when the old fell to pieces beneath him, so most of their household goods was the same with which they had started twenty years before. But with Esmee Lawrence's beautiful home for her guide, Elizabeth Kalness had achieved wonders. She had not spared labor. She had painted walls and sawed off excrescences; had covered the hopeless chairs with good-looking ruched cretonne covers. She had dyed stuff for cushions, and one by one she had tactfully and silently removed the ornaments to which Herbert Kalness clung.

Two things alone she could not persuade him to discard—the crayon portrait of his father and a large brass cuspidor, which he insisted on preferring to an ash tray. These two eyesores still were in their living room; and, in spite of her own and Aline's real anguish over them, seemed likely to remain there unless Herbert Kalness should untimely pass away.

She looked at the cuspidor now, as her mind went round and round over the difficulty of breaking to Junior the news that his father was obdurate. How would the boy take it? Elizabeth Kalness knew well the heart of youth, with its infinite sensitiveness, its inability to compromise or substitute, its blank despair over disappointment. She had been so much the buffer state between the autocratic rule of her husband and the growing independence of her children that she accepted the rôle passively—until today. Today, somehow, was different.

It was all very well to arbitrate about going to football games or a fraternity dance, but such matters were ephemeral and unimportant. Junior's choice of a life work hinged on this present crisis. Passionately Elizabeth Kalness sympathized with her son.

To do the thing for which you have the great desire, for which you feel yourself innately suited—it would make all the difference in the world between real life, joyous rich life, and a bare existence, discontented and fretted with a sense of unfitness. Junior must be saved from that somehow; but a recollection of Herbert Kalness' thrust-out chin as he delivered his ultimatum was discouraging.

Thank goodness, Aline was away. Esmee Lawrence had taken her for a week to the Springs—one of the innumerable little thoughtful kindnesses that their neighbor was always giving, with the excuse that since they had no children of their own, they must borrow the Kalness youngsters. Aline would not be back until the tempest was over—Junior's tempest.

Mrs. Kalness looked at the clock and saw that Junior would be home for lunch within the hour. He did not always come; but today he would, for it had been understood between them that she would speak to his father after breakfast. At once she went hurriedly back to the kitchen and began to prepare French toast, as a slight consolation. Junior loved French toast. It was hardly done before he came rushing in, hungry and eager. But at first glance of his mother his face sobered.

"He won't let me!"

"No; he insists that you go into the factory with him. He wants you to begin this summer, and enter regularly as soon as you're through high school. There, eat your lunch, Junior; we'll talk it over."

There was a dear bond of understanding between Elizabeth Kalness and her older boy. Fond and proud as she was of Aline and Robert, Junior and his mother were more sympathetic by nature.

"You see, Junior," she began, "there's a great deal to be said for your father's view. He has his business that he's built up all by himself from nothing—slaved at it. You've no idea now hard he's worked, and it's only natural to want his oldest son to share it with him."

Junior grinned a little ruefully.

"It's no use, mums. You can't put it over. I'm not going to do it. I'm going to work with Mr. Lawrence's outfit next summer, and if father's sore at me he'll just have to lump it."

"You mustn't speak that way about your father, and you mustn't decide too hastily. Oh, Junior, if I could only make you see how dreadful it would be to—to cut yourself off from your father, to be intolerant of his views and ambitions, just because they don't coincide with yours!"

"Mother, do you think he's right?"

"No," said Elizabeth Kalness, smiling, "I don't. But maybe I'm too indulgent with you. I think you'll make a

(Continued on Page 90)

His Family, Looking Like a Group of Hobos; His Home, Qualified as Leading Exhibit of a Museum of Bad Taste

MONEY FROM EVERYWHERE

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

The Infantile Los Angeles of 1885

THERE are few experiences that stir men more than to take an active part in a highly developed all-round boom, or even merely to watch it. Mining, oil, real estate, whole cities—it is all the same. There may be an aftermath of grief, or there may not. Warranted or unwarranted, solid or hollow, it's the life while it lasts.

Not that the country has been bothered overmuch with excitements in the last few years. This spring, it is true, has seen a marked return to business activity, but from early in 1920 until very recently deflation if not depression was more characteristic of business operations than anything in the nature of a boom. Yet during all that period, and right up to the present, there has been one such phenomenon, more substantial possibly than the word "boom" indicates, but presenting precisely the same lusty, conscious and unabashed sensations, an extraordinary and almost unprecedented pouring of population, money and prosperity into one section of the country, and more particularly into one city.

It may be that, even in the last few years, features of growth of several cities have been of more dramatic interest or economic importance than this aspect of the Los Angeles boom which it is proposed to describe. It may be that other cities have resisted depression as effectively. I do not know.

All that is put down here is an account of what is not only a passing strange and humanly picturesque phenomenon but one whose consequences are of surprising industrial and financial import—namely, the more than transfer, the veritable migration or pilgrimage of wealth from almost everywhere into one section of the country.

Pouring money into a place from the outside is something like putting yeast into dough or a kick into the New Year's punch. Something is likely to happen. If only enough people with enough money continue, over a period of years, to move into a community from the outside and then convert their money into lots, buildings, factories, bank deposits, bonds, stocks and mortgages, the consequences are quite likely to be well worth observing.

Wartime Depression in Los Angeles

FOR it can be safely assumed that the rapid growth of this particular section, the wave of prosperity it has enjoyed, the boom symptoms it has been experiencing are very closely connected with the golden inflow from the outside.

Now it may be that Los Angeles and its surrounding and tributary portions of Southern California did not constitute the only white spot during the period of business losses from which the country is now so rapidly emerging. But it has been a white spot to a degree and for reasons that cannot but stir both curiosity and inquiry.

Los Angeles, it should be recalled, was at a very low ebb in the last year of the war. Building permits had fallen to a half or even a third of what they were before 1914, and in 1918 amounted to only about one-twentieth of what they are today.

With the exception of two or three shipyards and some additional orders for boilers in a local ironworks, the war was fought mechanically from almost any and every part of the country except Southern California. Except for the shipyards, practically no new plants or additions to plants were erected for war purposes. It is true that during these years there was carried on much business in agriculture of all kinds, oil production, motion-picture production, a modest amount of small diversified manufacturing, and such business as arises from mining in other parts of the state and in adjoining states which normally goes to this instead of to other centers.

But nevertheless there was uneasiness among the people of California because they were subscribing to bonds and paying taxes, and the Government was spending it all in Eastern munition centers. Henry S. McKee, one of the more experienced bankers in the southern part of the state and president of the state bankers' association, has pointed out that this was an unfounded fear, that though his state did not sell armament it sold food in prodigious quantities, and thus benefited in the same sense as the munition centers.

"It therefore turned out—though it is but little understood—that California got part of its bond and tax money back again by selling beans to a miner in Arizona, who produced copper that was finally turned into a shell casing at Bridgeport. The important fact is that, under the principle of the division of labor, we profit most by producing those things we can produce with the greatest economy and abundance."

But it was rather difficult to reason things out in this sensible fashion when, in 1914, the market for real estate in Los Angeles suddenly went perfectly dead and thousands of skilled mechanics, during the subsequent years of the war, went back East to take jobs at high wages in Eastern munition centers because they had been thrown out of employment by the closing down of the local building trades. To quote the head of one banking firm:

"For several years the real-estate slump was a terror. One office building, put up in 1913 and a little bit off center, did not meet interest charges until 1920. In 1915 or 1916 I was begged to take more office space in this building. Now I can't get a single foot at any price. One estate with heavy local interests was considered busted one and a half years ago; now it is working out all right."

"We were right down to first principles," said a bank president of discriminating sagacity and forty years of practical experience in the state. "The water was entirely squeezed out. From ten to fifteen thousand mechanics left for the war industries of the East because they could get no employment here, and there were, of course, many vacant houses. We slowed down immediately in 1914. Then conditions improved somewhat when the European demand for dried fruits developed, but when this country entered the war we shut right up tight, in which respect we were quite unlike San Francisco."

"We are the white spot now because of the law of averages," said a man who is not only one of the chief executives of an important financial institution but a director in many other concerns. "It is as natural and legitimate that we should be the white spot now as it is for water to seek its level or for the establishment of any other balance in Nature.

"Other parts of the country were booming during the war. But we suffered the agonies of the damned. From 1914 to nearly 1920 there were six solid years of hell. We're the white spot, all right, but we were in the depths, clear down and out. I know one financial institution which worked four times as hard in 1918 to gain one-fifteenth of the business it gained in 1922. What we did get in 1918 in the way of new business was mainly out of our own blood and sweat.

"We had our travail. We paid the price. The only difference is that we never squealed. No one in other parts of the country heard anything about it. We are entitled to be the white spot now, but in 1914 they began to put the thumbscrews on, and turned them every thirty days. Rents in what was supposed to be the best building in the city were one-third of the present level. They gave three months' rent free and let you stay in without paying any rent if you wanted to. We bought this building in 1915 and couldn't rent it full until a year ago."

What caused this condition is pretty clear. One of the biggest, if not the biggest single industry in Los Angeles in normal times is the business of growth to take care of the newcomer, which consists of real-estate expansion and building construction, together with all the accessories that go therewith. For several years prior to 1914 this special business of growing had been driven at top speed. Then with the war this customary state of feverish activity in the matter of growth and new construction came to a sudden end.

The End of the Lean Years

NEW inhabitants did not stop coming entirely, but they stopped to a sufficient extent to cut down to less than half capacity the organized industry of taking care of them. In general the prosperous business man or farmer did not retire to California or anywhere else during the war; he produced in his home town or on his home farm with increased intensity. For Los Angeles this was a very serious matter; it meant closing down more than half of its special business of growing, and the market for real estate was made all the worse by the migration of workmen back East.

But since Los Angeles suffered during the war, it had no after-the-war recoil from which to recover. Having gone without the inflation it was not compelled to take the nasty medicine of deflation. Except for a few shipyards it had not expanded. There were few if any plants to be junked, no scores of thousands of factory workers to be let out. It had most decidedly not speeded up, and now it did not need to slow down. It was right in step for any improvement that might come along.

At last climate was no longer at a discount, and the farmer and business man were no longer compelled to stick to their jobs. All those who would normally have retired during the long years of the war were free to do so now, and as a result the business of growth and new construction started up on a greater scale than ever. It came with accelerating velocity, the full import of which was probably not realized until well along in 1921, and the full consequences of which it is difficult to portray.

It must not be supposed that any section that attracts to itself great numbers both of tourists and of permanent settlers through the mildness of its climate draws only the cream in the national bottle. Indeed one of the most striking developments in our whole Southwestern country in recent years, and more especially in the fall and winter months, has been the ceaseless migration of the flivver emigrant across New Mexico and Arizona into Southern California. Many of these, of course, have some money, good health and resourcefulness. Many of them are no more bums, perhaps less so, than at least a few of the millionaires who ride in the private cars on the limited trains. But there is no doubt that in this migration there is a high percentage of indigence and a restless, irresponsible

desire to see the world, to get as far West, as far away as possible. One of the stock jokes in Los Angeles is that of the man who was so hard up by the time he reached Barstow, nearly a hundred and forty miles away, that lacking the wherewithal for new brake linings he backed his flivver all the way down into the city. There is not a town in New Mexico or Arizona, on either the northern or the southern highways, that cannot tell its many tales of stranded flivverites, dirty, hungry, and without a change of clothes, but all on their way to California.

It does not take much money to start on such a trip, or even to finish it, if one eats lightly and sleeps on the desert. With the present tendency to put the entire family fortune into an automobile and with the relatively low first cost of used flivvers the making of such a pilgrimage argues no large resources. To a considerable extent this endless, restless movement is made up of small farmers starved out because of low prices, poor crops or droughts.

California is a state of great natural resources and full of enterprise. It has enjoyed remarkable growth, which has perhaps only begun. But milk and honey do not flow in its streets, the vague popular conception on the part of many ignorant people in the East and Middle West to the contrary notwithstanding, and much of its cultivated land is among the most high priced on the American continent. Indeed the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce says:

"Don't think you can make a living on any acre of land in California. The average man cannot do it on the best. Don't imagine that it is an easy matter to find a soft job, at good pay, in Los Angeles, or elsewhere in Southern California. On the contrary, this is probably the least promising city of its size in the United States for persons who are seeking light employment, such as clerking, bookkeeping or anything of that kind, as well as for lawyers, doctors, parsons and other professional men, or for people who desire to run a small store of some kind. The reason for this is that Southern California is the Mecca for thousands of those who desire a mild climate, many of whom are glad to make enough to pay their board and lodging."

A Great Residential Haven

IT WILL hardly be denied that Los Angeles and vicinity constitute a dumping ground for a huge, aimless, idle mob, milling about in search of amusement. As one old resident, who has profited from the rapid expansion of the city, jokingly remarked when the writer asked if such a growth did not bring with it penalties as well as gains, "We'd naturally like it much better if they would mail their money to us instead of coming themselves."

But allowing for these plain enough facts and for other disadvantages that are sure to accompany rapid growth but hardly come within the purview of this article, another and different set of facts deserves greater weight and more emphasis. In the main the influx, the inflow consists of people with money, with principal and income, of people who are in that sense the cream of the country, and in addition are largely from the respectable, solid elements of their respective communities.

This is What People Want to Retire To

For the most part the people who come are those who can afford to. As a result there has been going on in effect, on a constantly increasing scale, a transfer to Southern California of a substantial fraction of the net profits of agriculture, industry and commerce that have been made in other parts of the country. In a sense the statement is true that this section is coming to bear the same relation to others that the residential streets of a manufacturing city bear to the city at large.

I do not mean by this necessarily that the residential quarters of Southern California are more attractive than those of other states. That question does not enter into this article. What the statement means is that in the Los Angeles region in general, as well as in other parts of Southern California, there is going on apace a really remarkable concentration of the sort of people who do in the course of time naturally retire to the residential quarters of every town and city.

In other words, there gravitates toward this region a constant succession of crops, as it were, of retiring persons—farmers from the Middle West, and manufacturers, merchants and business and professional men in general from all parts of the country. It may have been true once that the only crop besides oranges was the tourist crop, but today the men and women who are seeking homes in their declining years, or at least after they have made a stake, are the ones who constitute just as real a factor.

As people make a stake they pick up and move; at least a very considerable proportion of them do. They seek a new home as they are able to retire, and that ability is pretty much dependent upon the possession of money. These people can hardly be called tourists. Many of them start as such, but there is a continual conversion of tourists into permanent residents.

One of the old-time, experienced bankers in Los Angeles said to me in a rather puzzled way that though the inflow is unceasing now it amounted to very little thirty years ago. There need be no surprise about that. In the intervening years there has been carried on one of the most persistent boosting campaigns in history to accomplish the very purpose that has been brought about. But even that is a small factor compared with another development much more fundamental in character.

The crop of retiring persons has naturally increased with national wealth. It was small thirty years ago, or even twenty or ten years ago, because national wealth was relatively slight. It is tremendous today because of the accumulation of fortunes, both large and small. It is nothing but part and parcel of the increased distribution of wealth that has been going on in the last generation.

Now the suggestive aspect of this whole movement is that people retire at the most liquid moment of their lives The Iowa or Illinois farmer who has disposed of the old homestead and taken back a mortgage, or the little manufacturer in the Ohio town who has sold out to the trust—these people seek a home where there is less ice and slush, and they seek it in a financial condition that cannot fail to have an important effect upon the community into which they move. For the one moment in a man's life when he is in a cash position, or its equivalent in negotiable and liquid securities, is when he has sold out his business and divorced himself from business cares and ties.

A Picturesque Invasion

OF COURSE not all the retiring farmers and business men go to Southern California by any manner of means. Florida and other portions of the South Atlantic Coast get their big quota of Northerners. The city of Washington is becoming more of a home for the well-to-do of every section, and New York City in all likelihood far exceeds all other points as a lodestone for newcomers of every description, while the majority of men who retire still probably stay in their own or a near-by city.

No, the descent of the retired man of means upon Southern California is picturesque enough without exaggerating it. Los Angeles may or may not have more idle men of means than any other city of its size in the world; one would be inclined to say that it has quite enough of them. Indeed a cursory glance at its congested streets, shops, cafeterias, utilities and suburbs would lead even the most skeptical to accept at their face value—at the present moment, at least—most of the words of the Chamber of Commerce:

"The newcomers spring from all

(Continued on Page 134)

Part of the Present Los Angeles Business Section. Most of These Buildings are Less Than a Year Old

BIGGER AND BETTER

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THERE was seething consternation on the lot of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation. In one moment it was pursuing its stridently colorful way, with a thousand actors, in garish garb and ghastly hue of face, swarming under the California sunlight through all the streets and avenues and outdoor sets, from Rome on the green hill to the South Sea Island in the dry ravine; and all was gay, carefree, happy. In the next moment a pall like a blanket of dark gray fog settled over the place, reducing happiness to apprehension and gay chatter to furtive whispers—and all this because the Old Man had arrived from New York unexpectedly!

Cheeks blanched, eyes paled and limbs grew cold, as always when David Schusshel arrived without the hanging of the floral Welcome over the gateway, and the stringing of garlands and the strewing of posies, so to speak; for, of course, this meant a shake-up; and speculation, true to form, ran rife. Jake Steinberg, the dark-visaged G. M., had been sent for immediately. He would be fired. That would be first, naturally; and all his enemies felt a thrill of satisfaction, which made it unanimous, for a G. M. has sycophants, but no friends. But who would take his place, and what would happen to them when the change was made? Shiver and shake, quiver and quake!

Radio is a sluggard compared to the speed of gossip on a motion-picture lot. A thrill like a chill passed over the M. P. C. at the exact instant in which big Jake hurried into the Old Man's private office, with a green pallor springing so swiftly under his pasty dark skin that the heavy circles beneath his eyes seemed freshly inked.

"Look here, Jake, what do you think you're running out here?" inquired Mr. Schusshel in his softly unctuous voice. Nice, kindly looking little old man he was; modest and diffident in appearance, and with benevolence to all mankind expressed in his gentle smile and mild yellow eyes. "You're running a tea party, maybe, or a stars and directors' ball, or some kind of a fancy function like that?"

"I'm keeping the cost down all I can," returned the pained voice of Steinberg, who, with an instant knowledge of what had brought Schusshel on this abrupt visit, wasted no time on wordy conjecture. "I knew your annual statement would bring you out."

"Then if you knew it, why didn't you do something about it?" demanded the Old Man. "Our pictures cost us 15 per cent more this year than last, and our sales have dropped off 25. Now, I ask you, who is responsible for that? And now I'll give you the answer—the general manager!"

The flat-stomached, long-necked, spindle-shanked boy on duty outside the door clasped his bony hands together and writhed his entire gangling body in a genuflection of joy, while the radiantly cheerful grin for which Izzy Iskovitch was famous pushed at his ears for room to spread. Though only nineteen, Izzy was the proud owner and brilliant manager of the most colossal motion-picture plant in the world—in futurity, that is—and as the potentially successful such, he disapproved of Jake. Any time that the sprouting magnate had offered earnestly meant advice out of his vast future experience, Steinberg had rejected it with scorn and profanity. Also, during the two years in which the boy had been confidential flunky to the Old Man, the general manager had treated him as a lowly lobbygow, a bringer of sandwiches, a target for temper; and though Izzy's cheerfulness remained a glaze uncracked, Jake Steinberg was laying up for himself a worm-turning of passionate proportions; and trouble to Jake was easy for Izzy to bear.

"You can't pass the buck to me, Mr. Schusshel!" Steinberg's voice rose raspingly. "The prices of all labor and materials have advanced more than 15 per cent, as you should know. If your sales have dropped off that's a matter to take up with your sales department."

"They can't sell the goods if they haven't got 'em!" shouted the Old Man. He began to trill his r's in his excitement. "Our stories are getting h-r-r-r-rotten! Our pictures used to make me cry sometimes, but they don't make me cry any more."

This was the fatal accusation in the picture business, since the true test of hokum, which is merely sentiment falsely exaggerated, is that it must bring tears to the eyes of a man who has trained himself to become emotional over hokum.

A knock on the door. Izzy with a timely telegram. The Old Man read it and tossed it down, still full of his subject; but Izzy was inside.

"What I'm here for is to find out what we're goin' to do about it," the boss went on. "Then, when we decide, I'll give you a chance to do it; then if the Earthwide Pictures Corporation keeps on taking our program and serial and comedy business away from us, somebody else'll get a chance at being general manager."

At last the blister was revealed. From the moment that Art had left her infant industry on the guilty doorstep of Commerce, David Schusshel, founder of the M. P. C., and Sam Block, founder of the Earthwide, had fought each other tooth and toenail to father and rear the hybrid, and each begrudged the other every nickel he acquired. So it was out of his deepest emotions that David repeated: "Well, I asked you what we're goin' to do about it."

Oh, yes, just like that! The answer merely required a brilliant and practical plan for stopping the loss of money and the encroachments of a competitor! But a man on the

"I Cannot Leave Now. I Would Lose My Inspiration. Tell Mr. Schusshel It Will be Necessary for Him to Wait." The Boy Stared at Him Aghast

"You Poor Simp! Are You the G. M. Around Here or Not?"

verge of being fired thinks cautiously. Steinberg broke a match into six extremely even pieces. Schusshel pinched off the end of a cigar with a thick thumb and forefinger. Outside, on the sunlit lawn, the crickets or whatever cricked. Seconds dragged on, as many as a dozen, or possibly twenty; and the lapse of time became oppressive to Izzy Iskovitch. Somebody should answer a problem to which the solution was so obvious, and somebody did. It was Izzy.

"If you leave it to me, I'll tell you what you got to do, Mr. Schusshel. You got to make bigger and better pictures."

Steinberg, glad for any outlet for his nerves, turned on the lowly lobbygow viciously.

"What in hell are you doing here? Get out!"

"You got a h-r-rotten temper, Jake," admonished the Old Man, then bent a thoughtful gaze on young Iskovitch. "Bigger and better pictures, eh? We been advertising them for a year now, like all the other companies; but nobody knows what it means yet."

"It means costume specials," growled Jake. "We made some, and they were flops."

"I had a man up in my office from the National Board of Reviews the other day," pondered Schusshel, "and he said that bigger and better pictures meant pictures with big themes, forceful, cleanly told drama and artistic settings. Say, Izzy, put that down for me and we'll run it in our advertisement for our next picture and say that's it. It sounds good."

"Sure!" Izzy seized instantly the ball of conversation that had bounced his way. "But what this bird said about bigger and better pictures is the bunk, Mr. Schusshel. You let some other company try it. What I say about bigger and better pictures is this: You go over your old releases and find out what ones sold the strongest, and you make 'em over again; and you make 'em bigger and you make 'em better, that's all."

"So that's all, eh?" snorted Steinberg. "You make 'em bigger and you make 'em better, then you got bigger and better pictures."

"That's what the Earthwide did with The Queen's Disgrace; and it was a knockout, wasn't it?"

"It took in a million," admitted Schusshel, out of the bitterness of his soul. "It did more than that; it put 'em on the map, and Block's been outselling me. This past two years I lost a million dollars and a half, cold, out of my profits. Y'understand, that's no joke! Another two years like that and I'll be broke."

"You bet you!" agreed Izzy hastily. "Now, say, listen! The Earthwide dug up this old picture and rewrote it. Where they had ten horses before, they put in fifty; where they had twenty extras, they put in a hundred; where the girl fell in the grate and got burned, they made it a forest fire; where the old picture cost twenty thousand dollars, they made the new one cost a hundred and seventy-five thousand, and said it cost half a million. Same picture, you get me, only bigger and better! Now, we own a old story called Body and Soul. It's by Ornsby Curtis, that's made such a hit in pictures the past couple of years that you can't buy his stories hardly.

"We made a cheap little program picture out of it a long time ago, and called it A Blazing Heart, that sold big."

"I remember it." Schusshel smiled in fond reminiscence. "It had a lot of heart interest. It made people cry."

"It'll do it again, only more! We'll call it by Ornsby's title, and that makes it a new story. Then looky, where the Earthwide used fifty horses in The Queen's Disgrace, we'll use a hundred in Body and Soul; where they used a hundred extras, we'll use three hundred, or maybe four or five; where they made theirs cost a hundred and seventy-five thousand, we'll make ours cost two hundred and fifty thousand, and say it cost a million; then ours'll be bigger and better than theirs!"

"Huh!" grunted Steinberg, irritated beyond measure that Schusshel glowed with a reflection of the boy's enthusiasm. "You might try that twenty times and have twenty flops; and twenty times two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is five million!"

"And if you'd 'a' made it forty flops, Jake, it would 'a' been ten millions we lost already!" retorted Izzy hotly. "I guess you kinda lost your nerve, Jake, so there's no use your tryin' it." He hesitated, with a little catch in his breath, then he plunged on: "Mr. Schusshel, if you'll let me general manage this picture I'll turn you out a bigger and better that'll get the money—or may I never see my name on the billboards Isidor Iskovitch Presents!"

The general manager and the boss both looked at the boy, startled. With his slight, gangling figure, and his curly hair, and the pink in his olive cheeks and the youthful curve at the corners of his lips, there was something absurdly presumptuous in his proposition; but David Schusshel, a shrewd handler of human material, saw in the crystalline earnestness of the dark brown eyes a glimpse of the Isidor Iskovitch to come.

"I'll do it!"

Steinberg, lighting a cigarette, broke the match between his fingers. Izzy clasped his bony hands together.

"Listen, Mr. Schusshel, you mean I'm to manage Body and Soul?"

"Great Scott, no!" interposed the G. M., with an appealing look to Schusshel. "He's too young; he haan't experience enough! You can't afford to take a chance with a quarter of a million dollars!"

"Say, Jake Steinberg, this dicker is between Mr. Schusshel and me!" shrilled the boy, his whole lank figure tensed; and his voice was full of suddenly loosed passion. "This is my chance, and don't you butt in! I'm gonna be the biggest motion-picture producer in the business some day, and I got to get started. I've earned a better job and I'm gonna have it! Didn't I, Mr. Schusshel?"

"Sure!" returned Schusshel, who was fully as emotional as Izzy, and as susceptible to emotion. "It wouldn't be the first time I risked a quarter of a million dollars and got flops," and here he cast an accusing glance at Jake. "Of course I'll keep an eye on it myself, Izzy, and the production manager will have his say, and Steinberg and the business manager, and we'll get a continuity writer and a cutter and a title writer of experience, and a director that can be trusted. But it'll be your picture, Izzy, and you supervise it; and if you get away with it good, I'll say you've earned a fine job, the finest I can give you."

(Continued on Page 52)

"Will You be So Kind as to Tell Me Where I Shall Find Mr. Isidor Iskovitch?" Inquired the Stranger

MISS TANNER

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

She Knew That Murder, Despair, Hate and Love Were All in the Tiny Cabin With Them

THE head of the firm had written to his brother in New York regarding Miss Tanner:

I'm sending over our Miss Tanner for the job; a good, hard, sensible woman whom you can rely on. She understands all the business, and she's one of those females who never had a day's nonsense in her life. I never knew why the Almighty made her sort, but it's a good thing for us business men that He did.

Don't try to keep her, though you'll think her a jewel as far as business goes. I want her over on this side. She is sailing on the Haviland, and you might pay her the compliment of letting one of your clerks meet her.

Miss Tanner sat at a smallish table among all the other tables, little and big, that filled the great dining saloon. She had put on the dark blue dinner frock with which she had provided herself, and the sea air had not yet taken from her hair the first crispness of the wave that a London hairdresser had put in only that morning. Her cleverish face, with its look of trained patience, was softened painstakingly by a dusting of the best powder she had ever bought from Bond Street. The hair was gray and the face wore the unmassaged lines that forty-four years of life and twenty-seven years of business had sketched upon it.

The ship was moving slowly as yet, easily and flexibly. She hardly oscillated.

At Miss Tanner's table were a deaf old lady of sixty and a remarkably plain mother of a plainer little girl. The chief steward, when he had seen and summed up the lady of sixty, the plain mother and plain child and Miss Tanner, had allotted them a table together. They seemed to his mind, ever exercised with this problem of tactful seating, to suit each other to admiration. Miss Tanner responded courteously to the feminine advances of her table mates, and when she spoke to the child she called her darling.

The ship carried a good orchestra, and it was playing.

"Is this your first ocean voyage?" the old lady asked.

Miss Tanner assented into the ear trumpet.

"You might be in a London restaurant, mightn't you?" said the mother of the child agreeably.

"You might, indeed," replied Miss Tanner more agreeably yet.

The plain child splashed her gravy in a sudden fit of pique over a fancied neglect. Miss Tanner knew nothing about children.

"Little darling," she said courteously.

She looked out with a naïve and growing excitement over the throbbing saloon. The whole of this world throbbed; she felt it—the ship, these hundreds of people making brief acquaintance with one another, the plaintive violins with the richer undercurrent of piano accompaniment. The night throbbed; it was warm; several ports were open; and if you looked through them you saw a dark blue sky holding out thousands of pin-point lights, also throbbing, over a dark blue sea.

It seemed a long while since the train journey of the morning, preceded by the hurried last dash into the office, the cordial leave-taking of the head of the firm; and followed by the pleasant reception of his telegraphed good wishes awaiting her in her cabin on the ship. The telegram was a surprise; it was most gratifying; it showed how highly she was appreciated; it warmed the heart.

Only, peeping curiously through the open doors of other cabins as she passed, she had seen flowers; flowers and flowers and flowers; and gilt baskets of foolishly expensive fruit, and boxes of chocolates. She saw other women receiving these.

Miss Tanner looked out over the dining saloon. Most of the other tables were decorated with pretty women. She saw, not far from her, delighting the men on either side, a slender, subtle woman, very dark, not young—perhaps, so Miss Tanner suddenly sensed in her curiously awakened interest, no younger than herself—but a born queen. Yes! A born queen! And her clothes—her slender, intriguing clothes ——

Miss Tanner saw uniforms; she saw dark blue monkey jackets and gold lace and fine linen—some of the ship's officers. It was one of the crack ships of a crack line.

She rather wished —— She rather wondered —— She rather wondered, sitting there, why it was that all her life it had seemed natural when she left the office for her lunch to go at once to a table with other women if there were none entirely vacant; why it had always seemed natural to choose a railway carriage with Ladies Only marked upon it; why it had immediately appeared fit to the chief steward to place her at a table with a deaf old lady and a plain mother and child.

She rather wished and wondered —— Yet so it always had been.

"Are you intending to stay in America?" asked the deaf old lady.

"I am going over merely on business for my firm," said Miss Tanner into the ear trumpet.

II

MISS TANNER sat in her allotted chair on deck. On one side of her reposed the deaf old lady; on the other reclined an aged seasick spinster whom the deck steward had thought a suitable neighbor for Miss Tanner.

The ship was now out alone upon the ocean, moving over it fleetly yet lazily, like a great lonely swan. That is how she seemed to Miss Tanner—this sophisticated hive carrying two thousand people across three thousand miles of space. To Miss Tanner, the ship carried all romance upon her broad back. But the romance was other people's.

Men and women passed and repassed in ceaseless promenade up and down the deck. It was summer and the women had white suits, or bunchy hot-day cloaks over their muslins, and white shoes and the purest silk stockings. They lay in chairs or idled about provocatively in Miss Tanner's line of vision, and every pretty woman had by now attracted—if she did not already possess a man or two.

Miss Tanner's brown-shod feet, emerging from her blue serge skirt, stretched before her. She regarded them.

"Much more sensible," she thought, "to travel in dark clothes."

The seasick spinster on her left gave a curdled glance at the mid-morning soup and refused it. Miss Tanner took her cup from the steward and drank it sturdily. The deaf old lady accompanied her.

"Curious," said the seasick spinster, "the easy way people make acquaintance on these ships. Anything seems good enough for an opening."

She looked with a jaundiced eye about her.

"I suppose table neighbors," began Miss Tanner.

"Have you nice table neighbors?" the spinster inquired.

"Oh, very," said Miss Tanner. "Two ladies and a dear little girl."

"There are three nice ladies at my table too," said the seasick spinster.

There emerged from one of the entrances near by the subtle, dark woman of the night before, and she was just as intriguing by daylight as she was at the dinner table. The ship's doctor, who walked beside her, seemed to think so too. Miss Tanner's heart, for no reason that she could give, jumped and fell. It fell and fell. She watched the woman go by.

She heard the voice on her left say: "She is a Mrs. Camardine; she has a cabin near me; I asked our stewardess her name. She is a widow, you know. You can always tell widows. My word! The flowers and fuss in her cabin! I saw it as I went by. . . . I hope the boat is going to keep quiet, or I shall be very ill indeed. I always am."

The deaf old lady prodded Miss Tanner with her ear trumpet.

"Are you likely to be seasick, my dear?"

"I hope not," said Miss Tanner brightly.

"Are you making a long stay in America?" asked her left-hand neighbor.

"I am merely running over on business for my firm," said Miss Turner.

III

MISS TANNER ached. Physically she had often ached before, standing in full omnibuses and trains. Going home from work she had frequently felt ready to drop. Sometimes after a press of work at the office—for her position was now a proud and responsible one—she had been dog-weary to the very marrow. She knew what it was to feel stale and to feel tired. But never had she suffered such a strange ache as this, such a mysterious *malaise*. It was all very well to remind herself that she

was merely running over to New York on important business for her firm. The importance had somehow shifted from one part of life's business to another part—a part she had never known before. Things had changed their values. The importance of life somehow concentrated in this ship, in all these moving, laughing, careless people. Life had a hectic blush upon it. Important business might be behind in London; it might be ahead in New York. It was not in this ship with Miss Tanner.

The second evening out she carried the new bag she was crocheting up to the ship's ballroom, and there, in company with her table companions, watched the dancing For some reason that she did not explain even to herself, it was the slender, flaming widow whom she chiefly watched. The widow never ceased dancing. In a frock like a sheath of supple jet, she moved divinely. A queue of men waited for her dances—she could not satisfy them all—and everyone looked at her. She did not seem to fear the young girls, nor did she need to fear them. Miss Tanner thought over and over to herself, "And I believe she is my age."

It was again a warm night, a heavenly night. The ballroom was built like a veranda opening to the deck, and all its windows were flung wide. The caressing air, scented from the sea, drifted languorously in.

It makes a woman's heart fall, hearing the throb of violins, and suddenly awaking late and knowing that her feet have never danced to them, and never now will dance.

Miss Tanner sat very quietly, crocheting her bag

She heard a voice saying softly behind her, "This is your ball of silk."

She started to the fact that her ball of silk had slipped from her lap to the floor, and that a stranger was handing it back to her. As she took it she looked into his face. She saw a quiet, gentle, thoughtful man of middle size and middle years. His hair was graying; his eyes were kind, if still perplexed with life. Or perhaps he was newly perplexed as she was. He wore an irreproachable dinner jacket. Outwardly he was in the livery of other men; yet he was different, as she was.

"It is rather a pretty sight, isn't it?" he said, indicating the dancers.

Miss Tanner lied, and answered, "I love watching other people dance."

He smiled.

"But it is very hot," he said, and with a little bow he rose and went out upon deck.

Never once in her life had Miss Tanner pursued any man even in thought, yet two minutes after he had vanished from her sight she rose and, with a faint excuse to her companions, she also went out. She went into the warm night of stars and dark.

The deck was not deserted by any means. She could hear low voices, laughter, from this corner and that corner Shadowy forms leaned against the side, and cigar ends glowed. The sound of the violins pursued Miss Tanner as she walked irresolutely up the deck, drowned in her own emotions as in the deep sea itself.

She passed him three times, walking slowly, before he spoke. It must have been her eyes upon him in the dark that made him realize her as the quiet stranger whose ball of silk he had restored a few minutes before.

She had resolved desperately to compel him to stop and speak to her, and he stopped and spoke. She had a sensation of overwhelming triumph in this silent communication, this telepathy so new to her

"You are tired of watching other people dance?" he said hesitantly, with a smile in his voice

"Yes," said Miss Tanner quietly. "It made me feel more lonely than I was already." And in the darkness she felt rather than saw his sudden poise of attention.

"It does," he agreed. Then, "I—I am afraid I don't dance at all "

"Oh, neither do I," said Miss Tanner

Then—it was her will—as if by common consent they turned together and slowly paced the deck.

"A fine ship," he said gently.

"Wonderful," she murmured; "wonderful."

"Is this your first trip over?"

"Yes," and again she said, this time to give herself, the nondescript lonely woman, prestige in his eyes, "I am only going over for a few weeks on business for my firm "

"Ah! You are one of the clever women?"

"I—I," began Miss Tanner "I think they trust me. They are sending me over on a rather important errand."

"Ah," he mused. Then, in his quiet, tired, interested voice, "I wonder if any business really seems important to a woman."

"No," said Miss Tanner; "but it—it does very well."

She spoke the truth just as she saw it at that moment, for the first time.

"That sounds rather brave," he mused.

"Now you are just making a virtue for me of my necessity," said Miss Tanner.

"As you were sitting in that room," he said, "doing your—what kind of work is it?"

"Crochet "

"What were you thinking?"

In the dark with this gentle stranger Miss Tanner found herself a fairly fluent new vocabulary.

"I was thinking that the graces and -and giddiness and glamour of life are rather beautiful."

"Strange that I was thinking the same thing too."

"I I was envying those women."

"In a way I was envying the men."

"But you ——"

"But I?"

"You are a man—a man can have everything."

"No -no Circumstances, temperament—all may combine to make him miss his way to what you called the glamour of life."

"I dare say I have been foolish," said Miss Tanner "I —I've always been very keen to get on. I have a dear little flat now in Bloomsbury. I thought I had all a sensible woman wanted. But perhaps no woman is entirely sensible under her skin."

"I know," he said, "that no man is "

(Continued on Page 117

Each Night, While the Others Danced, They Went Up to the Boat Deck to Commune With the Stars and Each Other

THE WELLS OF TRUTH

By Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

A Remembrance of Their Early Struggle Together, the Rough Time He Had Given Her in Those Days—Poor Child—Stirred His Compassion

LOOK here, father, I can't stand this poisonous place any more I'm off!" These words, spoken fretfully, almost passionately, by a young man with a fair freckled face and flame-red hair, rang out in the editor's room of The Daily Record.

It was a room in which no one had the right, nor as a rule the inclination, to speak passionately, except the editor himself, who now sat back in his carved-oak chair before a Jacobean table—sham antique, but rather handsome—with raised eyebrows and a queer ironical smile on his melancholy, haggard-looking face.

Edward Dalton, managing editor of The Daily Record, did not often allow himself to get angry. His sarcasm was sufficiently terrifying to his staff without the need of loud speech or table thumping. Now, when his own son, nominally a subeditor but always a rebel, announced his decision to throw up his job, Dalton merely showed by a little tinge of color creeping up his neck to the tips of his ears that he was deeply annoyed.

He answered quietly, with a kind of sharp edge to his voice: "Better shut the door, hadn't you, if you propose to make a scene?"

It was not the first scene that had happened between them, in this very room, since his son had come back after the war, grown from a boy to a man, almost a stranger to him, rather nervy, bitter in his way of speech, hating an indoor life, inefficient and insubordinate as a subeditor, and full of whims and crankiness. Before he had earned his first month's salary he had announced his marriage to an artist girl—he had picked her up in a rowdy set at Chelsea—and they had just had their first baby in the cottage at Leatherhead, which he pretended to prefer to his father's house in Lowndes Square.

The boy shut the door with an angry shove and stood there in a sulky way, smoking an old pipe and reminding his father of the days when he used to be a shock-headed Peter, protesting that his nurse was a nasty cat because she insisted on poking out his ears with a hard towel.

"My last night!" he said. "I can't stand that ass Pinney any more. I'll forfeit a month's screw."

"That's all right," said Dalton coldly. "But what am I going to tell your mother? She's worried to death about you already."

Young Frank shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"No need to worry, father. Meg and I are perfectly happy. I can always earn a bit as a free lance. I'm learning the trick of short stories."

"A poor game," said Edward Dalton. "I know what free-lance work means—constant disappointment, endless worry. Better stick it out here, Frank."

The boy shook his head and said, "Me for liberty and a clean life!"

"It puts me into a difficult position with Brockham," said Dalton. "What the dickens am I to tell him?"

The name of the proprietor of The Daily Record seemed to enrage the red-headed boy.

"I'd like to tell him a few things myself. By Jove, I would!"

"What things?" asked his father. "What's your trouble, barring laziness?"

The boy took a short, sharp breath, as though about to get something rather oppressive off his chest

"I'd like to tell him what I think of this house of lies, this cesspool of sex stuff, this manufactory of faked news, this stirring pot of world strife, this pander shop of mob passion, this brewer's vat of poison gas, this propaganda agency of the next war!"

Edward Dalton laughed grimly at his son's outburst.

"I didn't know you had such a genius for headlines. I've never observed them in your copy. Well, if you've made up your mind ——"

He bent over his desk and smoothed out the proof of a leading article. Young Frank Dalton was not near enough to the desk to see that his father's hand trembled a little.

The boy stared gloomily at the Turkey carpet, and then looked up with a whimsical smile as though all his anger had gone.

"Sorry for a somewhat explosive speech," he said "All the same, it's best for me to clear out. The spirit of this place and that swine Pinney get on my nerves beyond all words. See you down at the cottage one day?"

His father did not answer, and pretended to be absorbed in his work, though the hard line of his lips softened a little. Young Frank, without further words, lounged out of the room and shut the door behind him more quietly than usual.

For a few moments after his son's exit, Edward Dalton sat motionless at his desk, staring at his brass inkpot. He looked tired and worried, perhaps a little ill. The hard mask that he had worn in the presence of his son, as he wore it habitually before his staff, seemed to fall from him when he was alone. His face revealed some of that sensibility which had been the outstanding quality of his character as a young man, when he had aspired to literature and cherished ideals in the way of art and life, before he had been hardened by the rough game of journalism as he had played it for the prize of editorial success. He had fought the strain of weakness in his character. At first he had hated to sack men at the bidding of his proprietor, or when he had squeezed them dry of vitality. He had steeled himself all right; broken scores of men who had been incompetent or worn out or too independent in their views. That had given him a bad reputation in Fleet Street, as he knew. They called him a ruthless swine—so Frank informed him. Well, never, except in the case of his own son, had he allowed friendship or personal relations to interfere with his judgment. That was the only way to hold the editorial job that had come to him first as news editor, then as foreign editor, now as managing editor. The paper, first and last; and absolute allegiance to the man who paid. That was the only way of safety in these days when the newspaper business was a cutthroat game, with precious few prizes as big as this.

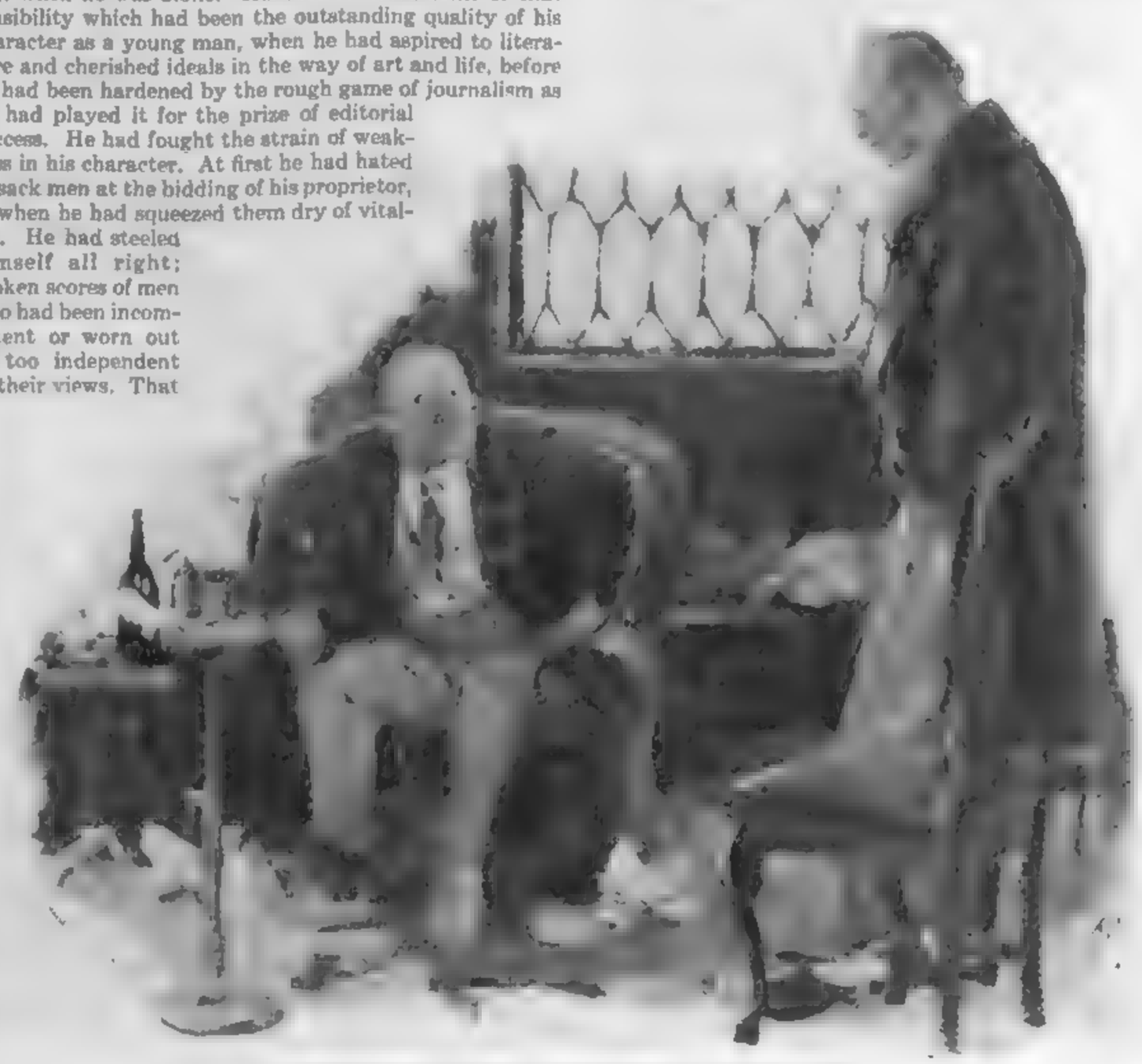
Precious few! If he lost The Record he would never get another job as managing editor. He was too much tarred with the Brockham touch. He knew that. He had seen it clearly from the moment he accepted Brockham's terms.

"I'll pay you to carry out my policy, follow my lead, fulfill my ideas of what a newspaper ought to be—and it's going to be worth your while"

He had accepted these conditions at the price named, and subordinated every conviction of his own, all his youthful finicky ideas of truth and honor and moral uplift—as the Americans call it—for the fulfillment of his bargain. It had been worth while. He was the most powerful editor in Fleet Street, the most successful journalist outside the big five of newspaper proprietors. He enjoyed social and political power. Anyhow, his wife could crowd his house in Lowndes Square with celebrities and great folk whenever she cared to give a reception. He drew the biggest salary of any editor in London.

Dalton let his eyes wander from his brass inkstand to the photograph of his daughter that stood beside it. Her face smiled up at him with its alluring, mischievous look. Sometimes when he glanced at it in office hours his eyes lighted up, but tonight he sighed heavily. There was another photograph in the same frame with that girl's face. It was a portrait of his son in the uniform of an officer in the tank corps; smart, cheeky-looking, full of pluck. It was the remembrance of Frank's sarcastic contempt of The Record, his utter scorn for his father's work, his loathing of the job he had now chucked, as he would say, that caused Dalton to give a heavy sigh which was half a groan. He touched the bell on his desk and told the boy who answered it to send in the night editor.

It was Herbert Pinney, who had been in lodgings with him in Brixton, twenty-five years ago, when they were



Brockham Rose Slowly From His Chair and Faced Dalton

reporters on rival papers, with ambitions of novel writing, play writing, and even—good Lord!—mystical verse in the style of Rossetti. Well, Pinney no longer wrote mystical verse, and had moved years ago from Brixton to Kensington, and was cynical to the uttermost recess of his soul, and as hard as steel under his mask of geniality and good nature.

"How are things going?" asked Dalton.

Pinney threw the stump of his cigar into the fire grate and felt for another in his breast pocket. He was a stout, florid man, with heavily puffed eyes and a waistline too big for his height

"Up to time, if you'll let go of the leader, old man. Can't think why you hang to it so long."

"Rendall doesn't keep in line with our policy," answered Dalton. "Brockham went off the deep end because of that reference the other night to oil in Mesopotamia."

Pinney grimaced and bit off the end of his cigar.

"Rendall has oil on the brain Better sack him before he makes a stink about it."

"Yes," said Dalton grimly. "he'salwaysdragging out the ugly truth. That'swhy I have to hack his stuff about."

Pinney puffed out a lovely ring of smoke as he lay back in one of the leather chairs and smiled at the ceiling

"We can'tallow him to make a hobby of it—at our expense. We're here to keep out the ugly facts if they're hostile to the interests of our worthy proprietor and those of his friends, relatives and confederates. Brockham hires us as his faithful truth twisters"

"You're a master of the art, Pinney," said Dalton with a touch of sarcasm

"Under your leadership, old man."

The two men looked into each other's eyes for just the fraction of a second with a kind of challenge. Then Pinney smiled in his fat, amiable way, and changed the topic of conversation.

"Your son tells me he's shaking our unpleasant dust off his mercurial feet—in other words, quitting."

"Yes," answered Dalton. "He's been cursing his fate for some time. The war unfitted him for this kind of life, I suppose. What was his particular trouble tonight?"

Pinney shrugged his broad shoulders and gave a chuckle

"Same trouble as Rendall's. That boy of yours is a bright young idealist under his red hair. Thinks journalists ought to save humanity from its sins, and all that. Has the innocent idea that a newspaper ought to lead the nation unto righteousness. I wonder you haven't put him wise, old man."

Dalton glanced over at Pinney with a look of irritation.

"D'you think I haven't argued with him? And d'you think it's any good, from modern fathers to modern sons? There's a gulf between us, unbridgeable! I suppose the war made it. Did he have a row with you?"

"Not the first! I get on his sensitive nerves. He thinks I'm a gross, brutal, unkind man. When I told him to cut out that speech by General Smuts—dead against our line—he went up in the air like a flame-tipped rocket."

"Smuts' speech?"

"Yes," said Pinney. "Says Europe is like a sleepwalker on the edge of a precipice, and all its leaders are raving mad. That's indirect criticism of Brockham's crowd, to say nothing of France."

"Frank was hipped because you suppressed it?" asked Dalton.

Pinney laughed with a good-natured sound, but his eyes had an ugly look in them.

"Played the rebel against my authority with the sub-editors. If it had been anybody but your son, old man —— 'What Smuts says is God's truth!' he shouted, so that all the fellows stopped writing 'If we don't wake up it's the ruin of civilization!' Then he told me that if we didn't print this speech he would walk out of the office, and be damned to all of us! Flat rebellion, old man!"

They Had Been Good Comrades. She Meant More to Him Than His Wife, Who Had Become Rather Ambitious and Worldly of Late

Dalton agreed. Of course Frank had behaved foolishly It was impossible, he admitted, to keep the boy on the staff.

"All the same theoretically—he's right about that speech of Smuts'."

Pinney raised his eyebrows and let his cigar flop at the corner of his full-blooded lips.

"Right?"

"Yes; it's a damned shame to suppress it. Smuts is one of the few men who give a lead to the world."

Pinney flung half a good cigar into the fire and twisted round in his chair, to stare at Dalton. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ted, old boy, you're not slipping into the slough of idealism, are you? Young Frank hasn't been undermining your common sense, I hope; or Rendall with his world-saving notions."

Dalton made a gesture of impatience with his paper knife.

"There's a limit to the suppression of news," he answered. "We can't keep out every word that happens to conflict with Brockham's point of view. Smuts is a great man. . . . I believe that if Jesus Christ came to London and denounced corruption in high places you would suppress the agency report."

"I certainly should!"

After a gust of laughter Pinney rose from his chair and put his plump hand on Dalton's shoulder

"Ted, old boy, I suspect you of weakening. Honor bright, I do! As an old and trusty friend, I advise you to tonic yourself up a bit. A week at Brighton wouldn't do you any harm. That's what Brockham thinks too."

Dalton raised his head sharply at this mention of the proprietor

"What's he been saying?"

"Nothing to me. It was something he said to Heneage in the club the other day. At least Heneage says so"

"Says what?"

Dalton's nerves seemed to be rattled. He spoke heatedly. Pinney smiled at him, but with watchful eyes.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to repeat. He told Heneage that he thought you were losing grip. He seemed to be devilishly wrathy about that paragraph you passed on starvation in Germany Thought it oughtn't to have been published because it aroused false sentiment 'Dalton is losing grip,' he said to Heneage. I thought you ought to know."

"Much obliged," said Dalton with icy sarcasm. "And next time you see Heneage tell him from me that he's a loose-mouthed liar!"

Pinney was vastly amused He chuckled and laughed over this description of Heneage, one of the big five.

"I don't think he was lying. Still you never know But what about that leader? It's holding up Page Four."

Dalton handed him the proof and Pinney waved it in a friendly way as he left the room. At the door he turned round, still chuckling

"I'm not likely to give Heneage that message. I may want him to give me a job one of these days. Oh, it's a great game, this life, if one keeps one's sense of humor!"

Dalton spoke aloud after the door had closed:

"I'm losing my sense of humor, and that's the curse of it!"

The telephone bell summoned him, but he ignored the sound, staring savagely at the little instrument. It was Brockham, of course. He generally rang up at this time He couldn't leave the paper alone. The bell rang again, insistently, and Dalton picked up the receiver.

"Oh, good evening. Yes, the paper is well under way Smuts' speech? No, we're keeping that out. The riots in Germany? Well, we're printing a bit, but damping it all down, of course. Rather a pity, in a way. . . . I say it's rather a pity from a news point of view. Vernon's message from Essen is marvelous stuff—full of drama. Pro-German? Not a bit of it! Sack him? No, I won't hear of it. He's one of our best men. No, I'm damned if I will, Brockham! Well, let's talk it over at lunch tomorrow Good night." *(Continued on Page 73.*

TOPPING 'EM OFF

By Philip Ashton Rollins

THE bucking horse is almost a personage in American history. He ranks among the most virile citizens listed in the national chronicles. Nevertheless, this bawling, jumping brute and the dainty ballet dancer have something in common.

America recently has interested itself in folk dances, in so-called interpretive steps. America, openly bewailing its own fancied lack of terpsichorean inventiveness, has turned to Europe; and Europe has been searched for rhythmic steps of rustic peoples. And yet America, long before this, and within its own borders, had developed a highly specialized something that, if not folk dancing, is at least its kin; a highly specialized something that, because so essentially American, deserves a full recording. It is the wild grotesque jig danced by a pitching bronco with a cowboy as a partner; and really danced, inasmuch as it gives strict heed to rhythm.

Bucking, as performed by horses of America's West, often reaches such heights of equine ingenuity, and often demands from the rider such extraordinary technic, that both the motions of the horse and the movements of the man atop him are well worth studying. The cowboy on a bucking horse is unable to retain his seat, as more commonplace horsemen do on less virile brutes, by a mere gripping of the rider's legs against the saddle; and so the cowboy is compelled to follow a method that savors somewhat of the ballroom.

Although every time a horse makes a jump or series of jumps, and, as part of his motions, lowers his head, arches his back and stiffens his knees he, according to Western technical parlance, is bucking, the average cowboy begrudges the employment of this latter term unless the horse's efforts be quite violent or quite ingenious. All feeble, unintelligent jumpings, even though with stiffened knees and arched back, are contemptuously classified by a cynical puncher as mere crow hops. Frank Sebastian, a top rider in Montana long ago, thus hailed a disliked tenderfoot as the latter, at his beast's initial leap, quit his saddle and showed his heels to the angels:

"Bucked off? Naw! Got lonesome and fell off. Buckin'? Naw! Technically, yes; but practically, nuthin' at all 'cept just plain measly crow hops. Get a bottle of glue and learn to ride."

A Cow-Puncher's Glossary

IN THE words of June Buzzell, an old-time puncher on the bygone ranges of Dakota and Wyoming, "A horse has got to outdo delirium tremens on a circular staircase before he gets interestin'. An angry cat on a hot plate may hoist some; but for action that's worth watchin' you need a bronc that shoves his brains into his pitchin'."

"Bucking," "buck jumping" and "pitching"—these, the three classic technical terms, are synonymous with each other and mean exactly the same thing as did Tex Cassidy's "cyclone in a horse's innards." "Casuey," as a further synonym, flourished awhile in Southern Texas, but for some unrecorded reason rarely wandered beyond the land of its birth. Still additional synonyms, all words or phrases of conscious, arbitrarily created slang, have from time to time appeared, had limited popularity and been more or less short-lived.

However, the subject of this present writing is not the English language but instead a something that Jack Tansy announced from his saddle to be "three epileptic fits roaring inside a single horsehide." These fits express themselves in various motions that, so far as they are interpretive steps, are interpretive of enthusiasm and destruction, and often of most cunning deviltry as well. To the various outward symptoms of the fits the West has pinned the following distinguishing technical entitlements:

A pitching horse is doing straight work when he keeps his body headed in one general direction, however high he may arch his back at one moment, however sway-backed he may momentarily be the instant afterward. In accomplishing this he may land always upon the same spot, or he may pitch a-plungin', otherwise called the running buck, or bucking straightaway; that is, jump forward with each buck. An ingenious brute can embellish his straight work by either a seesaw effect, wherein he lands alternately on his front and hind feet—this is sometimes called walking-beaming—or else by bucking not in the vertical plane but diagonally upward, and leaning first to the right and then to the left. He can also vary the motion by snakelike contortions of his spine, by shakes and shivers, and by sudden downward and sideway lunges of a shoulder or a hip. A series of rapid forward jumps, if suddenly capped by a long leap directly backward, is apt to send the rider diving into space.

When a brute adds ability to leave the ground while headed at one compass point and to land while headed at another, he is pitchin' fence-cornered.

If he twists his body into a crescent, with its horns swinging alternately to left and right, he qualifies as a sunfisher, and in producing this motion he is apt to merge in it an exaggerated fence-cornering. Going up headed, say, northeast and landing headed, say, northwest, is the passing mark for this latter phase of the sunfish degree.

If a beast substitutes for these directions straight north and straight south, he accomplishes the third degree in bucking, the end for end, in which he effects a series of semirevolutions, and so, as the West says, keeps swapping ends.

A horse, if possessed of great physical strength, can send into his plungings a vigor that is most exhausting to the man within the saddle; but for the successful meeting of plunges noteworthy only for their vigor, this man needs little beyond courage and unlimited endurance. On the other hand, if a horse have ability to diagnose his rider's foibles and to plot against them, and for the latter purpose be able to buck in definite time beat and suddenly to alter this beat, be able also to make lunges in directions unexpected and at utter variance with the time beat theretofore pursued, thus to spring fancy steps, such an animal, for its conquering, calls for all the art that the rider can command. The contest then becomes one of brains; the brains of the man pitted against those of the horse. A struggle of this ilk shapes itself upon the self-same lines as those which, in years long past, a Wyoming rancher outlined:

"Kid, you're agin a crafty thinker. He's got four legs, you two. But you've each got one brain. It's thinkin' agin thinkin', and the quickest thinker is the one to win. Use your think box, not your spurs."

Plain and Fancy Bucking

ABILITY to change rhythm ranks first among the saddle emptiers. Furthermore, a thoroughly competent bucker knows that maximum efficiency does not lie in continuously repeating a particular motion, in producing an expected motion or in a back kept constantly humped and stiffened. If such a brute drops his spine to normal level or below it, then snaps his spine upward and into archlike form, what move does he make next? Inability to foresee the correct answer to this question has unseated many a rider. The correct answer lies amid numerous possibilities. For example, the horse either may suddenly lower his backbone, or else, keeping it in humped position, send through it a second and vibratory spasm that cruelly shakes the man within the saddle if he be taken unawares. That delayed secondary thrust, that misery-creating jab, was accurately described by Slim Brown, a puncher of long ago. Amid a torrent of profanity, he called it syncopated gizzard popper. He must have known correct musical terminology, because through many months he squatted in the sun before the bunk house at a ranch and practiced relentlessly on the concertina and the mouth organ.

Given a beast with all this acumen, agility and repertoire, and you have the classic, impish pitcher of the Western plains; the Mister Bronc with a bagful of private tricks and with knowledge when and where to open it; the self-educated, unscrupulous, humorous devil for which every old-time ranchman has pride, affection and a curse.

An animal bucks till he unseats his rider, or until he is satiated or makes to the man atop him affirmative surrender of spirit. With such a surrender, the rider is said to have ridden it out, or ridden to a finish.

Bucking may last five seconds. It may last much longer. As the average duration there is hesitatingly put forth three minutes; this covering groups of jumps, each group consuming some ten seconds, and there being between each two groups a slight pause, during which the horse sulks, or, as the West says, sulls. This average of three minutes means the average for all bucking horses collectively, not the average for the very violent spasms of a single confirmed pitcher. This latter type of brute is ordinarily no time consumer. He throws himself so whole-heartedly into his task as to use up his vitality in from ten to thirty seconds.

Bucking may be terminated sometimes by a rear-back, or back-fall, sometimes by a back-throw, sometimes by a side-throw, or on very rare occasions by a pin wheel. Usually it is ended by the mere failure of the bronco to buck any longer, and even then he may instantly convert himself in a mad runaway.

The difference between the rear-back, or back-fall, and the back-throw is one of speed and motive. In the rear-back, or back-fall, according as one prefers to term it, the horse, attempting to stand erect upon its hind legs, quivers, unintentionally loses its balance and falls. In the back-throw the brute, with rapid movement and affirmative purpose, overrears and hurls itself backward and to the ground. The pin wheel sends the beast on a forward and

Florea La Due, Champion Woman Roper, on "Prince" at Longview, Alberta, Canada

upward jump, to turn feet up in the air and land on its back. The crest of a steep hill gives best opportunity for this awful gyration. Most fortunately, it is extremely seldom that a horse achieves this movement. The direction of the side-throw appears from its name.

Many of the fiction writers have far overstated the height of a bucking horse's jumps. "All four hoofs, two yards straight upward" sticks out in recollection. These writers have failed to follow the sapient advice of a leading cowboy of years ago, of Buck Taylor and his "If you want to write the truth keep the horse's tooties down, keep 'em down." These writers, however, have fair excuse, for they have been victims of the cowboys' studiously given misinformation. If Charley Cowell, a thoroughly reputable Westerner, solemnly asserts that "My Uncle Jim, when a youngster, got throwed right up, and didn't get back in time for his own funeral, although he died an old man," is not an innocent auditor apt to be misled? Then, too, Hank Evans lost his holt in Montana and hit the ground in Arizona—or said that he did. If a rider, on his ascent, passes a flying blue jay, and, landing on the earth, finds eggs laid in his pocket, does it not prove altitude? John Dewing, doesn't it? You should know, for you told that blue-jay story to two young Bostonians on their first day in Wyoming.

As a matter of fact, a pitching horse does not, at any one instant, have the whole of his body at any great height in the air. If the beast's front hoofs be shot far upward its relatively quiescent hind legs will be on or near the ground. If the rear feet are pointed skyward the front feet will be close to earth.

When a pitching horse, entirely in the air, attains the posture of a drowned cat lifted by the middle of its back, and has all four legs hanging straight and directly downward, all four hoofs on the same horizontal plane, if that plane be twenty-four inches above the ground, the spectators will applaud. If it be thirty-six inches instead of twenty-four, local punchers will talk for years about that horse, and he will gain admission to the honor roll of equine cussedness, will have West-wide reputation. His name will be enshrined with those of Steamboat, Flying Devil, Undertakers' Pet, Gut Buster, Annihilation, Sudden Death, Gentle Lizzie, all of sainted memory; with that of infamous Long Tom, with that of No Name, a prominent gravedigger of the present day.

Although many fiction writers have misstated bucking's height, none of them have overestimated its cruel violence, a violence reported by Tex Whiting to have, in his own case, "just nacherally drove my pants seat clean through my hat crown."

Bucking imposes sudden pitiless strains upon the abdomen of a horseman, and viciously twitches his neck.

Casualties

THE shock from bucking is so severe that many a rider bleeds from the nose, the mouth, sometimes the ears; not a few men have fainted in the saddle, occasionally, through involuntarily constricted muscles, insensately maintaining their seats until the horses surrendered. Many men have been ruptured, and in very rare instances men have fallen dead from their animals' backs. Autopsies upon the bodies of riders who had thus died have disclosed various internal injuries of the gravest character.

Upon the ranches of long ago it was generally recognized that only seven years of active riding was open to the average old-time cowboy. Serious injury, ordinarily the gift of bucking, and in the form of hernia, set that limit.

As for the brutes themselves, pitching horses frequently bleed from the nose, and sometimes, though rarely, buck till stopped by self-imposed death.

The average pitching animal far from attains the extremes of turbulence indicated in the last few paragraphs, but he always is, even for the best of riders, excessively uncomfortable, and at least latently dangerous.

The riding of a bucking horse is verily an art, in that it calls as much for specialized mental training as it does for courage and for physical vitality. Its art is extremely technical, its technic entirely different from that employed in any other phase of equitation.

The primary task of the man upon a pitching bronco is constantly to outguess, or, as the West says, outfox his horse. This man, in order to hold his seat, must obtain advance information of every intended jump, swerve, rear, kick and shake, of every contemplated change in the bucking's time beat.

Thus forewarned, the riding man must by constant shiftings of his body so anticipate the horse's movements as to remain in perfect balance and in proper place and posture—the center of gravity always over the center of deviltry. These shiftings require often that the rider forgo all leg squeezing of the saddle, intentionally throw himself into the air and expect the horse to follow closely after him, so closely in fact as to leave no gap between the rider's body and the saddle. Wherefore the rider's body is in constant motion, sometimes keeping seated in the saddle and merely oscillating upon that base, sometimes fairly leaping upward, forward, rearward or to the side.

These leaps often are powerful enough to throw the rider clear from his horse if human intellect has misjudged the direction, yardage and velocity of the bucks the leaps have been intended to circumvent.

Thus the rider is literally dancing with his pitching partner; a dancing that is unique, for instead of the conventional single floor treaded in common by joint performers, one partner, the horse, capers upon the ground, the other partner, the man, frisks upon the horse's back. Furthermore, one of the partners, the man, must ever and again, and upon only an instant's notice, change the length, the speed and the direction of his own dancing steps, lest he fall out of unison and thereby out of the saddle; and the dancing is done with racing swiftness.

Some of the dancing steps are regarded with gloom or with joyousness, according as they are considered by the horseman or the horse. Assuredly every cowboy rider atop a bucking bronco—and seemingly almost every bucking bronco beneath a cowboy rider—recognizes, on the very instant that the puncher irretrievably loses his balance, that this puncher is hopelessly dizzied, and that his immediate destiny is to drape sagebrush and eat gravel where it grows.

Usually the puncher does not fall from his horse during the particular buck that gets him, and often he clings through two or even three later offerings. However, throughout this temporizing clinging he wastes no energy in futile efforts to regain his balance, but assiduously devotes himself to selecting a comfortable-looking goal, to lurching toward it, and to molding his body for the hoped-for drop upon it. The bronco meanwhile consecrates itself to making assurance doubly sure, and withal, if particularly talented in mind and venomous in disposition, may design and explode a specially violent bounce that viciously assaults and brutally insults the falling body of an impotent human being. A man, helplessly awaiting his launching into air, requires, for sustaining his equanimity, no little sense of humor.

When an Injury is Serious

COMPLETE accord with the horse's rhythm is necessary at the climax of each of the brute's virile lunges, not alone that the rider may continue to occupy the saddle but also that he may avoid injury.

Serious injury comes most frequently, not when a rider is thrown and strikes the ground but, instead, when a rider gets at variance with the horse's time beat and still remains ahorse. This latter unhappy man is somewhat in the status of the schoolboy tossed in a blanket. The collision between a descending rider and an ascending horse may fairly burst an abdominal wall. A rider swinging to the left may, by a bronco's impetuous swinging to the right, be stretched to the point where muscles tear. Human chests have on more than one occasion split upon the saddle horns.

Of course, on the other hand, a rider if thrown may fail to disengage a foot from its stirrup, and so, like a helpless pendulum, be dragged on a bouncing, dangerous journey. Then, too, there is chance that he, even if clear from the stirrup, may be kicked or be stepped on by a lunging hoof. Fortunately, however, Nature has seen fit to put in the average horse a strong disinclination to tread upon a yielding substance such as is a human body.

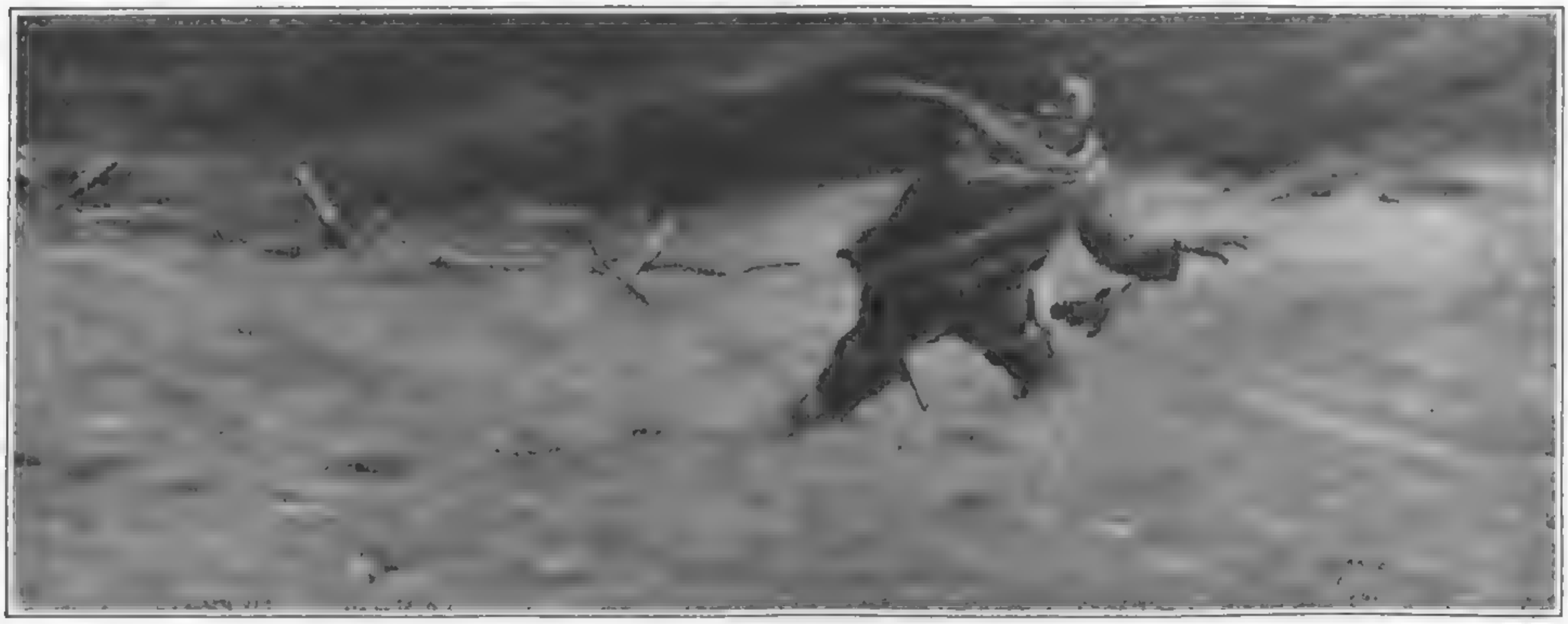
Incidentally, all this involves the question as to just what is meant by the phrase "serious injury" as used in preceding paragraphs. The cowboy's definition is an injury such as will permanently forbid active riding. Broken bones mean nothing in the young life of the puncher, unless they represent fractures of the pelvic arch. In the summer of 1922 one of the most competent punchers then riding said, in absolute good faith and with no attempt at exaggeration, humor or braggadocio:

"I certainly have been lucky, with all the bad horses I've had to fork. My right leg broken three times, my left leg twice, my right wrist once, and

(Continued on Page 182

Jonpy Williams on Firefly—Despite Firefly's Apparent Wishes

STATE'S EVIDENCE



He Broke Into a Stumbling Run, Panic Rising in Him at the Thought That the Storm Might Die Down Before His Tracks Were Covered

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY SEIFELDT

MORNING, even the mean, reluctant dawn of midwinter, brought to Jacob Mattler a sense of release from the gray fears of his nights. He felt safe in the morning, and brave; he could take a kind of pride in his secret, could think of himself with a stimulating respect that was new and strange and comforting. This little misshapen man, fussing over the cookstove, washing dishes and sweeping floors, ceased to be contemptible in Jacob Mattler's sight, became a figure all the more formidable for its bodily defects, cunning, bold, sinister. In the morning Mattler had no regrets; he was glad he had killed Charlie Banning.

By daylight he enjoyed thinking about it: the argument over the division of the corn that Banning had planted on shares in Mattler's lower field; Banning, big and red-faced, leaning against the baling press; the shining tines of the fork he had left standing beside the chute; the slow, exasperating grin of the big farmer as he lifted Mattler, as if he'd been a forkful of hay, and set him down on the other side of the chute; the incredible thing that had happened after that. He seemed to see Jacob Mattler stop and turn in the doorway of the barn, snatch up the fork and ——

It had been clever, the rest of it. Not many men would have remembered the way out through the granary, concealed from the house, the sheds that led almost to the cover of the willows along the creek, the big, undercut poplar that slanted clear across. Jacob Mattler had remembered while his fingers still clung to the fork handle. And now, in the post office, he listened to the talk of men who theorized about a tramp and nodded carelessly to Jacob Mattler; men who would have slapped their legs and guffawed at the notion that he could kill

He cooked his breakfast on the wood stove, fiddling skillfully with its tricky drafts and resisting a recurrent temptation to cook on the elaborate newfangled oil stove that stood against the opposite wall, a complicated contrivance of many burners, of elevated, enameled oven, with a big glass reservoir at one end. Mattler knew better than to waste oil for cooking when he must keep a wood fire going anyway for heat; but he took a certain pleasure in pretending to consider the idea, to argue it with himself. No sense owning a handy stove if he didn't use it; afford to waste a little oil, seeing how cheap he'd picked up the stove at the Geer auction; cost three times as much new.

He ate slowly and with relish, washed the dishes carefully and set them back in prim order on the shelf. He made his bed with the deliberate precision of a woman, smoothing the sheets and patting the pillow full and round. He was drawing on his rubber boots over the felt inshoes he wore indoors when a step on the porch sent the familiar thrill of panic through him. Even by day any sudden noise could make something in him leap and quiver, could lift his shoulders and set his fingers fumbling at the butt of the cheap pistol he'd learned to carry inside his waistband. He turned slowly, looking over his shoulder, and straightened with a quick relief at the sight of the woman who passed the window.

She seemed to bring a fresh sense of security into the room when he unlatched the door; a big soft woman, stupidly placid, her eyes innocent and vacant, like a child's. She wore a faded old coat above a checked gingham dress, and her hair, streaked with gray, was uncovered.

"Milk ready, Mr. Mattler?"

Her voice increased Mattler's conviction of safety; it was even and drawling and expressionless. She held out a tin pail. He took it, grinning in his short beard. His moment of alarm, now that he faced its cause, was so absurd as to be funny. He poured out two quarts of the morning's milk, taking a sour pleasure in giving short measure, although the gill or more by which he cheated her had no value for him. He saw that she gave no attention to the matter, and his lips drew away from each other as he observed the reason. She had crossed the room and stood by the oil stove, surveying it attentively; one hand, withdrawn from the coarse woolen mitten, touched the nickeled edge. The gesture made Mattler think of the way women stroked a cat.

"Have you cooked with it yet, Mr. Mattler?"

The drawling speech had no inflection, but Mattler's ear caught an effect of wistfulness, and again he grinned thinly in his beard.

"No sense wasting good oil when I got to keep the wood fire going anyhow," he grumbled. "Cook on it come summer, maybe, if it's any good."

"It's a first-rate stove to cook with." She spoke with a mild warmth now. "I had mighty good success with it, Mr. Mattler. It cooks better'n any wood stove I ever used."

He shrugged and fitted the cover on her milk pail.

"Here's your milk, Mis' Geer."

She took it, her glance still on the stove.

"Any time you go to try it I could come over and show you," she said. "There's things about it—not to say it's cranky, Mr. Mattler. Only you got to get acquainted with it, like any stove. I'd come over and show you—as lief as not."

He felt a kind of eagerness below the even drawl of her talk, and the mild eyes seemed to supplicate, to hope. She wanted to come over and meddle with his stove, on the pretext of teaching him how to manage it; women were always interfering in other people's affairs. She'd pester him, if he let her. There wasn't work enough over at Miss Haskell's to keep her out of mischief. He suspected that Miss Haskell had taken her in as housekeeper just to keep her from the county farm. Old David hadn't left enough to pay his debts. Mattler scowled at the thought; th t was the kind of people who bought newfangled luxuries; people who hadn't any right to spend the money.

"Needn't bother," he said sourly. "Guess I can make out all right. Had it longer, right now, than you did."

There was no resentment in her look.

"Yes; I'd only had it a month when David was taken. But I got sort of used to it. It was right handy, David being sick and all."

He shrugged, waiting for her to go. His chores were still to do, and her presence irritated him; always when visitors were in his house he had a sense of imposition. But she went on deliberately.

"Set a sight of store by it. David and me bought it the last thing before he took sick." Again her hand fumbled with the nickeled frame. "Kind of like to see it when I fetch the milk. I was right glad you bought it, so's I'd get to see it once in a while." He said nothing. She seemed to wait for some response before she continued: "Be right glad to cook on it again, I would. Any time you want me to show you how to work it ——"

"I can make out to do my own cookin'," he said. "I got my chores to do, Mis' Geer ——"

She took the rebuff calmly. He watched her slow return across the snow-covered pasture, where she had trodden down a path. Always, till she had come to keep house for Miss Haskell, he had been obliged to carry the milk over there himself. He grinned. If this simple woman wanted to tramp half a mile for the sake of looking at her stove, let her! He was getting as much for the milk as when he had delivered it.

He went out to the barn, at peace with himself, thinking with his daytime pride of what had happened at Charlie Banning's hay press. Folks wouldn't laugh at Jacob Mattler if they knew.

II

A RISING wind filled the night with disturbing sounds, noises against which a man might not steady his nerves; sudden, terrifying, malicious crashes of loose boards in the barn; stealthy, furtive creaks of old timbers, as if someone crept nearer over a sagging floor; the hiss of driven snow on the panes; and, hardest of all to endure, vocal sounds, weird moaning whispers and sighs, as if men groaned and muttered in the dark corners where the lamplight seemed to pale. Not even the feel of the pistol, flat against his stomach, could reassure Jacob Mattler. He sat close to the stove, and yet the heat did not penetrate; he was cold, and the county paper trembled as he tried to read it.

It was not of Charlie Banning that he thought now; but of other men, men alive and strong and fearsome; of the fat, red-faced, jovial sheriff, suddenly more terrible for his good humor; of the turnkey at the county jail; of twelve grave faces above the oak rail of the jury box; of strangers in a far room of cages; of a little door that was the one escape. His teeth clicked in a chattering, singing vibration and his forehead was suddenly wet.

"Take a chill," he said aloud.

He got to his feet with an effort, steadying himself by the table. He mustn't get sick; people in a fever talked foolishly; a drink, now—knock out this cold before it could get started. He crossed to the cupboard and opened the drawer where he kept his keys, each identified by a tag of whittled pine. His hands shook as he fumbled among them; the one he sought seemed to elude him as if by malice. He gathered them all together at last and carried them back to the table, under the light, and spread them

out in order. But the one he needed was missing. He groped again in the drawer; it was not there. The circumstance collected his thoughts, gave him respite from the vague, trespassing terrors. It was a long time since he had opened that little medicine cupboard. He could not remember when he had last used the key; but he must have put it back into the drawer. If some thief had found it the whisky bottle would be gone now when he needed it more than ever before.

He went into the lean-to woodshed and got the hatchet he used for splitting his kindlings. He pried roughly at the cupboard door and the old wood yielded; the bottle was there. He held it to the light and drew in his breath noisily; it was two-thirds full. He got a cup and poured out as much of the liquor as he might have held in the cupped palm of a hand. He swallowed it with a gagging gulp, his face twitching at the taste and sting of it. But it burned its way down. His throat was warm and he could feel the glow of it spreading through him. He felt strangely safe now; the night noises had suddenly lost their power to frighten him. He poured out another dose and drank again. Nothing like a little whisky for a cold, if a man had sense enough to let it alone when he didn't need it. He could go to bed now and sleep, instead of lying awake and listening to the wind. His hand was on the bottle to put it away again, when the thump of feet on the porch stiffened him. His mind moved with unfamiliar speed. It was after ten; he even glanced at the clock to make sure. There was nobody who had any reason to visit him on a night like this. Even with the warmth of the whisky, he was cold as he stood and waited.

The heavy knock seemed to paralyze his throat. He strained to answer but could not. He could hear the stamp of feet as the visitor freed his boots of snow. There was another knock, and then a voice calling his name above the uproar of the wind. Mattler's fear relaxed as he recognized it. There was nothing to be afraid of; it was only old John Laird.

"Come!" he called.

The knob turned and the latch rattled. Mattler remembered that it was locked and turned the key. A tall straight man came in, shutting the door quickly on a gust of wind that flung a mischievous spurt of snow after him. He stood with his back to the panels, slowly pulling off his mittens, his eyes, recessed under brows on which flecks of snow melted and gleamed, surveying Mattler with a steadiness that was vaguely disturbing. Mattler scowled.

"What's the matter? Ain't it kind of late for a call?"

"I figgered you'd be awake yet, Mattler." Laird's voice was thin and gentle. "Noticed your light pretty often this winter. Don't sleep good, do you?"

"Teeth been botherin' me some." Mattler spoke quickly. "What fetched you over on a night like this? Just to set up and keep me comp'ny?"

"Not exactly." Laird plunged a hand into a pocket and brought out a tagged key. "Happened to find this just now, and thought I'd fetch it over. Man might want to get to his medicines, weather like this, Mattler."

Mattler took the key from him. The pine tag bore his name, in careful lettering, and on the other side the two words "medicine cupboard."

"That's funny, Laird. I just this minute found out this key was missing. Had to take and break the door to get me a drop of whisky. Sort of felt a chill gettin' hold of me."

He indicated the bottle. "I'd ask you to have some, Laird, only I don't hold with treatin.' Obliged for fetchin' back the key though. Pity you didn't find it a mite sooner—saved me spoilin' a good lock if you had "

Laird stood still, saying nothing. His gaze irritated Mattler.

"I was just goin' to bed, Laird Want to sleep off this here cold before it gets started."

"Figgered you'd want to know where I found your key, Mattler. Right queer thing."

Mattler forced a yawn.

"Guess I can stay awake that long, if you got to tell me. Where?"

"Don't remember where you lost it, eh?"

"Never even knew it was lost till tonight." Mattler's impatience rose. "Long time since I unlocked that cupboard."

"Looks like it was, Mattler. Somewheres around the first of October, I guess."

Something clicked in Mattler's brain. The first of October!

The day when—he remembered now. He'd dosed a toothache from the bottle just before he'd cut across the fields to Banning's barn. For an instant fear swept in on him like the wind that thrust against the wall. He felt his teeth singing together. Mechanically he tilted the bottle over the cup and drank; the magic of the stinging fluid cleared and warmed his brain.

"Chill," he said. "Feels like I'd caught a mean cold, Laird. What'd you say, just then? Didn't hear you to rights."

"Said you must've lost the key around the first of October, Mattler "

"Might have." Mattler's nerves smoothed as the drink tingled in him. "Quite a while back anyhow."

"Don't want to hear how I know, then?"

Laird spoke with an inflection that Mattler resented. It reminded him of the loafers at the store, who plagued him sometimes by putting innocent questions, which, when answered, invited leg slappings and cackling laughter.

"You come over here in the middle of the night to ask me riddles?" he snarled. "I'm a sick man, Laird. I'd ought to be in bed this minute."

"First of October was the day Charlie Banning started to bale his hay. That's how I know, Mattler." Laird paused as Mattler's teeth chattered again. "Maybe you better take another drink, Mattler. You do look kind of sick, for a fact."

Mattler spilled a little whisky on his hand as he lifted the cup. It was very cold; queer that it could warm a man the way it did. He wasn't frightened now.

"Well, what of it?" He liked the rasping feel of his voice. It grated reassuringly in his ears.

"Just a little while before Charlie was killed Hub Whitney come by and bought what hay he'd got baled. Remember? Hub give him cash money for it. Feller't killed Charlie took it off him." Laird paused. "Kind of mean, that was. Might've left the money for Charlie's folks."

Mattler thought of the bills hidden behind the drawer of the cupboard. That had been clever, too, turning Banning's pockets inside out to make it look as if somebody had killed him for gain.

"It was my press Charlie was usin'." Laird's voice went on evenly. "When I went over to get it I took and baled up what hay was left. Wasn't only three bales; but I figgered Mis' Banning'd need the money. Bought 'em off her myself, I did. Aimed to sell 'em along of mine, but they wasn't up to grade, so I kep' 'em to feed. Opened up the last one tonight. That there key was inside it, Mattler."

Jacob Mattler seemed to feel Charlie Banning's big hands lifting him contemptuously across the chute. That was where he had lost the key. It must have dropped from his pocket into the hay that Charlie had been feeding into the press; gone on into the bale when Laird finished the job. His mind worked smoothly and fast; he wasn't frightened; he could even think ahead and imagine himself on the witness stand, denying everything. The key didn't prove he'd killed Banning. He might have lost it long before; might have dropped it in Banning's hayfield, where the string could have caught in a rake tooth. Somebody else—Charlie himself, for that matter—might have picked it up and dropped it again in that hay. He laughed harshly.

"I see what you're gettin' at, Laird. You been tryin' to make out it was me 't killed Banning."

"Figgered it might've been you, Mattler." Laird's tone did not change. "Looks like it "

Mattler laughed again.

"And you come wakin' me up at midnight to tell me! If you think I done it whyn't you go tell the sheriff, first off? It's his business."

"Did have a notion to do that, Mattler. Only I got to thinkin'. Ain't going to do Charlie much good to get you hung. And Mis' Banning was left pretty bad off, with them three children. Thought maybe you'd just as lief have me keep my mouth shet and do somethin' for Charlie's folks. It ain't the law, maybe; but it looks like you was more use alive than dead, Mattler."

For an instant, through the new glow of courage, the thought tempted Jacob Mattler. He could buy safety; Laird would hold his tongue as long as he paid. He could afford it too. There was money enough hidden behind the drawer to last a long time. But his wits were alert. Old Laird only suspected, so far; if Mattler agreed he would know. Paying over a dollar to him on such terms would be the same as a signed confession, and he'd never be safe. Any time Laird chose he could tell, with the added weight of Mattler's payments to back up his story. And they'd believe him too; Mattler knew better than to doubt that. The whole glen knew John Laird; his word would tell with any jury. And maybe he didn't even mean this offer of silence; maybe he was only testing his guess, finding out whether Mattler would pay hush money in order to make sure before he went to the sheriff.

"You must think I'm crazy, Laird! Even if I done it I'd be a fool to give you a cent. You'd tell, if you ain't already. Mis' Lattimer ——"

"She don't know I ain't asleep, Mattler. She goes to bed soon as she's done

(Continued on Page 110)

"If You Think I Done It Whyn't You Go Tell the Sheriff, First Off? It's His Business"

Legislating Water to Run Uphill

By ROGER W. BABSON

Model Barns Receiving a Wealth of Hay on a High-Class Farm

THE average man, even though not a farmer, does not object to subsidies and special privileges for the farmer. The country not only subsidizes the farmer but is probably justified in so doing. Every American is glad to contribute to this subsidy. Moreover, we hope it is resulting in a real benefit to the farmer, and is not a curse. As to this, only the future can tell. One thing is certain—the farmer believes he wants these subsidies, tax exemptions, anti-trust exemptions and other special privileges. Unless we ourselves are willing to go to the farms and raise stuff we had better graciously give him these subsidies and privileges. But should not the farmers be content to stop at this point? It is one thing to exempt the farmers from certain artificial laws that Congress itself makes; but it is a very different thing to attempt to exempt the farmers from the fundamental economic laws of Nature over which Congress has no control. It is the latter danger that we face today, and every true friend of the farmer should use his influence to prevent such a mistake being made. The following proposals illustrate what I have in mind:

The first of these unsound movements is the concerted attempt to manufacture more money. Now farmers—like the rest of us—want more money. They say, "If more wheat is needed we raise more; if more fertilizer is needed we make more; hence, if more twenty-dollar bills are needed why not print more?" If people accepted such bills for the paper they contained, the farmers' point might be well taken; but we accept a twenty-dollar bill only for what there is back of it, and because the Federal Reserve Board stands ready to redeem it on demand. Intrinsically the paper and the printing of a United States twenty-dollar bill are worth no more than the paper and printing of a Russian ruble. Let me quote Elliott C. McDougal, president of the Marine Trust Company, of Buffalo.

Why the Dollar is in Danger

"A NUMBER of amendments to the Federal Reserve Act have been introduced in Congress. Many others are suggested. The greater number of such amendments would abolish or weaken the safeguards that the framers of the act wisely established. The proponents of these amendments shout for 'easy money,' for 'letting down the bars,' especially on behalf of farmers. They are willfully or ignorantly deaf to reminders that congressional records show, and bankers know, that machinery already is set up and in daily operation, by means of which Federal Reserve banks furnish their constituent banks with credit at very reasonable rates, which by the regular operation of that machinery should reach the farmer. Any farmer in good credit can get the benefit of this machinery, and if the rates which he pays are too high that is not the fault of the Federal Reserve System, but of his own bank, which borrows from a Federal Reserve bank cheap and lends dear. Some congressmen are honestly misled, others are playing politics. From some sections comes popular clamor for action, or for a show of action. It is good politics to cater to any considerable class regardless of consequences and of the merits of the case, providing its clamor be loud enough.

"Politics and business have no common interest. Combined they always spell inefficiency, often failure. In banking they are especially dangerous. Today our currency is sound and our credit good, but how long would they so remain should our politicians have their way unchecked? The most dangerous time is when the ways first divide. We are perilously near that time. We must oppose the first wrong step, no matter how remote the consequences may seem. Should Congress persist in its attempt to start our Federal Reserve System on the wrong road we must persist in our opposition. We must stand or fall together on that basis. We should have no fiat money, or debased currency, such as Russia and Germany issue. There should be no rival institution of any kind, holding its own gold reserves and weakening our central gold fund. For these two functions there is no other agency, there should be no other agency.

"Notwithstanding this it is conceivable that the gold reserve might be divided, that in emergencies we might find methods of pooling our gold, which, while far less efficient than the Federal Reserve System, still might get us through without disaster. Not only the printed currency itself, but on the ability of the Federal Reserve System promptly to redeem that currency in gold depends its soundness. At present the law requires that Federal Reserve notes shall be covered by not less than 40 per cent in gold and not more than 60 per cent in short-time promissory notes based upon strictly commercial transactions. Should the law be changed, should all or the larger part of that 60 per cent be represented by farm notes, due in a year or longer, given perhaps to finance the purchase of land or machinery, and should the public suddenly realize what that means, and lose confidence in our currency, as actually happened in 1895, when they presented greenbacks issued by the United States and demanded gold, depleting the government gold reserves to the danger point, the consequences might be serious; how serious none can predict.

"The average man does not discriminate between capital investment and loans, between notes based upon them, or between long-time loans based upon fixed property, and short-time loans as represented by notes the proceeds of which are used to buy lumber, grain or produce, which in a short time will be sold, the proceeds of which will pay off the loans. Short-time loans of this character are the only proper cover for that percentage of currency issues not covered by gold. Whatever amendments may make eligible for rediscount at Federal Reserve banks, long-time paper, or paper based on land contracts or on assets not quickly convertible into cash, never should be eligible as a basis for circulation. In the conduct of ordinary banking business, banks might have various standards, much slow and even poor paper might be discounted, with no worse results than reduction or temporary stoppage of dividends; but no such risk can be run with our currency."

Our currency is the lifeblood of our financial and business system. The slightest deviation from the highest standard would affect our financial health as quickly and as surely as the slightest vitiation of the blood affects physical health. Tampering with the Federal Reserve System is more than tampering with a mere banking system; it is tampering with the source of our currency. Should we debase our currency those of moderate means and the workingman would be the greatest sufferers. For proof turn not alone to Russia but to Germany. All the savings of the thrifty for years now are payable in debased currency, and are worth practically nothing. The wages a German worker gets today will be worth he knows not how much less next week, than now. The same causes here will produce the same effects. Only when every man who deposits a dollar in the bank or carries a dollar in his pocket realizes that the value of his own dollar is today in danger, can we consider our currency out of danger.

The farmers may or may not be unfair to the rest of the country in having themselves exempted from certain human legislation—legislation that was made by man—but when farmers attempt to suspend the fundamental laws of economics—which laws have existed since the creation of the world—it is a serious matter. Bryan attempted it in 1893 when he wanted paper money based on silver 16 to 1.

Now, to attempt to base money upon land would be sixteen times worse than anything Bryan ever thought of. We can double the amount of money in circulation by passing a law; but it would only result in reducing the purchasing power of each dollar just one-half. Even the Farm Bloc cannot change the multiplication table.

The Wrong Road to Cooperation

THE second of these dangerous movements is found lurking in the Norris Bill and in Senator Brookhart's coöperative scheme. Now, every man who believes in the Golden Rule must believe in coöperation. It has been even said that the best barometer of a nation's efficiency is the ability of its citizens to coöperate. Coöperation is needed very much in this country by all classes and groups—farmers included. Coöperation, however, is not a question of legislation any more than is friendship, loyalty or love for one's neighbors. The spirit of coöperation is a by-product of sane religion and can never be legislated into existence. Will the passing of laws make you love your neighbor?

Coöperation to be successful must be operated in one of two ways:

As a business, either as the Steel Corporation is run in the East or as the Fruit Growers' Association is run in California. There is no politics in either. Both are operated as cold-blooded business propositions without the aid of any legislation;

As a religion, as the Rochdale coöperative movement in England, and as various other similar movements in other countries. In such cases one belongs to a coöperative society as he would belong to a church or a lodge. It is his religion. He serves it and obeys it from love and loyalty.

(Continued on Page 148)

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

A President in an Embassy—By Norval Richardson

I THOUGHT the climax of picturesqueness in my diplomatic education had been reached in Copenhagen when I was special envoy to the funeral of Frederick VIII, but that experience takes a very secondary place when compared to the visit of President Wilson to Rome. There is nothing very exceptional in the funeral of a king; such incidents occur almost every year, but the visit to Europe of a President of the United States was a unique historical event. To the world this visit was charged with tremendous significance; to the embassy at Rome, which had to make all the arrangements for such a portentous event and see that arrangements were carried out, it lost all historical importance in the mesh of protocol that surrounded it.

For weeks before this visit took place the embassy became a sort of storm center of questions hurled at it from the Italian Government, from every municipal council in the whole of Italy, from every town that wanted to name a square or a street for the President, and from hundreds of Roman matrons who wished to know how it was going to be possible for them to meet the distinguished visitor. The contrast between this attitude and the one maintained during our neutrality was striking; the latter had been one of contempt and ridicule for the endless notes which were thought to lead nowhere; the former was almost fanatical worship. I doubt very much if anywhere else in the world President Wilson achieved quite the same exalted position that he did in Italy towards the end of 1918; it was a short-lived popularity—it disappeared almost entirely a few weeks after the Peace Conference had been in session but it was tremendous while it existed

The President and Mrs. Wilson at the Coliseum

The Enshrinement of Mr. Wilson

AT THAT time you could not go anywhere in Rome without finding a life-sized portrait of President Wilson—furnished wholesale by the Bureau of Public Information—staring down at you from the ancient walls of Aurelius or from the arches of the Coliseum or even, some said, from the façade of St Peter's.

Signor Vovro Veelson—as Francesco and practically all Italians pronounced his name—was indisputably the man of the hour; and, as is always the case with important questions in that city of hundreds of churches, a religious significance quickly developed about his name. It was only natural for a people who always name their children for some saint or religious character to call a man who they felt was going to save them from future wars the savior of mankind. I had no idea of the extent of this religious attitude until one of my friends, an Italian soldier, asked me to go with him to one of the barracks and witness a scene that he felt sure would amaze me. As a matter of fact, what he showed me did exceed anything I had yet heard of pertaining to the Wilson cult. We arrived at the barracks at dusk and were shown down a long corridor, at the end of which a sort of altar had been made of a box covered with a white cloth. Over this hung a large poster of President Wilson. Just below the picture were four lighted candles; and kneeling before this temporary altar were several soldiers.

"This goes on all day," my friend explained. "They say he is the only man the war has produced who is striving to save the world from future wars; and they pray each day that he will be given sufficient strength to carry out his noble intentions."

I heard later that this poster had been hung in many shrines throughout the country districts of Italy, where mothers and wives constantly brought candles and flowers and prayed for their sons and husbands at the Front; and many touching letters were sent to the embassy, not only from peasants but from people of evident culture, who said they wished to express their profound respect for a country that had produced a leader who was going to bring eternal peace to the world. This period showed an example of hero worship almost unequaled in the history of the world.

After the George Washington had actually sailed and it was definitely known that the President was on his way to Europe, the constant question was "When will your President come to Rome?" We had not been notified of any intention on his part to visit Italy and when the Italian Government put this question, explaining that it would be necessary to prepare for the visit, we found ourselves in a somewhat embarrassing predicament. If he did not come Italy would be mortally offended, especially if he went to London before opening the Peace Conference

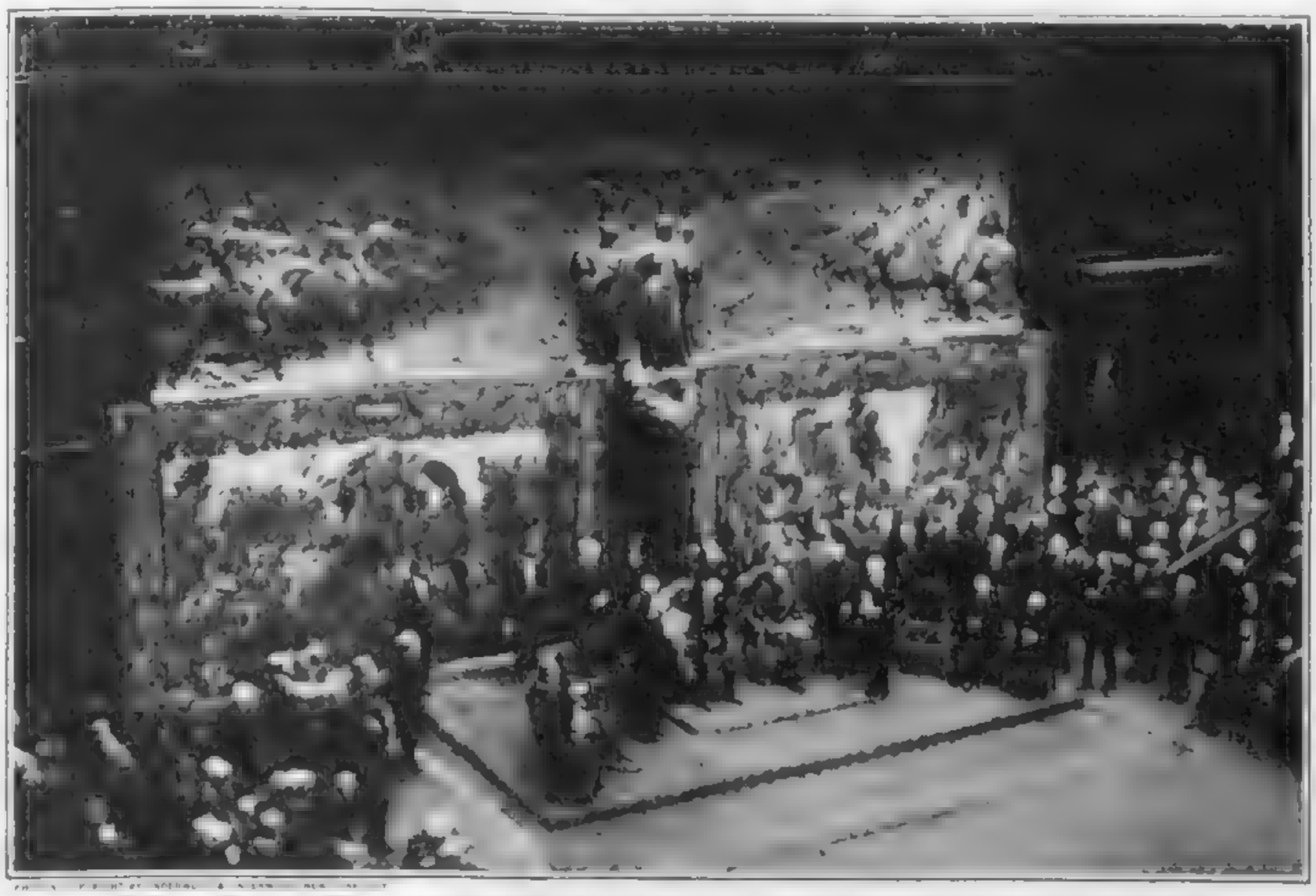
"I hope your President is not going to be like so many others," an Italian official said, "and discount the part Italy played in the war. If our Allies had listened to us Austria would have been routed a year ago."

Rome's Warm Welcome

IN SPITE of the fact that we had no information as to whether the President would come to Italy or not—even up to a week before his arrival—the Italian Government went forward with preparations. An invitation was extended by the King, and while Paris and London celebrated with great ovations Rome waited impatiently. Then came the notification that the President would arrive the first week in January, spend three days in Rome and return immediately to Paris. We all sighed with relief; Italy was not going to be snubbed. Then everyone got tremendously excited and began running round in circles, for there was a great deal to be done and very little time to do it in

Several days before the visit I passed through the grounds of the Villa Borghese—Rome's Central Park—and stopped to watch a group of men making what appeared to be miles and miles of garlands of laurel leaves. They were the most sumptuous garlands I had ever seen, thick and heavy and glossy—somehow very suggestive of old Roman days It was easy to imagine the forefathers of these men—say, twenty centuries ago—working in exactly the same spot and making exactly the same sort of garlands for a feast

(Continued on Page 124.



President Wilson Receiving the Freedom of the City of Rome in the Italian Chamber of Deputies in the Presence of King Victor Emmanuel III

THE SIREN AND THE BOSS

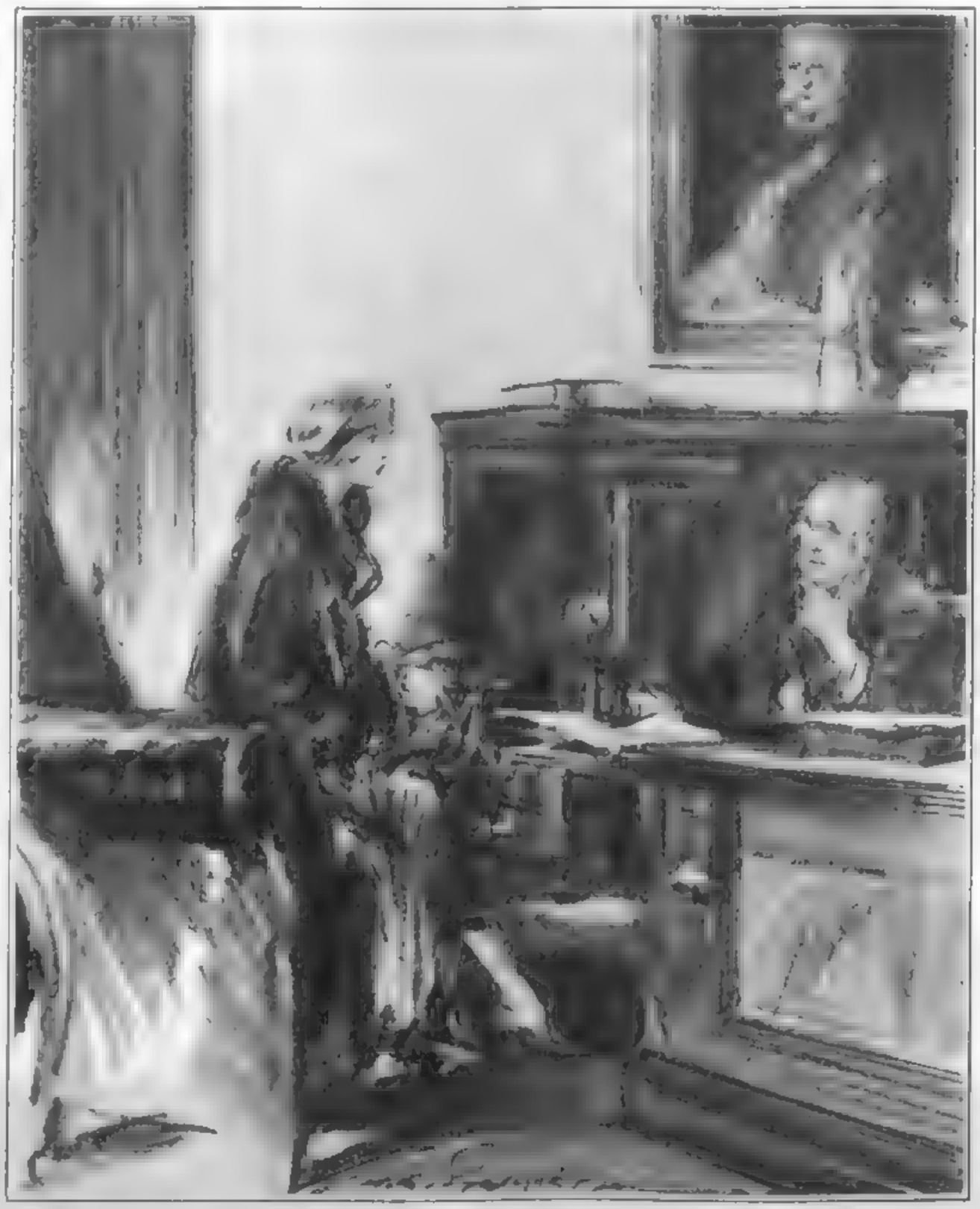
By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

MILLICENT ALLEN looked up from her typewriter and smiled at Bruce MacKenzie. Instantly he was on his guard, like a man hearing an unexpected sound in his house at night, stiffened with all the rigid reflexes of caution and suspicion. For Bruce MacKenzie had been smiled at over typewriters in just that way before. It was not a brisk, polite Founders' City Bank office smile. Millicent Allen's was soft, feminine, subtly invitational, as out of place among desks and files as a white lace dancing frock.

If Eve—or wasn't it Lilith whom Scripture credits with the wicked, winning wiles?—had been put in a severe tailored dark blue tricotine suit and set to pounding a typewriter with some three hundred others in a huge Wall Street bank office, she would probably have tried to circumvent her fate much as Millicent Allen was trying—lacy frills at neck and wrists discounting the tailored tricotine, chiffon silk stockings quite as revealing and far more alluring than no stockings at all, the artfully natural touch of a lip stick on a full underlip made dangerously soft and quite red enough by Nature.

If Millicent Allen had been the first young woman since Lilith to try the wiles of her sex on a young man, of course Bruce MacKenzie would have succumbed. He was human and masculine. But he was also Scotch and canny, and Lilith had smiled in the Founders' City offices before. Every few weeks now she was coming in in the guise of an advertising solicitor, a tall, slim, glorious blonde, whose beauty and easy camaraderie had made her so dangerous that each new advertising manager was warned against her as school children are vaccinated when smallpox is abroad; and in spite of the warnings she sold more advertising than any two men solicitors in the Wall Street district. And scattered all through the huge Founders' City machine about one to every four keen-eyed young business women was a third-rate siren, a safe, moral little amateur, playing in the ancient game within careful limits and for small stakes: Cleopatra smiling at the boss so that she can take an extra half hour at noon with impunity, Helen of Troy staying after office hours to ask his advice and tell him he is so sympathetic, so that he will remember her when he is recommending the five-dollar-a-week raises. The keen-eyed young women depend upon their spelling and kindred talents for their safety and progress; these others hope to get ahead by methods that were probably effective when words were spelled in pictures with a pointed stick.



"Why, Mr. Pickthall, I've Just Been Counting on You, After Your Saying You'd Do Anything in the World for Me Till the Sands of the Desert Grew Cold"

Of course these methods work nowadays better with some department heads than with others. As a general rule of department heads, the older they are the harder they fall. Middle age, getting a bit paunchy, home prosaic, social life tedious, is least likely to look youth's gift horses in the mouth. The young married man is far less susceptible. He is likely to have young beauty of his own to feed and clothe; the stenographer who can spell suits him well enough. But if, compared with easy middle age, he seems a bit skeptical and careful, he is gullibility itself compared with the young bachelor.

Of all the animals of the human race, the successful young New York bachelor is probably the most gun-shy. The débutantes are after him; and the widows, trifling young married women and blackmailing chorus girls. He walks over ground honeycombed with traps; if he remains a bachelor and keeps out of court, it means that he has become wary in his step, fleet in escape and as skittishly alert for danger as a startled fawn.

Besides being a young, successful New York bachelor, Bruce MacKenzie was also ambitious. Head of the Founders' City bond department, with a vice presidency beckoning temptingly ahead, is not bad for a bare thirty with no pull. Office philandering never brought a vice presidency one whit nearer, and the stenographer who could spell had always found her niche in MacKenzie's department. Naturally, however, the others tried him out every now and then. His shrewd blue eyes were friendly looking, and there are always women optimistic enough to mistake friendliness for guilelessness.

After five years with the Founders' City MacKenzie knew all the approaches. The nice girl who tried to establish outside contacts—"Oh, Mr. MacKenzie, I saw you at church yesterday, but you wouldn't look at me at all." The hussy whose hand was always touching his accidentally when she helped him look for a paper, who would lean over his shoulder at the slightest opportunity, her soft arm, perfumed faintly with verbena, brushing against his rough sleeve. The clinging vine—"I know it's awful of me to bother you with my silly love affairs, Mr. MacKenzie, but someway I *feel* you would understand and tell me what *you* think I ought to do." The sob sister who had seen better days, who had never expected to have to earn her own living, who tried to make him sorry for her. The wisest one of all, who knew he was carrying heavy life insurance for his mother and asked his advice, in her most becoming dress, about taking out a policy for hers.

MacKenzie always accepted these advances at their face value. He suggested to the clinging vine that she talk her love affairs over with her mother—a bit of advice as disinterested as it must have been disappointing—but he passed her on to a vice president in need of another stenographer. He looked up insurance rates for the good daughter, but transferred her to the filing department. The hussy found herself out of a job altogether. Other department heads, noting this canniness, occasionally discussed the siren in business and agreed among themselves that MacKenzie was a wise old bird and a hard-boiled egg.

Obviously Millicent Allen was smiling at the wrong man. Quite as obviously she was not aware of this. MacKenzie's curt, impersonal answering smile and nod should have warned her. But it didn't. The very next day she happened to be alone in her little anteroom as MacKenzie passed through on his way out for the day. He paused a moment to leave a letter on her desk. She laid it on a neat pile with a competent, businesslike gesture. Then she smiled up at him, as unbusinesslike as a box of florist's roses.

"You don't know me from Adam, do you, Mr. MacKenzie?" she challenged.

"Know you?" he repeated, his hand on the doorknob. "You're Miss Allen, aren't you?"

"Of course—Millicent Allen. I mean you don't remember me."

"Why you've been here only a couple of days."

"Oh, I don't mean here in the Founders' City. Think back—way back."

The shrewd eyes twinkled.

"You mean," he suggested dryly, "when I was a king in Babylon and you were my Christian slave?"

The girl laughed delightedly.

"Well, that's about what it amounted to," she admitted. "You were a rich young bachelor and I was a débutante."

"A débutante?"—puzzled.

"I must try to be brave about your not remembering me," she mocked. "Of course I am prepared, in a way. Even when you used to dance with me I could tell your heart wasn't in your work."

Curiosity loosed for a moment the clutches of caution.

"When did I dance with you?" he asked.

"Oh, several times, just last winter; at Aunt Harriet Barnett's parties and other places."

"Oh!" Suddenly he remembered her. "You're Mrs. Barnett's niece. Why, of course I remember you!"

She flashed a radiant smile straight at him.

"Ah," she said, "then the year isn't all winter!"

The telephone rang sharply back in MacKenzie's private office. A timely interruption.

Coming back through the anteroom on his way out, ten minutes later, MacKenzie passed Millicent Allen with a carefully impersonal good night. The Bruce MacKenzie who had been on old Mrs. Barnett's invitation list had sent expensive flowers for her funeral and wondered vaguely who would take the girl when it was found that the old lady had left practically nothing, that her large income had been an annuity that had ceased when she did. But the MacKenzie who was making the Founders' City bond department what it is today knew that the girl who drags her social relationships into an office is usually the kind that presumes upon them.

Mrs. Barnett's niece, be her past what it might, was now a stenographer for the Founders' City Bank; and, looked at impersonally and cannily, was doing just what other stenographers had done before her—trying to make her way, not with efficiency but by making up to the boss. As a matter of fact it was the familiar "Oh, I saw you at church yesterday, Mr. MacKenzie, but you wouldn't look at me at all," just done a little better, with a little more charm and dash.

Moreover, Millicent Allen ought to be more rather than less businesslike and impersonal than the other Founders' City stenographers, for she was created by Nature to be a disquieting, dubious element in any office. Soft brown eyes,

soft golden hair, soft creamy satin skin, softly curved slim figure—oh, no foresighted department head could take one look at the luscious little person she was and not know that woman's place is in the home.

Old Mr. Pickthall, the Founders' City president, had known better than to employ her when she came to see him, fresh from business college. Asking the great Mr. Pickthall for a job was in itself a breach of good taste. A self-respecting, ambitious young woman who wished to stand on her own feet and advance on her own merits would have applied to the head of the personnel department. Millicent Allen had gone straight to Mr. Pickthall himself

She had come into his office in a kolinsky coat and fancy topped French gloves—relics, of course, of her better days. She flirted with the old gentleman just as she had always flirted with anyone who sat next to her at a dinner party.

She told him with just the appealing mixture of brave forlornness that she would have to earn her own living now, that she had just finished a course in stenography.

"So I've come straight to you, Mr Pickthall, to give me a position that will pay me much more than I'm really worth."

She smiled directly at him, a smile of radiant young loveliness that lighted every shadowy corner of the impressive office. Now youth and beauty, of course, are youth and beauty, in an office or out of it. But, also, bankers are by instinct cautious, and Mr. Pickthall had been a banker for some forty-odd years

MacKenzie Attempted to Give the Two of Them a Hint

"Well, suppose I give you a nice note to Miss Stoner, our personnel officer, and tell her to do the very best she can for you," he suggested benignly

Millicent Allen shuddered deliciously in her soft brown fur.

"Oh, don't do that, please! I'm sure anyone named Stoner would judge me on my merits, and then I'd have to start at fifteen dollars a week. You're the big boss here; you can give me a nice position if you just want to."

Pickthall had looked troubled.

"Why, Mr. Pickthall"—hurt bewilderment widened Millicent's eyes pathetically—"I've just been counting on you, after your saying you'd do anything in the world for me till the sands of the desert grew cold."

Of course Millicent wasn't so guileless as she looked with her soft baby eyes; nobody old enough to lace her own shoes was ever so guileless as Millicent could look. But neither was she so guileful as old Mr. Pickthall suddenly suspected her of being. She had been used to having elderly men grow a bit poetical and flirtatious under the effects of her aunt's very good Bacardi; it was by the merest chance she remembered some of Pickthall's exact words. Anyone is likely to flirt with a pretty deb. Millicent did not even know that old Mr. Pickthall had a jealous wife. But show me the banker who isn't congenitally cautious!

The Founders' City president stirred uneasily. Then, like an answer to a silent appeal, came the thought of MacKenzie and the bond department. Of course! If the girl was any good it was too bad to bar her out just because she was pretty and he knew her; and if she wasn't any good it would be up to MacKenzie to fire her. MacKenzie, he knew, would do it. He could depend upon MacKenzie. Yes, that would be the simple, easy, kindly and ultimately safe way to do it. He would pass the buck to MacKenzie

MacKenzie would have been keen enough to have suspected something of this sort, anyhow, but the aggrieved Miss Stoner left him in no doubt.

"I'm sure there's no point in having a personnel officer at all," she remarked plaintively, "when the president himself sets the example of going over her head. If every pretty girl who comes into his office can vamp him into giving her a good position I'm sure ——"

But whatever Miss Stoner was sure of, she was no surer than Bruce MacKenzie suddenly became of something else—that a pretty girl might vamp Pickthall into giving her a job, but she wouldn't vamp MacKenzie into keeping her in it! So Millicent Allen started in the bond department under a heavy handicap.

She chose the worst way in the world of working against it. When the last of the first week MacKenzie returned four of her letters with misspelled words pointedly marked,

(Continued on Page 188)

To His Surprise, He Found Miss Allen Still There, Alone in the Huge Office

THE LAST STRONGHOLD

By HAL G. EVARTS

SIXTEEN years ago I was one of a party of three that left the little town of Cody, Wyoming, for the hunting country. We traveled in a wagon, a few extra horses trailing behind. There was no road through the Shoshone Cañon at that time, and our course led round Cedar Mountain back to river level at the forks of the Shoshone, above the deep notch of the cañon. The little village of Marquette, consisting of a roadside store and saloon, a schoolhouse and two dwellings, stood near the forks. The evening of the third day we forded the North Fork of the river and camped near the mouth of Kitty Creek.

After a week of hunting we headed back down the country with the wagon piled high with meat. We met but few people, even though the road was the only highway to the eastern entrance of the Yellowstone National Park All travel was by means of wagons or saddle stock. If there was an automobile anywhere in the vicinity I failed to hear of it. I cannot now recall the figures of tourist travel by way of the east entrance for that year, but believe that the concessioners handled less than 600 people on that side during the season.

The park was locally considered a white elephant that retarded the sweep of progress and development. No grazing was permitted within its borders, a condition that very naturally caused the stock interests to array themselves solidly against its continuance in the same manner that they have always opposed any restriction of grazing rights throughout the whole expanse of the Western hills. The fact that for the first time in history there was an area wherein game was given preference over stock in the matter of feed constituted a challenge that every local stockman felt obliged to take up. Every precedent supported their contentions, and the stock industry as a whole stood ready to back their cause as a matter of general principles.

No Longer a White Elephant

COOK CITY waged a continuous fight to obtain right of way for a railroad up the Yellowstone River to the junction of that stream and the Lamar, thence up the Lamar bottoms. Various localities on all sides insisted upon their rights to certain parts of the park for reservoir sites or for almost any conceivable purpose.

I doubt if 1 per cent of the local population adjacent to the Yellowstone would have expressed a sentiment contrary to the generally accepted theory that the park was maintained and operated directly against the best interests of the local inhabitants. Any suggestion that the Yellowstone might conceivably prove to be an economic asset to the countryside would have been flouted as the wildest sort of vaporous theorizing

That was sixteen years ago. Last summer I spent some little time along the Shoshone road to the east entrance, and the scene had changed. The village of Marquette was under some 200 feet of water, for the cañon had been dammed and the water had been backed up for miles in the bottoms of both forks. A dozen or more summer cabins had been erected at the mouth of Kitty Creek, near the site of our old hunting camp. There were dude ranches on most of the creeks that flow into the river, and the road was filled with a steady procession of glittering cars. Over 25,000 tourists rolled into the little town of Cody and followed the road that winds up the cañon to the east entrance.

There are no figures available as to how many departed by way of the east entrance. The number was perhaps less than the in-going count, but it assumed generous proportions, and the people of Cody and the vicinity reaped the profit of this added business.

Twenty or more dude ranches are scattered along the two forks of the Shoshone between Cody and the park line. In addition to the regular park travel, the summer visitors spent $211,000 with the owners of these ranches in the 1921 season. The 1922 figures exceeded that sum by a considerable margin. One dude wrangler, whose 1921 business attained a volume of $39,000, assured me that he booked $50,000 for 1922. Another, with a total of $25,000 for his past season's business, was forced to decline to make reservations for more than fifty people, the accommodations on his dude ranch proving inadequate to handle this sudden increase in business.

The grand total of the expenditures of that swarm of tourists rolling to and from the park, and those of the dudes who summered on the ranches, cannot be computed with accuracy. However, it is safe to assert that the amount exceeded the gross value of the annual output of both stock and crops produced in the entire area between Cody and the Yellowstone, including the farming communities located along both forks of the river for a distance of fifty miles.

Daddy Catches and Baby Poses. Jackson Lake.
Above—Hold-up Bear, Yellowstone National Park.
At Top—Mount Moran, Greater Yellowstone

Income From Tourists

TEN years ago the residents on the east side of the park were solidly in favor of any contemplated development project. Today they are almost as solidly arrayed against any move that will tend to lessen the tourist attractions of the Yellowstone. In the light of present-day conditions they see that the attainment of the policies formerly advocated, instead of proving beneficial to the country, as was then believed, would have reacted as an economic tragedy.

This swift transition on the east side has been duplicated in other localities adjacent to the Yellowstone, and the same potentialities exist for still others where the actual benefits of tourist business have not yet attained any great importance

The West Yellowstone and Gardiner entrances are even more heavily patronized than the eastern route. The total number of visitors to the park during the 1922 season exceeded 98,000, and the least possible figure to be placed on their expenditures in the park itself and in adjacent localities is $5,000,000.

Testimonials as to the economic value of the Yellowstone pour in from all sides. One town located a three days' drive from the park reports that tourists spent $51,000 with the merchants of that place during the 1922 season. These figures, gathered by the chamber of commerce, do not include the expenditures of any tourists who may have stopped at hotels or rooming houses, or any sums spent in the town by motorists passing through but failing to stop overnight, as the canvass was confined exclusively to a daily check up of the occupants of the free automobile camp. A town on the opposite side of the park reports that if tourist business increases in the next five years as it has in the past five it will constitute the town's chief source of income.

The Yellowstone, from a white elephant, has been trgnaformed into a goose that lays golden eggs in a steady stream, and the metamorphosis has occurred in an incredibly brief span of time. However, there are still those—chiefly individuals who feel that they derive no direct profits from the tourist trade—who insist that the goose should be killed for its feathers.

Feeding Tame Deer at Park Headquarters, Yellowstone National Park

Chief among these dissenters are the local residents on the Idaho side of the park, more particularly those residing near the southwest corner. Year after year they have waged a strenuous campaign to secure the Falls River Basin for a reservoir site, and on several occasions their efforts have been very nearly crowned with success, largely through misrepresentation of the facts. It has been repeatedly asserted that there is nothing of scenic value in that isolated corner of the park; that the country is a swamp, and so on; when, in reality, it is just the reverse. Few people have visited that stretch, and it is therefore no difficult matter to delude the general public as to the character of the region. When the Falls River and Bechler country is opened up to tourist travel by means of an automobile road it will accommodate from 20,000 to 30,000 summer campers, providing excellent camp sites where wood, water and horse feed are available. The campers will enjoy the best of trout fishing and may wander through an area marked by scores of the most magnificent waterfalls.

Shortsightedness

IF THOSE Idaho residents had bent their energies toward securing that road for a new entrance to the park they could have achieved their aims long since, and would now be reaping a crop of tourist dollars that would far outweigh any financial benefits they might have derived from a reservoir in the Falls River Basin.

Appropriations have now been made for starting work upon a road through that region, linking it up with the present loop system and creating a new entrance on the Idaho side.

Five years after the completion of that road the very group that is now campaigning for the reservoir will be as solidly arrayed against any proposal to damage the tourist possibilities of the Falls River and Bechler country as the eastsiders are against the damming of Lake Yellowstone today.

The Jackson's Hole country furnishes an excellent example of local public sentiment in the transition period. I know of no other spot that affords so varied a list of attractions for tourists as this isolated pocket in the Wyoming hills. In all America there is no more majestic picture than the mighty Tetons sweeping up from the shores of Jackson Lake; no better trout fishing to be found on the continent than that afforded by the streams and lakes of the Hole; hidden lakes to delight the heart of the canoeist who would poke about in secluded bays that have known the presence of few mortals; peaks in the Tetons that are a challenge to those with mountain-climbing propensities

Nowhere else within our borders is there such variety for the Nature lover and the hunter. The game and fur of north and south meet here and mingle. Waterfowl whose natural habitats vary widely, such as the Canada goose, the whistling swan and the cormorant, all nest in or near the beaver swamps. There are mountain trails and trackless wilderness for those who would ride a horse throughout the summer and travel a new route every day; ideal ranch life for all who choose it, dude ranches with every modern convenience for those who would rough it in somewhat less primitive fashion. Every mortal whose inclination leans toward leaving the beaten trails will find something of keen interest in the Hole, no matter what his tastes. These attractions have been but little exploited, and the Hole has remained somewhat isolated, rather difficult to penetrate, and until quite recently has been visited by very few outsiders.

Teton Mountains Overlooking a Small Arm of Jackson Lake, Extension Area of Yellowstone National Park. Above—347 Tourists Crossing Fire Hole River to Geyser Hill

Effects of Good Roads

THE road leading in from Idaho by way of the Teton Pass was formerly a fearsome thing even to the hardiest motorist. Even after safely reaching the base of the Tetons on the Jackson side, he was apt to find the ninety-mile stretch of road to the Thumb Station in the Yellowstone a horrible mess to traverse. In rainy weather he was frequently held up for days. The road over Two-Gow-Tee Pass from the Lander side was similarly difficult to travel except under the most favorable conditions.

These roads are now kept in good repair, and the Snake River Road to the Yellowstone is easier to travel than most mountain highways. As a consequence, the tourist travel has increased enormously in the past three years. Without the actual figures, I still feel safe in stating that two cars penetrated Jackson's Hole in 1922 for every one that followed the Cody road to the east entrance in 1915.

Coincident with this increase of travel, the resident Jackson's Holers have experienced a change of sentiment. They have always cherished a bristling antagonism toward the park and park-service policies. Within the last few years many of them have come to see that instead of a wet blanket that smothered their local possibilities the Yellowstone is the one greatest factor operating toward the development of those possibilities. This change of

(Continued on Page 160)

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

II

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

LITA had developed a technic by which she slept through the rising gong and for the next twenty-five minutes, allowing herself thus exactly five minutes to get up, dress and reach the dining room. But the morning after her friend's operation she woke with the gong, and five minutes later was on her way to the infirmary, first tying her tie and then smoothing down her hair as she went.

As she ran up the stairs of the infirmary, a voice—whose owner must have recognized the almost inaudible patter of her feet—called to her from the small dining room of the cottage. She put her face, flushed with running, round the jamb of the door and saw Doctor Dacer seated at breakfast. The nurse was toasting bread on an electric toaster, and he was spreading a piece, just finished, with a thick crimson jam. "Damson," Lita said to herself.

He looked at her.

"Youth's a great thing," he said.

"So the old are always saying," Lita answered. "But there's a catch in it; they get back at you for being young."

"Does that mean you think I'm old?" Dacer asked patiently; and the nurse with the white hair exclaimed to herself "Goodness!" as if to her they both seemed about the same age.

Lita cocked her head on one side.

"Well," she said, "you are too old to be my equal—I mean contemporary. I mean contemporary," she added as they both laughed. Dacer, with a more complete answer, gave her the piece of toast he had been preparing. It was delicious—cool and smooth and sweet on top, and hot and buttery below. Lita consumed it in silence, and then with a deep sigh as she sucked a drop of jam from her forefinger, she said, "How noble that was! Sometimes I'm afraid I'm greedy."

"Of course you are," said Dacer, as if greed were a splendid quality. "Sit down and have some coffee. . . . Have you been introduced to Miss Waverley? She hates men."

"Goodness!" said Miss Waverley, glancing over her shoulder, as if it were mildly amusing that a man should think he knew anything about how she felt.

"Or is it only doctors?" Dacer went on.

"Men patients are worse," said Miss Waverley.

"Don't go away," said Dacer to Lita. "You are always going away."

"I came to see Aurelia."

"I know, but it's customary to discuss the case first with the surgeon—in some detail too. Sit down."

But she would not do that; her first duty was to her friend. She knew Aurelia would want to know that the photographs and the letter were safe. She stayed by her bedside until it was time to leap downstairs and run across the campus to the dining room, her appetite merely edged by the toast and jam.

Monday was a busy day for Lita. Immediately after luncheon her committee met and went over the reports of the monitors for the week; and then there was basket ball for two hours, and then study. The tennis courts were near the athletic field, and as Lita played with the first team she could hear a deep voice booming out the score as Doctor Dacer and Miss Jones played set after set. Miss Jones had been tennis champion of her college the year before. Lita sent out a young scout to bring her word how the games were going, and learned that Dacer was winning. He must be pretty good, then—Jonesy was no slouch. She would have taunted him in the evening, when she went to say good night to Aurelia, if he had let himself be beaten by Jonesy.

"I Found That It Would be Better for Me to Take the Three o'Clock to Town and Go Back on Sunday Afternoon, by the—What is the Train That We Take Back on Sunday?"

Every Monday evening Miss Fraser, the English teacher, read aloud to the senior members of her class. Miss Fraser was something of a problem, because she was so much more a lover of literature than a teacher. She inspired the girls with a fine enthusiasm for the best; but in the process she often incited them to read gems of the language which their parents considered unsuited to their youth. Shakspere she read quite recklessly, sometimes forgetting to use the expurgated edition. When Miss Barton suggested pleasantly that perhaps Antony and Cleopatra was not quite the most appropriate of the plays, Miss Fraser answered, "Don't they read worse in the newspapers in bad prose?"

At present she was conservatively engaged in reading Much Ado About Nothing. No one could object to that, she said. She made it seem witty and contemporary.

Lita slipped over to the infirmary between supper and the reading to bid Aurelia good night. Dacer wasn't there. She stayed, talking a few minutes with Aurelia, who was well enough to hear about the tramp and the bedroom slippers and a little school gossip. Lita asked casually where the doctor was, but no one seemed to know.

When a little later she entered Miss Fraser's study she found to her surprise that he was there, settled in a corner. Miss Fraser explained that Doctor Dacer was the son of an old friend of hers; he had been kind enough to say that it would be a pleasure to him to stay and hear the reading. She need not have felt under the necessity of apologizing to the six or seven members of her class. They felt no objection to his presence.

Lita was knitting a golf sweater for her father. She could do it at school, but not at home, for her mother was so discouraging about it. She had already objected to its color, shape and pattern; had felt sure that Lita's father wouldn't appreciate the sentiment, and wouldn't wear anything that did not come from a good shop. Probably after all Lita's trouble he'd give it to his manservant. But Lita did not think he would.

The nice thing about knitting is that it leaves the eyes disengaged—at least to an expert, and Lita was expert. She resolved that she would not look at Dacer; and did not for the first half hour or so, for she had a comfortable knowledge that he was looking at her. Then, just once, their eyes met. It was while Miss Fraser was reading these lines:

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love——

Holding her glance, he seemed to nod his head as if to say that was a perfect description of her. Could he mean that? Did he mean that? She averted her eyes hastily, and when she looked back again he had folded his arms and was staring off over everybody's head, very blank and magnificent, unaware of the existence of little schoolgirls. Had she offended him?

She decided that the next morning at the infirmary, while she was eating his toast and jam, she would ask him a pointed question about the character of Beatrice. She gave a good deal of time to framing the question—wasted time, for when she reached the infirmary she found he had gone—had taken a late train to New York the night before. Lita remembered he had looked at his watch once or twice toward the end of the reading.

"Yes," said the nurse cheerfully, "we're doing so well we don't need him." It was the second nurse. Miss Waverley had gone with the doctor.

Lita's frightened eyes sought Aurelia's, who framed the words: "Back Thursday."

She framed them as if two—almost three days were nothing. Lita, who knew no more of the Einstein theory than the name, discovered that time was relative; that Tuesday morning took what in old times she would have considered several weeks in passing; and that each study period—in the words of William James—lay down like a cow on the doorstep and refused to get up and go on. The truth was that time had never been time to Lita; it had been action. Now it was emptiness, something to be filled; and yet she couldn't fill it; it was a bottomless abyss. Worse still, she couldn't concentrate. She went to the blackboard to do an original—a simple thing she would have tossed off in a minute in old times—and couldn't think how to begin; she, the best geometer in the class. This was serious, and it was queer. Lita couldn't, as she said to Aurelia, get the hang of it. Time being her problem—this sudden unexpected accumulation of time on her hands—she might have been expected to spend it doing the practical, obvious things that had to be done. Not at all. She was incapable of exertion. She could not study; and even the letter to her father, saying the Italian trip was impossible, was never written.

She had a letter from him Wednesday morning in which he assumed that she had not been able to bring her mother to any conclusion. He said he would call her up when she came to town on Friday. Perhaps she would dine with him on Saturday, and do a play. Ordinarily this would have seemed an agreeable prospect; but now, since it was farther away than Thursday, it had no real existence.

Late Wednesday afternoon her unalterable decision not to discuss Doctor Dacer with anyone broke down, and she

told Aurelia the whole story. It took an hour—their meeting, everything that he had said, done and looked, and all that she had felt. She paid a great price, however, for this enjoyment—and she did enjoy it—for afterward the whole experience became more a narrative and less a vital memory.

Thursday morning was the worst of all. Thursday morning was simply unbearable, until about noon, when she heard the whistle of the first possible New York train. After that things went very well until about five, when she had a moment to run over to see Aurelia and heard that the doctor had not come—had decided not to come until the next day, Friday.

As far as she was concerned, he might as well not have come at all. All her joy in the anticipated meeting was dead; but this might possibly have reawakened, except that on Friday she did not have a minute until the three-o'clock train, which she was taking to New York. Of course, she could develop a cold or some mysterious ailment which would keep her at school over Sunday, even in the infirmary; but deceit was not attractive to her; though, as she would have said herself, she was not narrow-minded about it.

The girls of Elbridge Hall were not supposed to make the trip to New York by themselves; but sometimes a prudent senior—and who is prudent if not the chairman of the self-government committee?—might be put on the train at Elbridge by a teacher and sent off alone, on the telephoned promise of a parent to meet her on her arrival at the Grand Central.

When, under the chaperonage of Jonesy, Lita stepped out of the school flivver at the station she saw that Doctor Dacer was there before her. He must have come up in a morning train, seen his patient and walked to the station. Wild possibilities rose at once in the girl's mind. Could he have known from Aurelia? Could he have arranged —— No, for he took no interest in her arrival; hardly glanced in her direction. He was smoking, and when the train came he got into the smoking car without so much as glancing back to see where Jonesy was bestowing Lita

The train, which was a slow one, was empty. Lita settled herself by a window and opened her geometry. She said to herself:

"I simply will not sit and watch the door. If he means to come he'll come, and my watching won't change things one way or the other."

She set her little jaw and turned to Monday's lesson: "To prove that similar triangles are to each other as the squares of the medians drawn to their homologous sides." The words conveyed absolutely nothing to her. She read them three times. It wasn't that she couldn't do the problem—she couldn't even think about it. She drew two similar triangles They seemed to sit side by side like a cat and a kitten. She gave them whiskers and tails. Then, annoyed with herself, she produced a ruler and constructed a neat figure. She tried reading the theorem again, this time in a conversational tone, as if it were the beginning of a story: "Similar triangles are to each other ——"

The door opened, letting in the roar of the train and a disagreeable smell of coal smoke.

"I will not look up," thought Lita; "I will not! I will not!" And raising her eyes she saw that Dacer was there. She smiled not so much in greeting as from pure joy.

He hadn't wasted much time. He took her books and bag from the seat beside her and put them on the rack. Then he sat down and said, "Isn't it dangerous to let such little girls travel by themselves?"

She found speech difficult between her heart's beating too fast and her breath's coming too slow, but she did manage to say, "What does Effie do?"

"Just what you do—she expects me to be on hand to look out for her."

"I didn't expect you."

"No? Can it be you are not such a clever girl as teacher always thought?"

"I thought you were spending the night at Elbridge."

"So did I when I arrived, but my plans changed. I found that it would be better for me to take the three-o'clock to town and go back on Sunday afternoon, by the—what is the train that we take back on Sunday?"

It was almost too serious for jests, and Lita said in a voice that just didn't tremble that she took the 4:08.

Life is not often just right, not only in the present, but promising in forty-eight hours to be just as good or better. Lita spent two wonderful hours. First they talked about Aurelia—her courage, her loneliness, her parents, divorce in general—and then Lita found herself telling him the whole story of her own position in regard to her parents. Even to Aurelia, with whom she talked so frankly, she had never told the whole story—her own deep emotional reactions. She found to her surprise that it was easier to tell a story of an intimate nature to this stranger of an opposite sex than to her lifelong friend. He understood so perfectly. He did not blame them; if he had she would have felt called on to defend them; and he did not blame her; if he had she would have been forced into attacking them. He just listened, and seemed to think it was a normal and deeply interesting bit of life.

He interrupted her once to say, "But you must remember that they are people as well as parents."

It seemed to her an inspired utterance. She did not always remember that. She offered the excuse: "Yes, but I don't mind their being divorced. Only why do they hate each other so?"

"How do you know they hate each other?"

Lita thought this was a queer thing to say after all that she had told him—almost stupid. She explained again: They were always abusing each other; nothing the other did was right; neither could bear her to speak well of ——

"They sound to me," said Dacer, "as if they were still fond of each other." Then, as Lita just stared at him, he went on: "Didn't you know that? The only people it's any fun to quarrel with are the people you love."

"Oh, no." *(Continued on Page 153)*

The Last Remnant of Her Childhood Seemed to Perish With This Scene, and She Became Hard, Matured and to a Certain Degree Orphaned

Everybody Works But Father

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

Road-Making is the First Work of the Labor Army. Above—Labor Conscripts Off for the Fishing

WHO are these Balkans, anyway?" a Boston reporter once asked a missionary from the Near East. That was just prior to the big war. Since then everybody has learned, more or less vaguely, that the Balkan Peninsula, which takes its name from its impressive mountain range, is the region where, in 1914, the whole world caught fire. Others, better informed, recall that this troubled territory has been from most ancient times a focus of ferment for civilization.

Because their people are full of the sap of life, the Balkans have always been a storm center of humanity. One does not need to be much of a historian or philosopher to perceive that certain places inhabited by certain races have always been vital and originative. It was the Balkans that produced Alexander the Great, who stood on top of his time and lusted for more worlds to conquer. And it was the Balkans that allured Christianity and its greatest statesman, Paul of Tarsus, across the Ægean, from Asia into Europe, and so altered the whole course of history. Say what you will about these trouble-breeding Balkans, it still cannot be denied that blood runs rich and red here.

In the Balkans the World War began. This was not by accident. Enough of prewar diplomacy has been revealed to make plain that it was designed to have the inevitable conflict start on the spot where Austrian and German ambitions were being thwarted by the ever-growing power of the little nations of this historic peninsula that lies between the Adriatic and Ægean and Black seas, directly across the historic highways between Europe and Asia, with Constantinople for its gate city. The Balkans were a barrier to the grandiose projects of the Central Powers in the whole Orient. So when in July, 1914, the fire was started by Austria in Serbia—a conflagration that is still raging, to the menace of civilization itself—it was but in pursuance of the old and familiar plan of making Balkan peoples and Balkan conditions the tools of imperial diplomacy.

Scarcely heeded by the world at large, there has been put into actual operation since the Armistice, in Bulgaria—the central and most bellicose of the Balkan states, and the nation that has often been described as made in America—a national experiment in substituting conscripted labor in behalf of the state for conscripted military service.

After two years of experience of the new law, Bulgarian leaders declare that they are through with war forever. All the advantages of a military system, and none of its disadvantages, have been found, they say, in the new universal-labor conscription.

Conscripted for Labor

IN A PARAGRAPH, the plan may be summarized thus: Every boy and girl of school age is conscripted for education, seven years of attendance upon school being compulsory. Upon reaching the age of twenty, every young man is required to put in eight months of work with the colors—that is, in some form of definite labor for the commonwealth, such as the building and repair of highways, the construction of railways and docks, lumbering and the afforestation of the land, the erection of schoolhouses and other government edifices, the making of clothing, shoes and other equipment for the government forces, both labor and military, the working in public offices, and the like. Soldier rations, but no pay, are given this labor army. All girls of sixteen or over in the villages are conscripted for eight months of industrial and domestic training, along with some outdoor work; in the cities, unmarried young women must serve eight months in government offices. The compulsory labor is for one eight-month term only. Once performed, the citizen is thereafter exempt from national conscription. Nevertheless, all persons from twenty to forty-five years of age must put in ten days a year in some form of public work for their local community. Housewives are exempt, as are single women who are actually the working heads of families. Conscripted persons may purchase exemption, as from military service; but the fee is so high that less than 400 of the conscripted men have, up to date, sought this way out—and more than half of them were not Bulgarians.

This plan is radical, of course. Yet note how it fulfills all the objectives of a conscripted army except actual fighting; and Bulgaria says definitely, by the lips of her highest officials, that she is through with fighting. The labor army, like perfect conscription, levels all lines; there are no exempt classes, either of sex, social position or political influence. Equality of obligation to the country is the underlying idea. Housewives alone are put into a separate classification, as already doing the highest form of service to the state, in the making of homes and rearing of children.

In Western Europe I found the impression widespread that Bulgaria, surrounded by the red flood of Bolshevism, had shrewdly decided that since she could not avert radicalism, she would divert it by turning the currents of communism into these new canals of conscripted common labor for public progress. That idea sounds reasonable, but it is scarcely true; or, at least, it is not the whole truth. Other persons say that these socialistic experiments of Bulgaria are Bolshevistic; but that opinion is born of the sort of class obscurantism that labels every proposed change in the old social order as Bolshevism. I learned from the Prime Minister the story of the actual origin of the scheme. Its full outworking was the logical development of the program of the present Agrarian Party when it came into power after the Armistice. The plan appealed to the simple-minded people as a whole, who know nothing about Karl Marx or the other doctrinaire radicals, and they simply applied it with the directness and immediacy of primitive folk.

Doubtless there are on file in Washington, as in every other great capital, reports of the Bolshevization of Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign official whose business it is to know conditions in Bulgaria that at Lausanne Prime Minister Stambuliski formally laid Bulgaria at the feet of Tchitcherin and offered to go the whole way into Bolshevism under Russia's leadership. The Bolshevik Foreign Minister "fairly leaped out of his chair in alarm and protest," and told him to go home and cultivate his bourgeoisie, as that is Bolshevism's present trend.

Useful Pawns

"BUT mind you," solemnly declared my informant, who draws an official salary for knowing inside conditions, "this is at heart a Bolshevik government."

That sort of diplomat, who is always seeing things, dismisses as insignificant the fact that the Communist Party in Bulgaria is the bitterest in opposition to the Agrarian government and its social projects. The day after I left Sofia a bomb was thrown at Stambuliski. The Bolsheviks are the ones who have tried to hinder and discount the conscripted-labor plan. Bolshevism needs two factors for its creation and maintenance: First, a proletariat, largely industrial, chafing under a sense of oppression and unfair conditions imposed by an aristocracy above them. Secondly, it needs a plutocracy to loot and one possessed of landed estates to be distributed. Bulgaria has neither of these. Her people are 85 per cent agricultural peasants, living on their own land. There are no large estates in the country, and no aristocracy, unless the relatively few business men and officials in Sofia could be called such—and the latter are really worse off nowadays than the prosperous peasantry. Moreover, the simple-witted Bulgarian farmer is in no sense an internationalist, but a passionate patriot, made so by five centuries of Turkish oppression. With a powerful leaven of anti-Bolshevik Russian refugees scattered throughout the land to tell the story of what has befallen the big neighbor, it is scarcely likely that Bulgaria will succumb to the bacillus of Bolshevism.

Bulgaria, be it ever repeated and remembered, is a peasant state, the people working on the land and living in villages, their whole lives modeled on the pattern of their forefathers. They are a slow-thinking type, preferring to consider only one thing at a time, and holding to that fixed idea with obstinacy. The guilelessness and simple-minded intensity of the Balkan peoples are what have made them such useful pawns in the game of European diplomacy. It is less than fifty years since the country got out from under the bloody harrow of the Turk, and the progress already made is really marvelous.

In passing, it is to be recalled that Bulgaria is largely the creation of far-flung American altruism. Graduates of Robert College, the famous missionary institution on the Bosporus, have commonly been credited with responsibility for the making of the new Bulgaria. Premiers, cabinet ministers, legislative and professional leaders in large numbers have come from the American institution, fired with the Western ideals of Christianity and democracy. The big American Board School for boys and girls at Samakov has shared in this nation-making service; and latterly, especially since the country adopted universal suffrage, the Bulgarian graduates of the American College for Women at Constantinople have become a real force in the affairs of their nation.

These educational influences, which in turn have produced a public-school system that has reduced illiteracy among the younger generation to a negligible point, have manifestly operated to prepare the country for such social legislation as the universal-labor law. But Schoolmaster Mars has also kept school, and with a rod. From 1912 until 1918 Bulgaria underwent three wars, losing about 300,000 men and suffering an equal number of partial

casualties. King Ferdinand, whom the people have exiled, led the country to fight on the side of the Central Powers in the World War. Now Bulgaria has had no end of a lesson. Like the rest of Europe, she is fed up on fighting. Considering the habits of the Balkan peoples, this is rather a fundamental change of mind. True, there are those who quote:

The devil was sick the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well the devil a monk was he.

So far as I can learn, the reason is other than the penitent mood that comes on the morning after the night before. Into the stubborn mind of the peasant has entered the idea that war costs too much and buys too little, and that therefore he will have no more of it. Evidence to support the general opinion upon this point is found in the fact that Young Bulgaria is not enlisting in the army. The Allies abolished conscription in Bulgaria, but granted the nation the right to maintain a volunteer army of 33,000 men.

To induce enlistment, the authorities fixed the pay at 1000 leva a month, which, along with the cost of clothing, food, housing, and so forth, is equivalent to 3000 leva a month, or the salary of a minister plenipotentiary. Nevertheless, only 12,000 soldiers could be recruited from the fightingest stock in Eastern Europe. Out this way it is not the usage to say it with flowers, but with guns; yet new Bulgaria spurns the opportunity to carry arms.

How Compulsory Labor Works Out

AS A FOREIGNER could scarcely get an adequate understanding of prohibition in the United States by interviewing one or two persons, so the conscripted-labor scheme in Bulgaria needs to be surveyed from various viewpoints. Aside from military members of the Reparations Commission, who declare it to be only a camouflaged military enrollment, and certain diplomats who characterize it as sheer Bolshevism, I found everybody in Bulgaria with whom I talked convinced that the scheme is working. Members of the official set, who do not love the Agrarian Party, and who at first opposed this drastic new law, were one with peasants and journalists in praising labor conscription. Veteran American residents of the country affirm that the plan is a success. So, with this background of favorable opinion, I interviewed the Director of Compulsory Labor, the official fountainhead of information upon the subject.

At first glance it seemed as if his office were being prepared for an art exhibit. Paintings were thick upon the walls, the tables, the desk, the floor. Some were large and some were small; two were caricatures of the artists themselves doing manual labor. Most were studies in Bulgarian peasant life, of mediocre worth. Bits of sculpture and wrought brass also stood about. Introductions were scarcely over before the director, seeing my puzzled interest in art, hastened to explain:

"We try to have every citizen do the work for which he is best fitted. So the artists of Bulgaria submit pictures related to the central idea of the new law, and the one who produces the best each year is thenceforth exempt from the annual ten days' service for his community. Of course, we are seeking also to encourage Bulgarian art.

"In the same way the young women of the villages, instead of working on the roads or in the fields for their eight months of contributed labor, are taught in local schools of industrial art and dressmaking and domestic science how to make the ancient Bulgarian embroideries and cloth of silk and wool. Teachers from the Sofia School of Fine Arts are employed by the local committees. Home crafts are being revived and bettered; and that, of course, is as important as building highways or docks."

In passing, it may be said that there is in the Near East something like a vogue of the beautiful Bulgarian embroideries; it is altogether probable that they will become a substantial item in the state's exports.

Plainly, the director's office was a demonstration of the conscripted-labor enterprise. The chief was in the uniform of the workers, a dark-gray Norfolk jacket with high collar. It was made of good native wool, woven and tailored by conscripted labor, upon which the country now depends for the clothes and shoes and houses of the labor groups as well as of the small army. Since the state must clothe and shelter and feed these workers doing their eight months' stint, it is apparent that part of their output must be devoted to this end. Government officials are also to be supplied with clothing and shoes.

The director was a good man to interview, for he knew the facts, in general and in detail, and seemed to have no set speech to work off on an investigator, and correspondents are not so common in the heart of the Balkans as in Washington or New York. He was ready with reasons as well as with figures, and had photographs at hand of typical industries. Let me summarize his statements:

"Bulgaria has about 45,000 young men every year reaching the age of twenty years. By a law passed in 1920 and first put into operation in April, 1921, all these who are physically fit must serve eight months in the conscripted-labor corps, where they are under as strict discipline as in the army. At first the Allies thought we were merely maintaining our army under this guise; now they seem to have changed their minds, for our neighbors no longer maintain a surveillance over our workers. There was at first no provision at all for exemption, but the Allies' military control imposed this upon us. The cost of exemption ranges from 12,000 to 40,000 levs, according to the financial status of the applicant. Of the less than 400 who have purchased exemption thus far, between 200 and 250 are non-Bulgarians.

"Of course, we have some slackers. The total proportion of those exempted for reasons of physical disability, or of present employment in public service, or by nonappearance, is from 6 to 10 per cent, which is much lower than the evasions of military duty. Penalties for avoidance of conscription are punishment after three days, when the minimum penalty is ten days' imprisonment; those who do not appear within the year are subject to an imprisonment of from two to three years. Not all available are called on the same day; for, since the period of service is eight months, we have four drafts in three years.

"Each man enrolled is put at the work he can do best, though naturally the bulk of the force is engaged in plain manual labor, such as can be taught to anybody. The trained men become the foremen. Authors are set to writing upon compulsory labor and at the production of a literature of patriotism. Artists, as we have seen, must dedicate their pencils and brushes to the state. Builders and architects and engineers naturally fall into their own niches. The expectation is that every young man will get a good experience in some trade or calling, so that he will go back to his village with enlarged capacities. This desk at which I work and these bookcases were made by conscripted labor. See what a source of supply is opened up to the government, and what talent is developed! In more ways than one this law aims to build up Bulgaria.

"What do the workers do? First of all, they are building new and better roads for the nation. Then they are constructing new lines of railway, which the land needs but cannot afford to build by foreign capital. The material for these railroads is supplied by the labor army.

"They are constructing docks and harbors. They are engaged in all forms of lumbering and of forestation as well. Wood from the state forests is supplied free to the public schools. Every public official gets his firewood at about one-quarter the price that the public pays—which is necessary, since the Agrarian Party keeps government salaries absurdly low. Fisheries are being established and perfected by the labor corps; and gardening, bread making for the force, barrack construction, weaving and tailoring are all done by the men whose services the state commandeers.

"Put into general figures, the upkeep of our labor army in 1922 cost the state 198,000,000 leva; but it did work for the state that would have cost us 260,000,000 or 270,000,000 leva. Moreover, it was work that, though necessary, could not have been done at all by contract, as the government has no money. Yes, labor conscription is a good scheme for a bankrupt nation. Our new system of roads, though so badly needed, could not have been built in the old way for many years, because there is no supply of labor available for private enterprises. These public works are the tangible output of the new labor law; the effect upon the workers themselves is less apparent, but equally valuable."

A Land of Tiny Estates

ALREADY the railways, telegraph system and post office are under government conscription; and the director frankly says that the program of conscripted labor aims at furnishing a large proportion of the workers for these as well as for the inevitable state monopoly of mines, tobacco, liquor, and so on. State socialization of public utilities is the program of the Agrarian Party.

On the other hand, despite the many radical laws passed, the Agrarian Party, which is firmly in the saddle, in the face of cabinet changes and keen public interest and activity in the game of politics, is committed thoroughly to the principle of private property and private enterprise. For this it is fought bitterly by the communists, who enroll 32,000 members in their party, and poll a still larger vote. Nevertheless, the peasant state makes a fetish of individually owned land. In order to provide opportunities for the peasants to buy land, all the large estates have been expropriated by the government, for sale to individuals. This is not confiscation, for the owners are always paid. By a new law nobody can possess more than thirty hectares, and this much only if he farms it himself. If he rents it out he is allowed only one-fifth as much, or six hectares.

Like all Eastern Europe, Bulgaria inherited the evil of vast landed estates, with a peasantry in a condition not far from serfdom. Whereas the Russian Bolsheviks have confiscated these estates and distributed them among the peasants without compensation, Bulgaria has simply forced their division and sale, that all citizens may have an opportunity to live on land owned by themselves. This system of private ownership is the nation's great defense against Bolshevism. Next after it, said the director, as a dike against the red flood, comes the compulsory-labor law. Knowing this, the communist politicians, and not the aristocracy, are the arch enemies of the law.

Perhaps it was not polite on the part of a guest, but I could not help raising the case of the condition of the streets of Sofia as a subject needing the attention of compulsory labor, or labor of some other kind. No other capital known to me can match them for slush and mud and general unkemptness. Sofia's streets are worse than those of Constantinople or Bagdad, and as bad as those of

(Continued on Page 48)

The Labor Army Making Bricks and Baking Bread

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PHILADELPHIA MAY 12, 1923

Too Many Cooks

"MR. SO-AND-SO is in conference and cannot see you" has become one of the commonest of business catch phrases. More than half the time it is true. American business men have the conference habit. In groups of two or more they are continually tucking their feet beneath long tables, especially designed for the purpose, and solemnly discussing their problems.

Two heads may be better than one—it's a debatable point, being, like all proverbs, a half truth at best—but many heads certainly are not. When there is a clear, well-stocked head in command of a business or a department it can be depended upon to settle a problem much more rapidly and sanely than any number of others brought in from outside departments to advise and confer. Unlike cabinet and board meetings, the conference has not the advantage of being largely a matter of form. When cabinets and boards of directors meet, the program has often been worked out beforehand, and all that is left to be done is to ratify the decisions of the dominant member or inside group. But with the business conference, the idea is really to reach decisions by discussion and consensus of opinion.

The first weakness is that a conference can proceed no faster than the mental gait of the slowest there. Matters of detail, the form of an invoice, the shade of a label—things that any executive would settle quite satisfactorily in a few minutes—will cause interminable debate when left to the will of a conference. Another weakness is that decisions are very apt to be based on opinions rather than on facts. Every man is bound to have an opinion, but if the matter does not happen to be within his own personal province his opinion is not necessarily based on carefully adduced facts. Another weakness of the conference is that it is made to order for the nimble-minded and superficially clever members of an organization, who take advantage of it to bring themselves to the attention of their superiors by all manner of suggestions, criticisms and comment. The bulk of the time of any such gathering will almost inevitably be consumed in discussing ideas brought forward very largely for the purpose of impressing the boss. The man with a real idea hesitates to throw it into the arena, where it will suffer ill-considered comment and half-baked criticism.

Sales conventions, designed to create enthusiasm and the get-together spirit, are a different matter. It is the departmental or interdepartmental conference that is being overdone. We are inclined to believe that, as time passes, the fad will gradually abate and the broth of business will not so often be left at the mercies of too many conference cooks. After all, it is a sound business principle to get the best possible man for a job and then give him an unhampered chance to make good at it—or to get out.

Circumventing the Business Cycle

THE investigations of economists have made the world familiar with the nature and behavior of the business cycle. Unfortunately the practical world seems to have developed something of a fatalistic interpretation of the business cycle. The fear is expressed that every so often we must pass through a period of depression.

Economic laws are not like the Furies of ancient mythology; they are in large part the expressions of human behavior and are open to modification by education and foresight. There are normal degrees of expansion and contraction of credit and currency. There are also abnormal inflation and deflation. There is a normal business cycle. Unfortunately, if mankind misbehaves there is also an abnormal business cycle. A positive philosophy of business teaches that abnormal cycles ought to be avoidable.

In the ascending period of an abnormal business cycle business runs riot. Production becomes a speculation, distribution becomes a scramble. In the descending phase, unemployment constitutes the serious problem. If the boom can be prevented the secondary losses can be avoided. It seems clear that monetary policy has an influence on making a boom. If credit inflation be controlled by advances in the rediscount rate the riot of business does not set in. This presupposes wisdom and objectivity in the administration of the monetary policy. If the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve is merely a barometer, then it serves only to warn the wise. The rate ought to be a governor, to prevent the machine from racing.

Relief from unemployment of the dull season is to be sought in part in preparing employment in advance. The Secretary of Commerce has recently suggested that in view of the activity of private constructions at this time, public constructions should be deferred. When private building abates, public building can be resumed and take up the slack. This would mean lower costs of construction for both, fuller employment for workmen at slack times. It would represent buying power for the consuming public. It would tend to keep construction stabilized and continuous. The idea is capable of amplification. It is not new, but has indeed sound precedents. In India public works are used to combat the unemployment caused by failure of the monsoon. In prosperous times work on the public improvements is halted; as soon as hard times appear the work is resumed. This system has practically conquered the famines of India. Ancient records indicate that similar devices were practiced in China before the Christian era. We seem to have rediscovered this, in the popular sense, through the study of the business cycle.

The Wrong Kind of Sympathy

POLITICAL sympathy with the farmer is becoming overzealous. The farmer has the right to a square deal, fair railway rates, equitable interest charges, adequate credit facilities and an open market. If farmers find themselves in position to market their products to better advantage than middlemen are able to do they should receive every legal right and facility to engage in coöperative marketing. But the farmer does not want, or need, false economic precepts or maudlin sympathy. American agriculture needs better farming, but leadership in this direction will not come from vote hunters. For a long time the human enemies of the farmer have been under attack in our political halls. Whenever these human enemies were actual enemies and not straw enemies the warfare rendered a valuable social service. Now the natural enemies of the farmer are the object of the political attack, and the performance reminds one strongly of the famous assault on the windmill.

The losses of the farmer through the elements of Nature are now being catalogued. If every bird of prey, noxious beast of the field, worm, bug, scale, fungus, every disease whatsoever were eliminated; if rain fell just enough, never too much, and always at the right time; if hail and snow were beneficial, if winds were never destructive; if the temperature were always favorable; if seeds were always viable; if all domestic animals returned a maximum of meat or work—then the annual yield of the acres and animals of our agriculture would be probably half again what the usual outturns actually are. In a word, it is possible, after a fashion, to define potential yields and contrast them with actual yields. The difference is termed the larceny of Nature. Were it not for these losses every year would be a bumper. Agriculture would cease to be a speculation, there would be no need for grain exchanges, and the development of farming would follow a Utopian precision.

So far, well enough. Every scientific effort should be exerted to eradicate plant and animal diseases and protect crops from the vicissitudes of weather. But when the catalogued losses are translated into terms of money, then the proposal becomes grotesque. Let us assume the total money value of the products of last season was $14,000,000,000. Applying the figure for loss, the potential outturn would have been worth $20,000,000,000. The farmers were robbed by Nature of $6,000,000,000—a sum approaching that of the mortgages on the farm properties of the entire country. No wonder there is little money in farming!

But the predication is absurd, because it is assumed that the potential crop could be sold for the same price as the actual crop. If we had had a bumper crop of cotton, would the price have risen to thirty cents? If the potato crop had been larger than it was, would even the low price have been maintained? Where are the markets that would have absorbed a half more produce at any comparable price, to say nothing of the same price? In such a suggestion, what becomes of the marginal theory of price, of our old friends supply and demand? It is from every point of view improper to suggest that adventitious losses in yields are translatable into money losses. And certainly it is pointless.

In an interview given to the United Press late in March, Senator Capper, of Kansas, announced that good prices for bumper crops are needed, and the Administration was urged to call an economic conference to restore the European market for agricultural products. Not to increase the European market, but to restore it. To restore it to what level? The export of agricultural products in 1922, according to official figures, was roundly 17,500,000 tons. In the first five years of the century the largest annual export was 16,500,000 tons, the average less than 13,000,000 tons. In the years 1905–13, the largest export in any year was about 10,000,000 tons, the average considerably lower. During the five war years the average export was roughly 11,500,000 tons; the heaviest in one year, 16,300,000 tons. The exports of 1919 and 1920, though heavy, were less than those of last year; only the export of 1921, some 19,800,000 tons, exceeded the outgo of 1922. The slump year of 1921 was the record year of export of farm produce. The only restoration of European market to which we can appeal was that of last year. We wish that large European market, we want a bumper crop to fill it, and we want it at good prices. The politicians of Canada, Australia and Argentina also want bumper crops to fill that same market at good prices. And the new economic policy of the Soviet Government is after the same thing. Senator Capper is quoted as believing that foreign markets can be increased by granting foreign credits. Possibly—if we sell produce on credit, and Canada, Australia and Argentina are unwilling or unable to do so. We can beat them all on giving credit, if that is the game. Is that the game? Is remuneration for farming to be attained by using the national credit to sell produce? Is not profit for agriculture to be sought instead in better farming, securing from each acre and each animal a larger outturn at lower costs? It is intensive farming, not exportive farming, that is the lesson of the day. Scientific farming, not political farming!

The Future of the Railroads

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

PROJECT the question, What is the matter with the railroads? into a group of men anywhere in the United States, and whether you make your inquiry in train, club or through casual contact on the street, the individual whom you cross-examine be he merchant, farmer, manufacturer or occasional consumer, as it were feels that there is something radically wrong with the all-important business of steam transportation.

Take any other pressing problem like labor, immigration, the tariff or a foreign policy, and some degree of friendliness to the issue is disclosed. With the railroads it is different. The germ of discontent permeates the whole structure both from within and without, and it contributes largely to the widespread indecision.

Railway executives are roused against what they call starvation and strangulation, the result of regulation gone mad. Shippers, and especially the farmers, are indignant over periodic car shortages and high rates. The traveling public chafes at the lack of facilities, while the investor is resentful over inadequate return and opportunity. Back of all this broods the menace of a dissatisfied labor element in shop and system. As in no other great activity, that well-known vicious circle, with all its possibilities for evil, is revealed.

You need no diagram to point out that if we are to have a definite program for tomorrow it must include some plan that will harmonize conflicting railroad interests and points of view. Moreover, the necessity for such standardization is obvious. After agriculture, the railroads are the dominant industry, and are a supreme essential to the national well-being.

This article will deal with American opinion on the railroads. It is gathered from many sources. I have talked with everyone possible on transportation, and this means that all classes are represented.

Though the fundamentals of criticism of existing conditions and causes are practically identical, there is the usual variety of remedies.

No one can doubt that this is an opportune time to bare the railroad problem in all its phases The roads are at a crisis in their destiny. Three years have passed since Federal control ceased and the so-called Transportation Act came into being. During the next twelve months – certainly within the life of the new Congress—the fate of the roads will be decided. The line today between private and government ownership is narrow. Will it be wiped out altogether? It is one of the vital questions that will engage the attention of citizen and lawmaker, because every interest is linked with transportation.

This query, however, is only one of many that rise up the moment you put the probe into the so-called railroad problem. Are the railroads doing their job? Is drastic regulation in the best interest of service? Are the railroads conducted on a sound business basis? Is the railroad investor on a strike? What policy can be devised that will protect the public and at the same time give the lines a chance to come back to something like their old-time efficiency and authority?

Two preliminaries must be stated.

First we should know why the railroads are the target for so much criticism. The reason is that in the popular mind they are the obvious incarnation of capital, and as such provide the prize goat for the politically ambitious. From the days of the Granger movement of the late '70's down to La Follette and Brookhart, the public-favor seeker when in doubt about an issue could always fall back on the railroads. The swat-the-fly slogan really had its origin in the phrase "Down with the railroads!" The fact that there were 134 measures for railway regulation of some kind before Congress when it happily expired in March last shows that this legislative sport continues to be popular. Before Federal control the antagonism was largely confined to professional politicians. With the breakdown in service, following reversion to the former managers, the whole country has joined until it is now a nation-wide chorus.

The second relates to the Transportation Act. Since frequent allusion must be made to it, a brief explanation is necessary. Under it the railroads were returned to private control on March 1, 1920. It set up the Railroad Labor Board, established a system of rate making calculated to give the roads an adequate return on valuation, and also provided for voluntary consolidation in the best interests of economy and

(Continued on Page 101)

Ah! There Seems to be Evidence of a High State of Civilization Prior to the Great War!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Nerve and its Relation to Affluence

THIS is an age o' sharp competition, 'cept in gasoline an' tobacco, when no human element is so indispensable as nerve in th' attainment of all that is desirable in life—love, riches an' friendships. A finished education, naturally wavy an' abundant hair, unimpeachable character, finely chiseled features, th' form of an Adonis, good folks, seven or eight suits o' clothes, an' even a fine bass voice, avail but little in th' battle o' life when unaccompanied by th' element o' nerve.

Boldness, or nerve, is a positive characteristic o' th' spirit. Nothin' is sadder than penniless ole age. We often meet old shiny t'backer chewers who love t' refer t' th' time when they could have bought th' ground where th' fire-engine house stands for two dollars, an' we've all met th' spinster who could have married th' best man in town in her day.

Both are glarin' illustrations of how a whole life may be changed an' soured by th' lack o' nerve. O' course, ther's th' possibility that th' venerable t'backer chewer didn' have th' two dollars, an' it may have been that th' spinster wasted her best years on a trifler, but th' chances are, neither had any nerve when it wuz needed.

Th' best an' most endurin' maxims wuz written almost a century ago, an' if they fitted conditions then, how much truer are they in this year o' 1923, when th' minds an' energies o' th' most resourceful amongst us are often exhausted in an effort t' work up t' an automobile. If "Strike when th' iron is hot" wuz a good slogan in 1836, how about t'day?

If he who hesitated a half century ago wuz lost in th' shuffle, what chance is there t'day fer th' feller who says "I'll think about it"? "Nothin' ventured, nothin' won" wuz a well-known motto long before Cornwallis wuz picked off, an' yit in this day an' age ther's folks tryin' t' git by without advertisin'. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, agin" wuz a much-used sayin' long before McIntyre an' Heath appeared, yit how many people succumb after one feeble effort? There's a sayin', "All things comes t' him who waits," which is all very good if we know where t' wait.

Ther's lots o' difference between havin' nerve an' bein' a butter-in. Th' element o' nerve is almost indispensable in affairs o' th' heart, an' absolutely necessary if we want t' cash in on real ability. This is no day an' age t' stand on th' curb an' watch th' procession. We may see more, but we're not gittin' anywhere. In our modern system o' reachin' th' front, nerve is th' all-important, overshadowin', preëminent an' dominant requisite. If we're t' git anything out o' life we'll have t' beat somebuddy to it. Faint heart never won fair lady or sold a set o' O'Henry.

—*Abe Martin.*

The Society Column

Busy Plans for Social Set
Season One Long Gorgeous Fête

MRS. Reggie de Puyster Van Appleton Reese
Will tender a dance and a dinner at Sherry's
For Kathleen McKeever, her débutante niece;
They say the affair will cost ten thousand berries.

The guests will include all the socially smart,
Among them the charming Miss Gwendolyn Thomas,
Miss Marion Shanley, Miss Barbara Hart,
And many young bachelors of excellent promise!

* * *

Sir Nevil St. Denis McAllister-Choate
Is stopping this week with the Gouverneur Cabots.
Sir Nevil, we hear, is a sportsman of note—
Last season he bagged about forty-nine rabbits!

* * *

The debbies have put in a strenuous week
Of dancing and lunching and golfing and teaing.
The strain's been so great what with reading The Sheik,
That some of the darlings to Palm Beach are fleeing!

* * *

The Culture Club ladies will meet Thursday eve
With Baroness Sophie von Schmulowicz-Lessing.
Miss Haryot Hutchins will help to receive;
The program prepared will be very impressing.

Mrs. Colgate Du Bois will recite her own verse,
Mrs. Willard P. Channing will talk on Our Nation,
And after a film showing Barleycorn's curse,
The meeting will end with a dainty collation.

* * *

Today at the Church of the Heavenly Rest
The smart set will view its most notable marriage—
Of Miss Alys Thurston to Parkington West;
The wedding reception will be at the Claridge.

The bride is directly descended from Penn-
sylvanian parents now living in Chile.
The groom's an alumnus of Leavenworth, '10,
And during the war he cleaned up on corned willie.

—*Max Lief.*

Othello

(In the Manner of Bernard Shaw

Preface
Was Shakspere a Negro?

I HAVE always found it easier to invent the plots of my plays, rather than to borrow them ready made as Shakspere did. With all his extraordinary genius and his remarkable gift of delineation of character he seemed to lack the inspiration to write an original play. . . .

(And so on for about four hundred pages.)

[It is near midnight in the council chamber of Venice. It is sometime about the middle of the sixteenth century—let us say 1564, although the exact year is unimportant. The council chamber is a large, spacious, high-vaulted room; the walls are paneled in rich, polished mahogany, ornately carved; tall candles flicker in the massive golden candlesticks about the chamber. At one end of the room is a dais on which is a throne. It is a magnificent piece of furniture of the sort that is usually associated today with the exquisite craftsmanship of the Renaissance period. Heavy Oriental rugs are on the floor, and paintings of various deceased dukes and doges hang on the walls.

[Amid all this splendor it is difficult to believe that poverty and misery existed in Venice in the sixteenth century. Capitalism, as we understand the term today, had not yet arisen, but in its place was an oppressive, cynical oligarchy that ground down the poor by burdensome taxes and levies to

(Continued on Page 180)

WHAT TH-
GIMME IT!
FOOD
FLURRY ON THE CURB — A STRANGER WANDERED INTO WALL ST. WITH A HAM SANDWICH IN PLAIN SIGHT!
SOAP
WHEN FREE SPEECH PREVAILS — OUT-OF-TOWN VISITOR BOLDLY DENOUNCING THE WEALTHY HAT CHECK BOYS, JANITORS, BOOTLEGGERS AND TICKET SCALPERS SOVIETS —
BOLSHEVIST GENIUS IMPROVING THE FAMOUS SKYLINE —
FIFTH AVE. FASHION PARADE— WHEN GREENWICH VILLAGE COMES INTO ITS OWN —
AH, SIR! I TOO WAS ONCE A SHEIK! BUT THE CRUEL HAREM TAX RUINED ME!
HERBERT JOHNSON

When Bolshevism Hits New York

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Editorial from
New York Evening Journal

Food Preparations That Save Labor

Few realize the service rendered to the public and the government by those that undertake, on a big scale, the careful, scientific, economical, healthful preparation of suitable foods.

Dozens of preparations essential to life and health can be, and are, prepared economically, hygienically, and thoroughly COOKED AND PACKED FOR DELIVERY—nothing to do but eat cold, or warm and serve

Millions of women have time to devote to work more important and pressing because of these valuable preparations that save time AND PREVENT DISAPPOINTING FAILURES.

Millions of tons of coal are saved because it is no longer necessary to have a big coal fire to boil or bake for hours.

Scientific season, scientific blending of food values and, above all, scientific cooking and preparation of prepared foods, vegetable and meat foods, save time, worry, labor, coal and anxiety

This work, accomplished within recent years, spread over the whole country by energetic merchandising and intelligent advertising announcements, is one of the great and unappreciated economies and achievements of this industrial age.

And to this may be added the following important fact

When a concern has invested millions in plants and invested other millions IN ITS NAME, you have the satisfaction of knowing, with absolute certainty that that NAME, the honor and reputation of the house are its most valuable assets.

The man who has put his intelligence, his reputation and millions of dollars into advertising can afford to lower his quality, regardless of increased prices than he could afford to set free to a factory worth millions

You can make your factory over again, buy new machinery, but you cannot remake a NAME once damaged

Therefore, a name built upon costly and thorough advertising is not only an asset for the owner, but, what is even more important, A GUARANTEE FOR THE PUBLIC

ASK FOR THE NAMES THAT YOU KNOW AND INSIST UPON HAVING THEM

We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
OUR BUSINESS REPUTATION

The right way to make soup

"Millions of women have time to devote to other work" (and to their pleasures) because of Campbell's Soups. These famous soups, made from only the best ingredients and blended by expert chefs, may justly be counted as taking first rank among those great achievements and economies of the age—foods already prepared for the table. CAMPBELL'S SOUPS HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED THE HABITS OF THE NATION. In millions of homes, where formerly soup was not eaten at all, Campbell's are now served daily—bettering the health and vigor of the people.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXXI

MOVE 'em out, boys! We'll see what'll happen next." Nabours spoke with a half sigh in his voice. The departure of McMasters and of the soldiers had left a strange feeling of loneliness among the Del Sol men. They began to brood, to lose morale. This was after two more days of riding, combing cattle out of the timber along the Washita, which very luckily had caught and left partly nugatory the last run of the much harassed herd.

The hour was not yet late; and although the tired trail hands had had little enough of sleep, there was no active murmuring, and the order of the day once more began, the long line of longhorns stringing out, the guides on either side.

The cattle paced on methodically enough, but the arrival at the Washita was so late in the day that the trail boss concluded not to cross until the following morning. They found the banks as McMasters had said—high and steep; and the river had swimming water. But much to their joy they found a good-sized raft which someone, probably Rudabaugh and his men, for reasons of their own, had spent some time and care in building.

"Well, there won't many of them need it now," commented Nabours, "and we do. That's the first luck we've had. I'm scared to swim that girl again."

They crossed the carts without difficulty in the morning, and the entire herd swam over easily, a narrow trail being plain on the other side.

Once more on their way, and with the Washita behind them, a certain feeling of light-heartedness came to the trail drovers. They sang cheerily to their cows as they rode alongside, caught the feel of the new country lying on ahead.

The weather was not unfavorable, but in the afternoon the older trail men began to look at the sky. There was a dull, lifeless feeling in the air. The wind had ceased. A bank of clouds lay black in the lower west.

"It may rain," said Jim Nabours, coming over to Taisie's near-by camp after the herd was turned off to bed down. "You and your women, Miss Taisie, had better sleep in the carts tonight. I hope to the Lord our little dogies won't take a notion to run again tonight! This herd's getting plumb spoiled. Before long they'll run every time a feller lights a cigarrito."

"Look at that lightning in west, Jim," remarked Cal Dalhart. "I hope she'll pass around."

But the prairie storm did not intend to pass around them. They lay directly in the center of a low barometer. The air was oppressively hot, so still that a leaf would have fallen straight to the ground; yet the face of the western cloud was lit with continuous electrical discharges. An uneasiness came into the air that even the cattle felt. The greenhead flies had swarmed in the grass all day. Now clouds of mosquitoes made life a burden for men and beasts. It was hard to bed the cattle down.

"Set the wagon tongues on the North Star, boys, while you can see it," said Jim Nabours. The dark cloud was steadily rising. "This is going to be one hell of a night. You'll need your slickers. Look yonder! I've heard tell about that sort of a thing, but I've never saw it afore."

He pointed towards the bed ground. In the strange electrical condition of the air the horns of each steer showed two little balls of flame, thousands of them in the total, a strange and awesome sight in the gloom. As the night watch rode later they saw electricity on the tips of their horses' ears. It almost dripped from the air; the earth seemed bathed in it.

At midnight the stars passed away under a high vanguard of scurrying clouds. The strange tensity in the air increased as continuous rolls of thunder came closer.

"We've all got to get on the herd," said Nabours finally. "There's going to be trouble."

The men all mounted their night horses and made ready. There came to them all a feeling of pygmylike incompetency as the edge of the storm extended itself as though with some inner propelling power. The wind had not yet begun. They knew they were in for one of the terrible electrical storms of the prairies.

The steady flashes of lightning along the cloud face broke into jagged forks. Intermittent among these came short bolts of the chain lightning. A smell of sulphur filled the air. A strange blue tint seemed to come into some of the lightning bolts. At times there seemed to be a continuous sheet of fire along the grass tops towards the west. This later was broken by balls of fire which rolled along the ground, exploding like bombshells. There seemed nothing in the air except light; sparks and whirls and wheels of light, like so many pin wheels. A strange, alarming, oppressive feel, as though of a settling fog, came upon them all. If a man reached a hand to his hat brim the electricity literally dripped from it.

Rarely, even on the high prairies, did the tremendous electrical disturbances ever reach such violence; not one of these hardened range men had ever seen the like of this.

"Say, You! You Let Go of Her, Mister! Stop Now, or I'll Stop You for Shore!"

But to the wonder of all the cattle did not at once make any break. They seemed stupefied themselves. They now all were on their feet, but in the continuous succession of blinding flashes on every side, the crash of thunder coming from all quarters, they could form no course for running and stood rooted in sheer terror. Nor was there a man who did not think his own end had come.

The climax came in a straight bolt from above, which struck and exploded directly in the middle of the herd. The detonation was as though a giant shrapnel shell had dropped. Twenty cattle were killed outright. Two horses dropped. A rider was smitten dead, another came out of the shock dazed and for some hours stone deaf. The old Mexican, Sanchez, had a fashion of wearing a pair of ancient spectacles. They were burned from his ears, only the bow between the rims remaining, and that burned deep into his nose. Len Hersey boasted a fancy tie with a stick pin, once bought in better days. The gold was melted from it, the stone dropped in the grass. The nap of his sombrero was singed smooth. A score of unbelievable phenomena, a series of miraculous escapes came all at once.

This last exploding bolt, so disastrous in its effect, was more than any herd could stand. The cattle started like a covey of quail. The universe seemed in dissolution. There was nothing for the men to do but follow as best they could. It was as safe in one place as in another, and of shelter there was none. Never was a wilder ride than that night; for now, with a rush and steady roar, came the wind and the slanting rain. The encampment at the bed ground was afloat, deserted. Old Milly put out her head.

"Miss Taisie! Miss Taisie!" she called. She got no answer. "My Lord! She done killed!" she called out to Anita.

Then arose her lamentations continuously as she lay in her drenched blankets. They two were all that remained. Even Buck was gone.

The run in a general way had headed north. A couple of miles ahead, between them and the Canadian River, lay a little boggy creek lined with thickets. Suddenly enlarged by the rain, it overflowed and made very soft footing for fifty or a hundred yards. Into this boggy trap the animals plunged in their madness. Within a few moments a third of the herd was bogged down. An inexplicable confusion took place among the others. No man could do anything here. The riders only followed such strings of cattle as they could hear farther down the stream. They all knew that when daylight came they would have their work to do in salvaging from the quagmire. Most of them tried to find their way back to camp, and those who made it sat huddled, drenched, as the weird flame-edged clouds passed on. Until dawn, they never knew there was a dead man lying in the grass on the bed ground three hundred yards from the camp, among the dead cattle and horses. Well, it was another grave; and this made the first duty of the day. They put up the third little headboard. So passed Al Pendleton. Though crippled by his gunshot wound, he had insisted on taking saddle.

Now the work of snaking out bogged cattle—the most unwelcome of all range work—must go forward along the

(Continued on Page 38)

THE accurate operating records constantly coming in from Hupmobile fleet users, reveal consistently low costs.

If a western house, for example, writes that its salesmen travel by Hupmobile for as little as 5 to 6 cents per mile–including all costs–that figure checks with results in the east and the south.

For the individual owner, the real meat in these reports is that they indicate a degree of motor car economy and efficiency so great and so uniform that it is decidedly unusual–except in the Hupmobile.

581

(Continued from Page 36)

muddy stream, hour after hour, as soon as the depressing dawn gave light for the beginning. The waters falling, some of the cattle struggled ashore as soon as they could see. Others needed but little help, a few had to be abandoned. In this work of roping and dragging, it took two men to handle a steer. As soon as one of the wild creatures got his feet he was certain to charge his rescuer. Hard work, dirty work, dangerous work; slow, utterly disheartening But it was here to be done. Once more, slowly, a battered and begrimed cohort of broad horns began to assemble, watched by tired, muddy, cursing men.

"Sinker," called Nabours to the boy as he came by coiling his muddy rope in the gray cold dawn, "you go on and find Dalhart, and ride back to camp. I don't know where the rest of the horses went. Drive in what cows you find. It ain't so far. Tell the cook we'll be in for a little coffee, some of us, right soon."

These two, so commanded, came into camp only to learn the news from Milly. The bed of Taisie Lockhart was empty. Her horse was gone.

"I'll bet I know!" said Cinquo. "I'll bet she follered the remuda in the dark!"

He was off, following the plain trail of the running horses, Dalhart at his side. They rode hard for a mile. The horses had struck timber, slowed up and scattered.

"I see her!" called out the boy at last. "That's her zebry horse anyway."

The white-banded son of Blanco was not to be mistaken. But the saddle was empty! At the foot of a near-by tree lay the object which they sought.

She was alive, was sitting up, propped against a tree trunk; indeed, was on the point of mounting. So much they saw with sudden joy as they flung down and ran to her.

The man pushed the boy away roughly. Kneeling, Dalhart caught the girl in his arms, uttering impetuous words. What he saw filled Cinquo with shame and horror. This man had touched the divinity of Del Sol! He was holding her in his arms! He was going to kiss her! Sacrilege!

Cinquo saw flame points. He sprang forward, his long revolver in his hand.

"Say, you! You let go of her, mister! Stop now, or I'll stop you for shore!"

The boy was blubbering in his excitement, but as Dalhart turned he saw that the aim of the weapon was true. Taisie beat at him with her hands, weakly, pushing him away

"I'll wring your neck!" began Dalhart, starting toward the boy. Only the girl's voice saved them one or both.

"No! No!" she called. "He means well! Cinquo, come here!"

Dalhart turned to her almost savagely.

"You promised me!" he said. "You gave me your word down there! Is this how you keep your promise?"

But between the two of them, the girl with her tears and the boy with his revolver, Cal Dalhart got on very ill with his wooing.

"I can wait," said he slowly at last.

In his sobbing excitement the boy was dangerous as a rattlesnake, and Dalhart was wise enough to know it. Only one voice could calm him. Taisie spoke with decision.

"Throw down your gun, Cinquo! Drop it, I tell you!"

Cinquo obeyed. His tears came freely now, he trembled.

"Trouble with me is, ma'am," said he, "I got chills and fever. Today I got 'em both. I been up all night. I don't give a damn for that man, but this here is awful hard for you."

"Cinquo," said Taisie, putting her hand on his grimy shirt sleeve as she drew him beside her, "you are as good a man as I've got. Listen now! I'm not hurt. I just ran into a tree in the dark and got knocked out of the saddle. For a long time I didn't know anything—my head's bruised; but I was going to get up and ride right soon. Now go find the horses, they're not far. I saw the bell mare just below."

The boy, shivering in his saddle, racked by the native ague, went off dully about his duties He cast an eye over his shoulder, saw Dalhart riding close to the side of the mistress of Del Sol.

"The trouble with you is," broke out Dalhart moodily, "you don't know how a man can love you—you don't know how I love you!"

He reached out a hand to touch the bridle of her saddle horse, which flung its head impatiently.

"I think I do," said Taisie slowly. "You love me like a man. They're all alike."

"I believe you do love that damned Gonzales renegade. He's gone again, and he may come back, or he may not. What you need is a man to take care of you; someone better than that cold-blooded killer that ain't got a heart for either man or woman!"

"Stop! I tell you I want to hear no more of this!" The girl's voice had in it a quiet fury. "At least I never have heard that man say a word against you or anyone else. If he's a killer he'd face his man, I'm sure of that, and not curse him behind his back."

"He'd better not say anything about me," Dalhart blustered.

But Taisie Lockhart's contemptuous laugh at that was the cruelest thing he ever heard in all his life. She spurred on and left him.

Dribbles of the herd continued to come in. The draggled encampment was slow to take on even a little order. The men had begun to lose confidence, to dread their luck. And now was time for a repetition of the scene on the south bank of the Red—another rider must find burial in his

(Continued on Page 40)

The Prairie Storm Did Not Intend to Pass Around Them. The Face of the Western Cloud Was Lit With Continuous Electrical Discharges

Scotch Scones

⅓ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt

Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Work in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard; add beaten egg and milk. Roll one-half inch thick. Cut in squares, brush over with milk and bake in a hot oven about twelve minutes

For dinner tonight—try these Scotch Scones

Make up a big plate of these Scotch Scones for dinner tonight. With plenty of butter and jam you won't need much else, for everyone is pretty likely to concentrate on scones.

It's no wonder, though. For when you use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard as the shortening, scones, biscuits, pies or anything else you may make, are quite irresistibly light and appetizing.

This fine lard has the even, creamy texture that makes an ideal shortening. It is of just the right consistency to mix with the flour so that the leavening agent can be most effective. Consequently, the baking is always light and tender.

Moreover, this lard imparts to the food a distinctive richness of flavor.

For every sort of shortening use, for frying, too, you will like Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. It is always uniform, always pure.

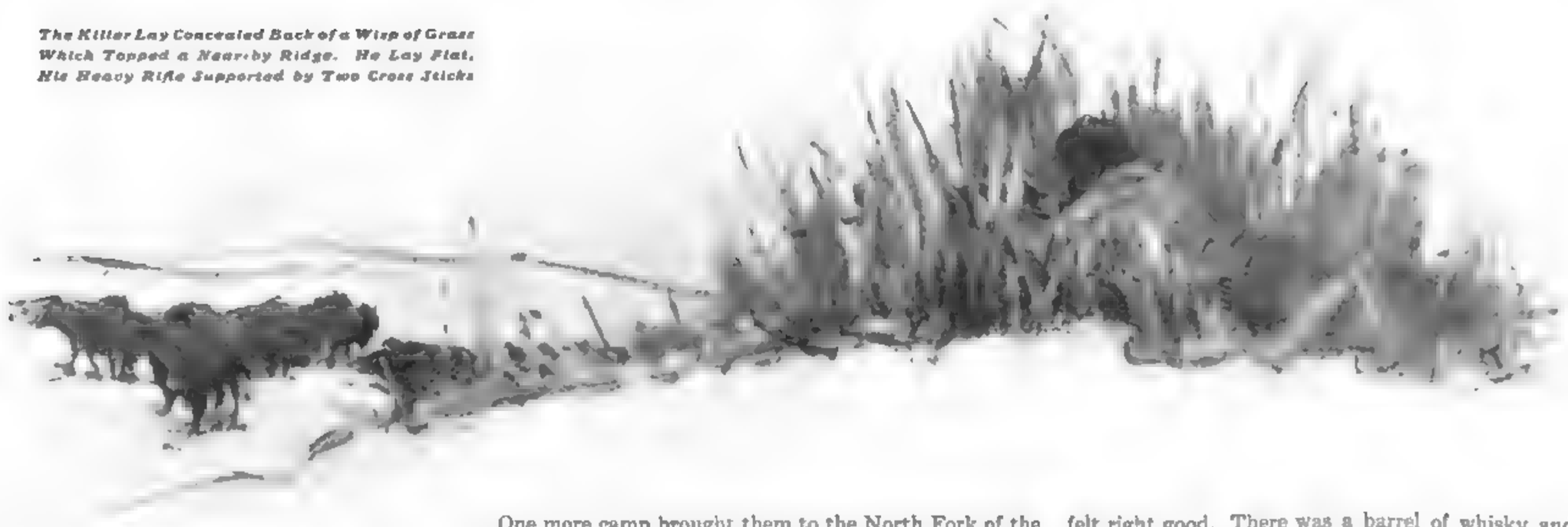
You can get it from your grocer or your butcher.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard comes in sanitary 1-pound cartons and in convenient pails of 2, 5 and 10 pounds. These containers keep its purity and freshness unimpaired—another reason why thousands of particular housekeepers always choose this finer lard

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard



The Killer Lay Concealed Back of a Wisp of Grass Which Topped a Near-by Ridge. He Lay Flat, His Heavy Rifle Supported by Two Cross Sticks

(Continued from Page 38)

blankets. Never had the spirits of the men been so low, the hope of success so faint, the savage irritability of all so unmistakable

It took a day and a half to finish the unhappy duties of the last camp below the Canadian and drive forward the remade herd. It was necessary to follow down the boggy stream to find a sound crossing. Beyond, within a mile or so, lay the main Canadian. Here at least they met no trouble. The spongelike sands had swallowed up the torrents until only an occasional thread of lazily trickling water marked the wide expanse from bank to bank. The cattle, warm and thirsty, seemed disposed to break ranks and explore these little trickles of water, so that the men had enough to do. Dalhart rode moodily on his point.

"Damn it, man!" called Del Williams to him, approaching him after one more chase after a wisp of stragglers, "I'd think you could 'tend to your own end part ways somehow!"

It was the first time he had spoken to Dalhart in days. Their enmity was smoldering.

"I don't need any help from anybody about handling cows," retorted the other; "least of all from you."

Del Williams rode straight up to him at what seemed a challenge.

"I don't see you for no cowman, myself," said he.

They sat face to face midway of the dry river bed

"I want to know what you mean," said Dalhart. "I've been as good a hand on this trail as you have."

"I don't think so. Nothing but luck kept you from drownding that girl crossing the Red. More than that, it was you that let logs come through the cattle when they was swimming the day before. That started the mill. Four hundred cows lost and two men drownded. You was upriver side of the herd."

This was mortal affront, as Del Williams was willing that it should be. At the time both men were unarmed.

"You know I won't stand that," said Dalhart.

"You heard it plain," rejoined Williams quietly. "Make your play any time you like."

"All right, I will make it! We both said we'd hold off till we struck Abilene. We'll not both ride south together," said Dalhart savagely.

"I hope not," smiled Del Williams. "I have got plenty of grief riding in sight of you going north."

Neither man liked to be the first to back his horse. Their actions caught the sight of Nabours, who started back.

"Look here!" he began. "What are you two doing here?"

"Well," began Dalhart, "he told me I wasn't doing my work."

"Then he told you plumb right. Look at you now, both of you. You two give me your word, both of you, that you'd quit this quarreling till you got to Aberlene. Now quit it or else get out. If a little more happens I am going to get on the prod my own self."

They separated. Del Williams later approached Nabours, both moody, sore.

"Jim," said he, "look at the luck! Could anything more happen to us? I tell you, there's a Jonah somewheres on this herd."

"There shore is!" rejoined the harried foreman. "There shore is! And it's got red hair."

XXXII

UPON even the most seasoned outdoor men the weather has undeniable influence. Came now a bright sun and gentle winds. The prairie lay like a silver sea. The surliness of the men vanished; they were children again. Once more the force of custom, of duty, made itself felt.

One more camp brought them to the North Fork of the Canadian, a more serious proposition than had been the main river of that name. The channel was narrower and deeper, and the banks, especially upon the south side, much more steep. There was only a narrow channel of swimming water, but not a man in the outfit would have consented to see the mistress of Del Sol undertake to swim her own horse across even the narrowest channel. The entire herd was held up for half a day while the men made a rude raft sufficient to cross the carts and their occupants. They dug down the bank on the farther shore so that better egress might be offered for the cattle.

"By the time a cow has swum a river," said Jim Nabours to expostulating men, who did not like shovel work, since that, at least, could not be done on horseback, "he's plumb tired, like enough. Make him climb a steep bank and he may fall back in. The worst place for them to get crowded is on the far side of a river. Now you fellows go on and dig a nice path, or else maybe we won't have no cows a-tall before long. I'm scared to make a tally, way it is."

So they passed yet another unknown river and swung on out, their own trail makers.

"I wish to God I knowed where we was," grumbled the trail boss to Len Hersey, carefree cowhand, to whom he happened to be talking. "Uniess'n that wagon tongue has got warped we're still heading north. I done set her on the North Star last night my own self. But a trail scout had orto have a watch and a compass, and there ain't nary one of neither in this whole outfit."

Hersey took a chew of tobacco.

"Heap o' things in life ain't needful," said he; "just only folks gets used to them, that's all. That lead steer Alamo's all right, if nobody don't move the North Star. He's got his eye sot on that. I seen him standing up the other night about one o'clock, looking at that star with one eye. He done wink at me with the other one. He shore knows where we're at, Jim. You'd oughtn't to worry. This suits me, although I will say that this here shirt I got now might be a little better around the elbows. I'd hate to go to meeting in it."

"When I was a boy," said Nabours reminiscently, "the onliest kind of church we had was camp meeting. I ain't saw one of them for quite a while.

"Them big meetings used to bring in everybody from all over. The preacher'd throw the camp in some nice grove, and folks would build a shed with a brush roof and make some seats out of slabs. That was the church. I've saw a bearskin used for a pulpit cover. If there was extra ministers on hand, sometimes they'd have rawhide-bottom chairs made for them. The mourner's bench, it always had a good rawhide bottom too. There used to be plenty straw scattered around between the benches for the sake of them that got conviction right strong and begun to throw fits. What with horses and dogs and babies, there was quite a settlement to a good camp meeting, while it lasted. The men didn't always have hats and the women couldn't always afford calico, but I can't see but what we got along all right.

"Them days a feller had to load a rifle at the front end exclusive—no Henry rifles then. It was perlite for to lean your shooting iron against a tree and hang your powder horn on it before you went in to get religion. My pap always taken a drink of corn licker afore he set in; but he always put down a gourdful of cold water on top of it, so it didn't hurt him none, he told me.

"I recollect when we built the first log school in the valley. It was about ten foot square. But come to style, the courthouse up to Sherman, twenty years ago, it made a ree-cord. I was there when that house was built. It was twenty foot square. That and a few furrows of plowed ground was all there was to the county seat. We dedicate her with a barbecue; a barbecue was the one thing Texas could afford then. Huh! It's the only thing she can afford now. We all sot under a brush shed and everybody felt right good. There was a barrel of whisky and a tin cup and a nigger with a fiddle. That's the way to start a county seat right.

"There wasn't a foot of railroad anywheres in them days. Yet in Texas we've got over a hunderd miles of railroad built already. The Lord knows what'll happen next.

"You talking about shirts, Len! Enduring of the war, three or four years ago, all my folks had to make their own shirts. The womenfolks had to weave and spin the woolsey. First thing I can remember was helping to braid hide and horsehair ropes. Everybody tanned their own leather with oak bark. We made our own saddle trees out of forks and rawhide, and we covered them with our own leather—*basto, rosaderos*, taps and all. We didn't have no wells; we drunk out'n the creeks. Some neighbor had to make all the shoes we got. We ground our cornmeal in a hand mill and we made our own wagons and ox yokes. If we got a loom or spinning wheel we had to make that too. Folks used to make hats out of palmetto; they braided them theirselves. What we got done we had to do; there wasn't no one to hire nor nothing to pay them with.

"Shirt? Why a shirt, now, Len—a shirt in the old times used to last a feller for years. Has yours?"

"It shore has," replied Len Hersey. "She's been a plumb good one, too, and I'm sorry to see her go. My mammy made her for me, I don't know how long back, but quite some time. Trouble about shirts is, anyways boughten ones, it takes so much for spurs and boots and saddles a feller ain't got much left to buy a shirt. I wouldn't be no ways contented with one of them home-made saddles of yourn no more. It don't leave much for shirts after you got a cow outfit paid fer.

"But as I was sayin', I'm happy just to drift along over this here country. Ain't she fine? This morning, along when the sun was shinin' so perty, you'd orter seen old Sanchez' fightin' rooster! He natural flewed up on the cart and crowed to a fare-ye-well, he felt that good!"

"He'd 'a' been a lot better off if he'd 'a' sot on top the cart every night," commented Nabours. "Anita, old Sanchez' woman, she starts out with three roosters and eight hens, allowing, I reckon, to start a hen ranch somewhere up north in case we got busted and couldn't get home. She can't no ways start one now. The skunks and wildcats and coyotes has got 'em all excepting old Mister Gallina, and he shy part of one wing.

"Ain't that rooster like a fool Texan? He's lonesome and broke, and don't know where he's at, and part of his comb is tore, and he can't fly much; but 'Praise God' says he, 'I got both my spurs!'"

"Shore he does," nodded Len Hersey. "All the whole state o' Texas ever has owned has been a pair o' spurs.

"Funny how time changes," he went on, lolling on his saddle horn as he spoke. "When my pap moved into Uvalde County cows wasn't worth nothing. The only thing to do was to kill them for their hides, and if you got four bits for a hide that was big money. Lately people got a dollar a piece fer hides. I wouldn't be surprised ef we got two dollars a hide in Aberlene. We'll like enough have to sell 'em fer the hides. Ain't no money in cows.

"I was on a herd oncet that driv to Shreveport time of the war. We got into cockleburs so heavy the cows' tails got like clubs. They'd hung up by the tails in the piny woods over to Louisiana. You could hear 'em bawl bloody murder. I don't know how many we left hanging in the piny woods. There wasn't no money in that drive and the cows got thin as rails. We couldn't even skin 'em."

"Huh!" commented the older man. "The longer you live the nearer you'll come to learning how many things can happen to folks that trails cows, son. Give us two or three more acts of God on this drive, and we'll be lucky ef we hit Aberlene with fifty head of cows to skin. We-all may have to sell our saddles to get home."

"Then I wouldn't get no new shirt?"

"I ain't promising you none."

(Continued on Page 65)

A Popular Congoleum Wood Pattern —*with small rugs to match*

This handsome *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug in a wood block design of lovely warm tones of brown and tan is ideal for the kitchen. Besides the regular room sizes, it is made in four handy small sizes for those heavy-wear spots in front of the range, sink, kitchen cabinet, etc.

You'll think of a dozen other places in your home where you can use these sturdy small sizes—in the hall, at the dresser or alongside your bed, before the door or in front of the fireplace. The simplicity of the design and the softly harmonizing colors make this pattern, in both the large and small sizes, suitable anywhere in the house.

Spilled things cannot seep into Congoleum Rugs—dirt cannot collect under them. They lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening. All the cleaning these sanitary rugs ever need is a few strokes with a damp mop.

Furthermore, every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug is unconditionally guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. If the rug you buy fails to live up to your expectations, return it to your dealer and your money will be cheerfully refunded without question.

Remarkably durable and surprisingly inexpensive, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs come in a variety of artistic patterns that are appropriate for any room in the house—living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom or bathroom.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	1½ x 3 ft.	$ .60
7½ x 9 ft.	11.25	3 x 3 ft.	1.30
9 x 9 ft.	13.50	3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
9 x 10½ ft.	15.75	3 x 6 ft.	2.50
9 x 12 ft.	18.00		

Patterns No. 386 (illustrated) and No. 408 are [illegible] other rug patterns are made in the five large sizes only.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM Rugs

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

WHEN McTURK MET GREEK

By Carl Clausen

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN Bat Bilbo celebrated his twenty-eighth birthday by a little ill-advised target practice on lower Myrtle Street, East St. Louis, he laid the foundation for the undoing of Black McTurk.

It is a far cry from Myrtle Street, East St. Louis, to the Empiro Saloon on George Street, Sydney, Australia. At the precise moment when Bat emptied his automatic into Officer Callahan, Captain McTurk, of the bark Albatross, was wiping up the sawdust floor of the Empiro with two of his sailors who had refused to accompany the Albatross on its return trip to San Francisco.

Both Bat and McTurk did a thorough job. It took the police surgeon nine hours to pry the lead out of Callahan, and nine weeks to get that efficient guardian of the peace back to his beat on Myrtle Street, with more blood in his eye than he had lost in the operation.

Black McTurk, after breaking two bottles of Guinness stout in quick succession over the heads of his two sailors, dragged the senseless men down to the boat slip by the scruffs of their necks, dumped them into the waiting whaleboat, and ordered the boat away for the Albatross, anchored in Raynor Basin.

And so it happened that when Bat Bilbo hopped off the brake beam of the Overland Limited in San Francisco one midnight after seven weeks of playing hide and seek with the police department of every city from the Mississippi to the Rio Grande in futile efforts to cross the border into Mexico, the Albatross slipped through the Golden Gate and dropped her mudhook in six fathoms.

When Bat had dug the cinders out of his ears and had washed up at a convenient fire hydrant in the railroad yard he gave his hip pocket a pat to assure himself that his gat was ready for a quick draw, and went in search of a place where he could rub his seven weeks' stubble with a pillow uninterruptedly for ten hours.

Instinct guided him unerringly to the North Beach District, and one of those narrow winding thoroughfares off Telegraph Hill. At the top of a narrow stairway over which the sign, Clean Beds, blinked mendaciously at him through the mist-shrouded gloom of an alley Bat secured, for the price of fifty cents, a round-trip ticket to a vermin-infested Land of Nod. Being from Missouri, and therefore no believer in signs, he stripped to the quick, rolled his clothes into a bundle and hung them on the doorknob by his belt. As further precautionary measures he moved the marble-topped dresser against the door and tied his automatic to his wrist with a shoe string, after slipping the safety catch on to keep from assassinating himself in his sleep. Then he hopped into the arms of Morpheus.

It was past noon when he awoke. Through the fourth-story window of his room floated the familiar and homelike odors of livery stables, fried noodles, arrested perspiration and grape juice working up a kick. Bat took a deep breath and yawned happily. The smells brought back fond memories of the fleshpots of Myrtle Street, East St. Louis.

Suddenly his keen nostrils detected a strange odor above the miasma of reeks and stenches. Raising himself upon his elbow he sniffed it suspiciously. Never before had he smelled anything like it.

Fear in the general sense of the word was an unknown emotion to Bat. He only feared what he did not understand. This new smell, being totally foreign to his nostrils, made him pause in his ruminations with a primordial distrustfulness. His sleep-heavy eyes narrowed to slits as he remembered how Slim Dugan had been captured by the police introducing carbonic-acid gas through the keyhole of his door.

Bat threw the covers aside, vaulted out of bed and tiptoed to the door. Moving the dresser cautiously, he sniffed the keyhole, but got nothing more disquieting than a noseful of foul hall air, flavored by musty Japanese matting and leaky gas meters.

Still on the alert, he tiptoed to the window, ran up the shade and peered down at the alley, plunged in a thick midday fog, four stories below. As he did so the strange odor made one grand assault upon his nostrils, which caused him to reel backward and clutch at the sill for support.

He did not know that this precise whiff of the old Pacific Ocean had traveled some three or four thousand miles across sunlit isle and tumbling waste to purify the alleys of Barbary Coast. No romance was carried to him by this breath of the purged, wandering tides. It represented merely something unknown, and therefore fearsome, which gradually gave place to a mute acceptance of the inevitable, as his eyes strove to pierce the blanket of mist below him. He was stricken suddenly with a great longing for Myrtle Street, East St. Louis.

"Even de fog stinks in dis blasted neck of de woods," he muttered.

Before dressing he rubbed himself down briskly with a towel, lest some travel-inclined citizen of the Land of Nod had selected him as a common carrier for fields Elysian. Then wrapping the towel around his loins, he made a few passes, boxer fashion, at his own whiskered image in the fly-specked dresser mirror.

He was feeling fit as a fiddle after his twelve-hour sleep. He looked himself over with the critical eyes of a connoisseur. In his younger days he had had bantam ambitions, weighing in at a neat hundred and sixteen pounds. He had licked every amateur of his own weight in East St. Louis, and two or three professionals. Hence the name of Battling Bilbo, later shortened to Bat to harmonize with his present more nocturnal pursuits.

After having fought some thirty-odd, semiprofessional, fifteen-minute battles at anywhere from twenty to fifty dollars a bout, he decided that he could earn the same amount of money in fifteen seconds with an eighteen-inch length of gas pipe. In due time he put on enough weight—reached one hundred and twenty-eight pounds—to take him out of the bantam class forever. At the same time he graduated from a gas-pipe artist to a full-fledged gunman.

East St. Louis never boasted of a quicker draw than his. Four-ounce glove and gas pipe went into the discard for good. For three years his agile trigger finger ruled Myrtle Street. He was feared, hated, admired and loved by the denizens of East St. Louis, according to their occupation, temperament, age and sex. He was a hundred and twenty-eight pounds of steel-spring muscle, ready to kiss, cuff or kill as occasion demanded.

As he surveyed his nude form in the mirror and noted the play of the muscles of his right shoulder he smiled softly. That right wing of his still carried a wallop that'd put 'em to sleep. The whiskered face in the mirror grinned back at him.

"You'd make a swell Robertson Caruso," he said, rubbing the stubble reflectively. "Just de same, dis crop of hay will keep de bulls off me trail. I wonder," he added—"I wonder if Callahan croaked."

This possibility gave him a slight feeling of uneasiness, not caused, however, by any concern over possible Callahan orphans. Sobering, he began to dress. He fidgeted nervously with his tie. The collar band of his shirt seemed suddenly to have shrunk a full size as he ran his finger around it.

"Hell, I c'n prove de flatfoot pulled his gat on me first," he reassured himself with a growl.

Just the same, he wished that the twenty-five hundred miles which separated him from Myrtle Street, East St. Louis, was twenty-five thousand.

After a substantial breakfast of ham and eggs he visited an Italian barber on the corner of the alley, who Vandyked his seven weeks' stubble to the accompaniment of the Sicilienne from Rusticana in a nasal tenor.

When Bat took a look at himself in the mirror he nearly passed out. The trim little man he saw there might have been a lecturer on eugenics.

"Holy smokes, de guinea's made me look like a corn doctor wit' de pip!" he muttered, not displeased.

The barber whisked a fleck of powder off Bat's coat collar with a flourish and spread out his palms, headwaiter style.

"Verra arteesteec, eh!" he breathed ecstatically.

"You said a mout'ful, guinea," Bat agreed as he dropped a half-dollar tip into the man's outspread palm. "Me own mudder wouldn't know me—if I had one."

During the afternoon, for want of something better to do, Bat took the rubberneck bus to Golden Gate Park. Among the tourists in the crowded bus his trim figure and Vandyke beard fitted beautifully. He felt almost law-abiding, and shuddered.

From the veranda of the restaurant—the present undersized successor of the old Cliff House—Bat got his first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean—or in fact of any ocean.

The fog was just lifting, exposing a horizon of blue sky merging into blue water. Bat took one long look at it. The immensity of it appalled him. For the first time in his life he had a feeling of inferiority. This being a hitherto unknown emotion, it disturbed him.

"De guy what said dat de Mississippi was de biggest drink in de United States musta slipped up somewhere," was his silent comment.

The chatter of his brother tourists fretted him. He wanted to be alone with this new emotion of his. He wandered down the path around the point, where a cluster of rocks lay flung offshore like the slag piles of some ancient furnace. On the rocks half a dozen seals were sunning themselves. As he approached, the seals flopped into the water hurriedly, with short staccato barks.

Bat stopped dead in his tracks. His experience with seals was confined to the variety that balanced balloons on their noses and spent their lives riding about a vaudeville stage on tricycles. His hand moved instinctively to the gun in his hip pocket.

"Cheese it, Bat!" he hissed. "Even de seals is wild."

Caution alone prevented him from shooting. He had heard somewhere that the mate of a slain wild animal had been known to follow the slayer for years, until the blood of its comrade was avenged.

Back on Barbary Coast that evening he felt better when he discovered that a very good grade of bootleg could be secured there with much greater ease than in East St. Louis. He had never been much of a drinking man, but now under the stress of exile he flung all caution to the winds, and proceeded to absorb hooch in great hoarse gulps.

Thus it was that he crossed the trail of Black McTurk.

The skipper of the Albatross was scouting the Coast for sailors to man his bark. In his vest pocket McTurk carried a vial of potent chemical known colloquially as by-by drops, he and his ship having a reputation that made it difficult to secure signatures on its articles by vocal persuasion.

The two sailors whom he had hammered into acquiescence in Sydney seven weeks earlier had deserted the ship beyond all possibility of recapture. It was up to him to substitute for them, so when he wandered into Weary Willie's sailors' eating house and saw at a table in the corner what looked like a traveling dentist with a Vandyke beard, trying to drink up all the hooch in town, he took a chair beside the little man and ordered two drinks, one of which he pushed across the table to the stranger.

Bat looked up at him with the infantile affability of three sheets in the wind.

"Soitingly I'll drink wit' youse," he said. He gave the big Nova Scotian a dig in the ribs that made McTurk's fist itch to connect with the Vandyke beard. "I'd drink wit' most anybody—I'm dat lonesome. Have anudder?" he added, gulping down the contents of his glass after this somewhat doubtful compliment.

"Don't mind if I do," said McTurk, feeling for the bottle in his pocket.

While Bat was counting out the change to pay for the drinks McTurk squirted a kick into his glass that would have gladdened the heart of the historic Missouri mule.

Ten minutes later the skipper of the Albatross loaded the pride of Myrtle Street, East St. Louis, across his broad shoulders and carried him through the maze of docks and warehouses to a small black-and-white-painted bark moored in the angle of one of the piers.

To McGurk, his mate, McTurk said, as he dropped Bat's slight, limp figure on the main hatch, "It's the best I could do, Charlie. Drag him down the fo'c'sle and throw him into one of the bunks while I go ashore for another one."

II

TO BAT coming to his senses again, the process was painful and long drawn out. His head hurt and he ached all over. His tongue was swollen and leathery, and his mouth tasted as if he had swallowed a receiving hospital, with a glue factory for a chaser.

Never having seen the fo'c'sle of a sailing ship before, and having a guilty conscience, the dark and cell-like space about him conveyed one idea—jail. This idea was dispelled slowly from his mind. The apartment moved—sometimes sideways, but mostly up and down, said up-and-down motion being very disturbing to the region below his belt.

Clearly, then, this was no jail. He had never heard of one that moved. The fact that jails were distinctly stationary was their greatest drawback.

Raising himself upon his elbow he peered about the half gloom and saw several tiers of coffinlike structures identical with the one he was occupying, ranged about the walls of the compartment. In one of the upper boxes of the tier opposite his own lay a man whose pallor and general appearance suggested a corpse.

In a flash Bat knew. He had been hanged for shooting Callahan. He was dead. Flopping back on his pillow with a groan he gave himself up to the business of staying dead.

When McTurk lined up his men for inspection, the second evening out, and found that the crew was one man short, he sent the boatswain to the fo'c'sle to fetch the tardy one up for the ceremonies.

The boatswain returned empty-handed and reported the gentleman too sick to move, so McGurk, the mate, was sent below. Mr. McGurk dragged the prostrated man unceremoniously up the fo'c'stle ladder, feet first, and dumped him on the main hatch to be inspected.

Bat was a pitiable sight. His face was the color of chalk and his lips were blue with suffering and the effects of the drug. He slumped forward on the hatch with his head in his hands, moaning—a very sick man indeed.

(Continued on Page 44)

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(Continued from Page 42)

The crew, lined up against the weather bulwarks, tittered. Captain McTurk, too, had a sense of humor—of the same brand that makes a South Sea Islander go into spasms of mirth over the contortions of a victim being tortured.

The skipper was vastly amused. Legs apart and his massive flat thumbs hooked into the armholes of his double-breasted jacket, he surveyed the pride of Myrtle Street with the gentle smile of a hyena who has just stumbled upon fresh quarry.

"I trust you passed a pleasant night, sir," he said in a tone silky with portent.

For answer Bat rocked his aching head and moaned.

"Feeling a bit under the weather?" the skipper asked solicitously, in the same silky tone. "A little exercise will straighten that out, I think. Ever try swabbing decks for your present trouble, sir?"

Bat stopped rocking his head, and stared up at the silky-voiced Colossus towering above him.

"Lemme alone?" he moaned. "I ain't got nuttin' to swap."

Another titter ran through the crowd lined up against the bulwarks. Mr. McGurk, the mate, hooked his thumb suggestively around a near-by iron belaying pin, but the skipper raised an admonitory finger.

"I'll attend to him myself, if you please, Mr. McGurk," he growled, and the mate dropped his hand from the pin with a sigh of regret.

McTurk took a step forward. His right claw shot out and grasped Bat by the Vandyke beard and spun him around. At the same time the skipper's Number Twelve, last Double E, caught the little man neatly in the rear with the impact of a battering ram.

This kick was the undoing of Black McTurk. As Bat rose in the air his spirit rose with him. The toe of McTurk's boot had connected with the automatic in Bat's rear pocket, the pattern of the gun making an indelible impression upon the little gunman's person—and spirit. It cheered him in his brief journey from the main hatch to the starboard scuppers.

McTurk being a firm believer in the follow-up system was preparing, right foot poised, for another kick as Bat landed, but the skipper's foot never connected.

Scrambling to his knees with an oath, Bat caught McTurk by the ankle with both hands and swung all his hundred and twenty-eight pounds into a scientific sideways twist that elicited a bellow of pain from the surprised skipper. The next moment he was lying on his back looking into the bore of a forty-five, six inches from his nose.

"Get flossy with me, will youse, youse big walrus!" Bat hissed as he ducked an iron belaying pin that came sailing through the air from the mate's hand. The missile struck the bulwarks and went clattering along the deck.

Bat's gun spat fire. McGurk clapped his hand to his cheek where the bullet had grazed it.

"Lay off, Babe Ruth!" Bat growled. "Next ball and I'll clip off y'ear."

Rising unsteadily from the prostrate McTurk he staggered to the railing, groggy from the effects of the drug, but with his brain clearing rapidly under the stress of danger. Swinging his left arm around one of the backstays to steady himself he brought his gun to bear on the assemblage. He was the picture of fury unleashed as he crouched forward, his beard matted and unkempt and his eyes bloodshot from the ravages of the drug, and the vanquished McTurk groveling at his feet. His knees were shaking but his trigger finger, guided by his clearing brain, was steady.

"Any of youse guys wants ter commit suicide?" he asked.

Apparently no one did. The mate was wiping the blood from his cheek, still too dazed to speak. One of the seven lined up against the bulwarks tried to make a quiet sneak-away on tiptoe.

"Get back in line!" Bat snapped.

The man stepped back hurriedly.

"Everybody turn around an' face dat fence," was his next order, indicating the bulwarks with his gun. "Dat goes for you too," he told McGurk, nursing his wounded cheek. "Dat's good! Now raise your mitts level wit your ears! Dat's de stuff."

After relieving the prostrate McTurk of a pair of murderous brass knuckles, and admonishing him to stay quietly where he was, which was unnecessary, since the skipper's right foot was pointing south-southwest, having been neatly dislocated by Bat's jiujitsu twist, the little gunman crossed the hatch and frisked the rest, one by one.

"Youse a fine bunch of cheap yeggs!" he scoffed as he kicked the pile of knives and knuckle dusters with his foot. The mate's pocket had yielded, besides its brass knuckles, a pair of handcuffs. These Bat transferred to his open pocket. The rest of the collection he carried to the side and dropped into the ocean.

"All right, youse can sit down and we'll have a confab," he said, climbing to a seat on the upturned whaleboat.

From this point of vantage he spied for the first time the helmsman. "Hey, you there, wit' de cart wheel, come here!" he cried, raising his pistol.

"Don't take the man away from the wheel," McGurk stormed. "You'll run the ship aback and knock the spars out of her."

"Oh," said Bat, "de guy is steering dis ferry? I see! How far is it to de udder side?" he asked, pointing ahead.

McGurk swallowed hard.

"About sixty-six hundred miles," he said slowly.

Bat brought his gun to bear on the mate.

"Dis is no Katzenjammer funny Sunday," he said. "I axed you a question. Do I get de answer or do I hafter hunt for it after de autopsy?"

"The distance from here to Hong-Kong, where we are going, is sixty-six hundred miles," McGurk repeated shortly.

"Hong-Kong!" Bat reiterated. His eyes narrowed. "Listen, guy, me head hurts. I'm about as sociable as a dick wit' a cold trail. I'll give youse one more guess how far it is."

McGurk threw up his hands.

"I don't want to argue with you," he bellowed. "Have it your own way. Maybe it's sixty-five hundred and ninety miles to Hong-Kong. What do I care?"

Bat blinked his eyes at the fervor of the mate's tone. Just the same he felt in no mood for humor. He knew his geography.

"Youse can't fool me if I am from de Middle West," he said. "Hong-Kong, dat's China."

"Well, where did you suppose it was—in Lake Erie?" McGurk demanded sourly.

Bat drew a long breath. He was stumped—but only temporarily.

"You mean ter tell me dat dis ferry's going all de way to China?"

"Ferry!" McGurk snorted. "How d'you get that way? This is a bark!"

(Continued on Page 46)

"Lay Off, Babe Ruth!" Bat Growled. "Next Ball and I'll Clip Off Y'ear."

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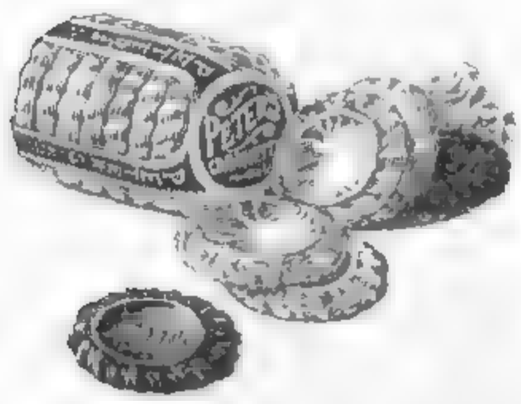

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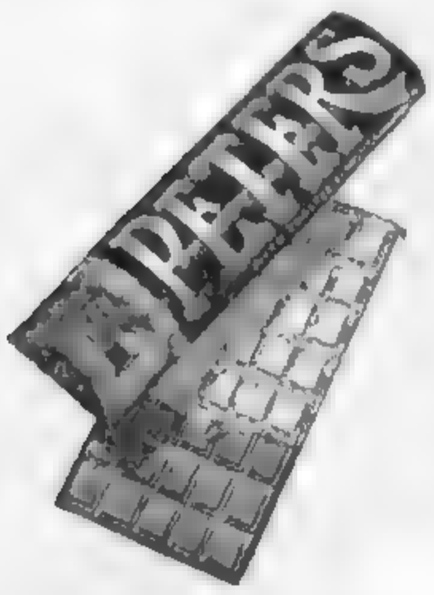

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MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 44)

"Yeh," said Bat, patting his gat, "an' dis is de bite." He balanced the gun on his knee. "Youse give whatever orders dis ferry needs to turn around. I wanter go home."

The skipper, nursing his dislocated foot in the scuppers, groaned.

"He wants to go home, Mr. McGurk, d'you hear! Ouch—oh—ooh!"

The mate waved his long arms, windmill fashion, and shook his fist at Bat.

"This is mutiny!" he howled. "You're down on the articles as an A. B. You'll get hung!"

Bat smiled grimly as he thought of Callahan.

"Dat's all right," he said cheerfully. "One time more or less don't make no difference. What's dem A. B. C. articles?" he asked suspiciously.

"The ship's articles," McGurk explained. "You signed on as an able seaman—at forty dollars a month."

This was news to Bat.

"Well," he grinned, "I'm fillin' the bill, ain't I? What's yer kick. Forty smacks a month. Say, listen, guy. Do I look like a scab?"

"I could tell you a lot about your looks that'd make a blind mother disown you," McGurk retorted with some heat; "but the fact remains that you signed your name on the articles of this ship as able seaman. You were probably too drunk to know what you were doing. That's your lookout."

"I musta been some drunk to be able to write me name," Bat agreed. "I never could before."

"The ignoramus!" McTurk exploded from the starboard scuppers.

"Dat's enough from youse, Walrus!" Bat snapped. "Youse de guy what dropped de spider in me tea last night." He glanced aloft at the sails. "Anudder yip and yer tripe'll be decoratin' dese riggin's."

He turned to McGurk and motioned him to stand aside.

"Any more bosses in dis outfit?" he asked.

The boatswain stepped forward.

"Reckon youse two can turn de ferry around?" Bat asked.

McGurk shook his fist.

"This is mutiny! This ——"

"Shut up an' turn around. Youse too." This to the boatswain. "Put yer mitts behind your back, gents. Dat's right. Now stand still."

With his own handcuffs Bat handcuffed McGurk to the boatswain, and threw the key overboard. Then he ran the end of a rope around the links of the handcuffs and drove his salt-horse team up on the poop deck at the point of his gun, and tied the other end of the rope around the binnacle stanchion.

"Now get busy an' give de orders to drive home," he said, prodding McGurk in the ribs with the gun.

"This is an outrage!" the mate stormed.

"It'll be a funeral if youse don't watch yer step," Bat informed him. He turned and addressed the crew. "A couple of you guys get busy and yank Walrus down de cellar where he kept me all night," he said, pointing to McTurk.

"You dere wit' de cart wheel, step on de gas and let's have some action," he told the helmsman.

"Yes, sir," the man answered, putting the wheel hard aport.

McGurk looked at the automatic in Bat's hand and swallowed a curse.

"Starboard braces!" he sang out in a voice trembling with rage.

Bat rolled a cigarette and took a seat on the skylight, wherefrom he watched operations with interest.

When everything was pulled tight and the crew was coiling up he said to McGurk, "Reckon we'll get back by suppertime?"

"Oh, shut up!" the mate growled. "What d'you think this is—an aeroplane? We're seventy-five miles off the coast of Mexico, three hundred south of the Golden Gate. You've been asleep for forty-eight hours."

"Mexico!" said Bat, pricking up his ears. "Dat's where I was headin' for." He glanced at the sun setting in a red ball at the edge of the western horizon. "Reckon youse can find it in de dark?"

McGurk smiled a wry smile.

"It's quite possible that I could."

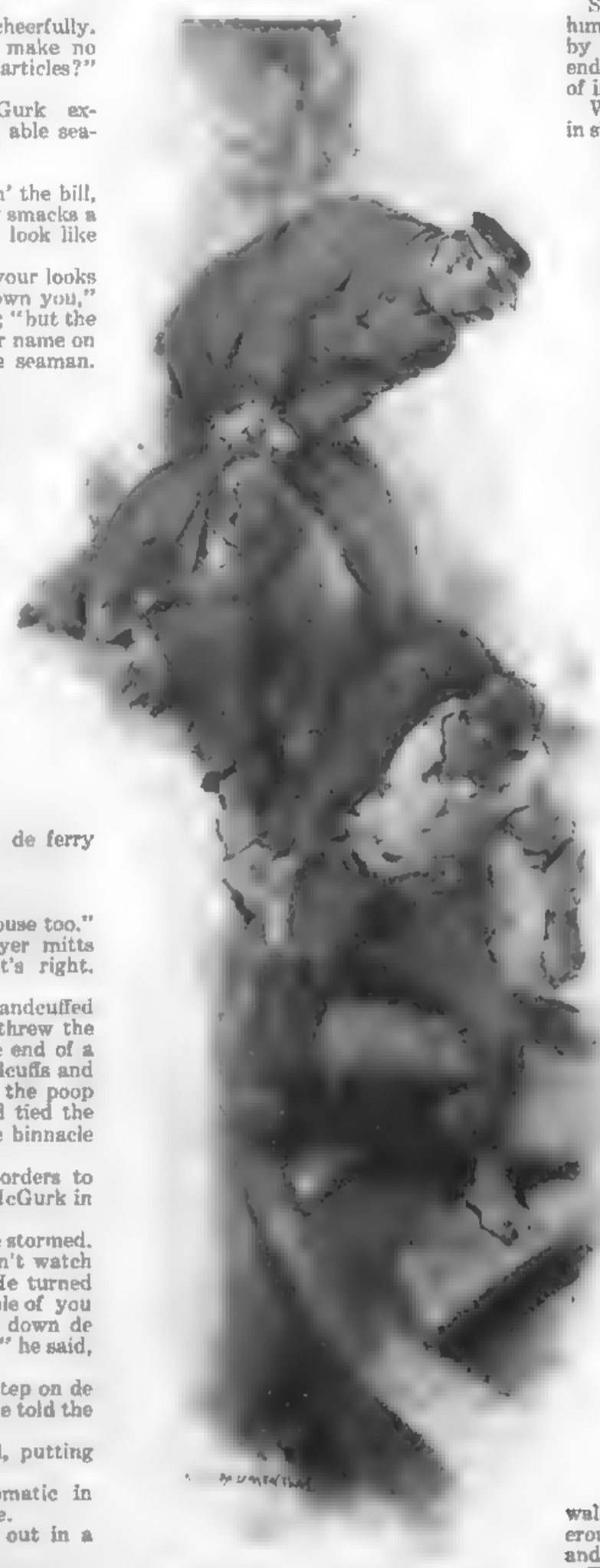
"Dis is where you start looking for it den."

McGurk turned to the helmsman and growled an order.

The man nodded and changed his course.

Bat passed the night chatting pleasantly with his captives. He was in excellent spirits. The fresh sea air had cleared his brain completely. Once more he was the master of all he surveyed, and at the end of this pleasant little outing lay Mexico, and security from pursuit.

He wondered if he'd run into some of his old pals down there. Slim Dugan had broken jail and had got over the border.



Black McTurk Dragged the Jeneleze Men Down to the Boat Slip

So had Billy the Greek and Dago Charlie. He had heard that Charlie had married a señorita with a date plantation. Bat didn't like dates, but he might compromise himself for a banana orchard if the dame was a good looker.

Between such halcyon vistas he told his captives what he thought of them, pointedly, graphically. His references to their heredity and future prospects were poignant. His remarks upon their present status and predicament were scathing bits of exquisite satire, punctuated by exotic adjectives and vivid personal comments.

He dwelt at length upon such intimate details as the size of their feet and ears. In picturesque gutter jargon he traced their ancestry back to the paleolithic simians, and guaranteed them descendants of wall-eyed anthropoids if they were reckless enough to marry. Finally he assured them that he'd be blasted if he had ever clapped eyes on a pair of knock-kneed canal crabs like them, and advised them, next time they felt hard-boiled, to get a club and beat up a jellyfish.

It was midnight when he finally ran out of breath and adjectives, and sent in an order to the cook's galley for a quart of hot coffee. Before partaking thereof he made his prisoners drink some of it.

"Safety first," he explained.

Stimulated and refreshed, he amused himself in the wee small hours of the night by tying every rope he could find—brace ends, sheet ends and halyards—into knots of intricate designs.

When at dawn the Mexican coast hove in sight he ordered a boat over the side, and prepared to depart with a few well-chosen remarks.

It was then that, in his exuberance of spirit, he made his one and only misstep. To assure himself that there were no rifles or other shooting weapons in the cabins by which his flight in the whaleboat could be stopped he went below and took a look around.

His head had no sooner disappeared through the companionway hatch than McGurk whipped the helmsman's knife from its sheath, cut the rope which bound himself and the boatswain to the binnacle stanchion, and clapped the cover of the hatchway on, and shot the bolt.

Then he broke the link of the handcuffs across the stern hawse bits with the blow of an iron belaying pin.

"Lay off to clear the fouled ropes!" he bawled to the crew.

Handing the belaying pin to the boatswain he posted the man as guard at the hatch with instructions to brain Bat if the bolt carried way.

It took Bat just fifteen seconds to realize that he had put his foot in it. After sending a couple of shots through the heavy teak hatch cover, and having the bare satisfaction of hearing the boatswain side-step the flying lead and splinters, with a curse, he appointed himself a committee of one to devise ways and means to reach the flat sandy shore of Mexico, which beckoned invitingly to him through the porthole, a short mile away.

His knowledge of ships was confined to river craft and ferries. But he knew that all the species sought land in time of stress and danger. He reasoned, therefore, that it was up to him to produce the stress.

He remembered standing on the banks of the Mississippi some years earlier, watching a burning ferry loaded with excursionists being beached.

Turning swiftly he ran into the cabin and began to search for inflammable material. In the mate's bunk he found what is known in sailor parlance as a donkey's breakfast—a mattress filled with hay. The skipper's bunk yielded one of slightly better grade—excelsior.

Ripping the mattress open he piled the contents against the wall of the messroom, soaked the pile generously with kerosene from the cuddy lamps, and applied a match.

Then he retreated to the runway leading to the companionway and shut the messroom door tight behind him.

The crew had just finished clearing the fouled ropes when a cloud of smoke belched upward from the cabin skylight.

The order to square away for Hong-Kong died inarticulate upon McTurk's lips.

In two bounds he reached the skylight, when Bat's voice came through the hatch, crisp and clear: "De quicker you open dat lid, de sooner."

McTurk threw his cap on the deck and executed the first seven figures of the Highland fling to a string of curses. The only access to the fire was through the companionway—over Bat's dead body.

(Continued on Page 48)

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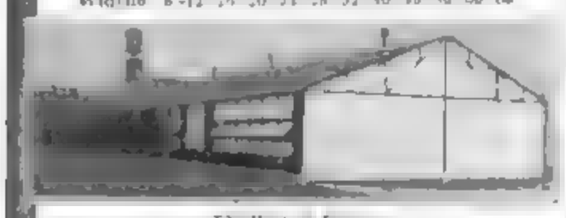
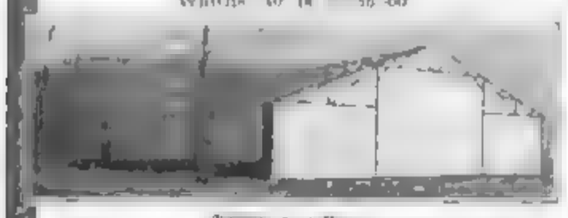
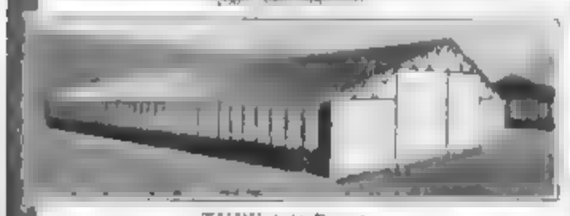


TYPE [illegible]
Widths 40' to 56'-60'



TYPE [illegible]
Widths 36'-40' [illegible] 64'-68'-72'-80'-88'-96'-98



TYPE 4 (4 Bays)
Widths 80' (100'-112' (4 Bays of 20'-25'-28')

TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths [illegible] 60'-64'-68'-72'-98
[illegible] 110'

SAWTOOTH TYPE
Widths Any multiple of 28'

TRUSCON
COPPER STEEL
STANDARD BUILDINGS

(Continued from Page 46)

"Are youse goin' to open dat lid?" came the little gunman's muffled voice from below.

With a horrible oath McTurk withdrew the bolt. Before emerging Bat sent a volley of shots through the aperture. McTurk took the break of the poop on the jump, and the helmsman shinned up the larboard mizzen shrouds.

Wheeling about, Bat faced the crew, who came running from all quarters of the ship with canvas buckets. He held them back at the point of his gun while he swung himself astraddle the railing. Then he put the pistol between his teeth and slid down the painter of the whaleboat and pushed off.

At the distance of five hundred yards he rested upon his oars and cheered the bucket brigade until the last of the smoke died down and the Albatross squared away for Hong-Kong.

In looking for a safe landing place Bat headed for a small flat stretch of beach between two points of rock. The roar of the surf frightened him, but the ocean behind him frightened him more. When the whaleboat struck the first line breaker and went tobogganing down its sheer slope with express-train speed Bat dropped his oars and grasped the seat. The next wave struck the frail craft and sent it spinning like a top. Over and over it went with Bat clinging to the seat, half drowned and spluttering. A third wave tore him loose. He was buffeted hither and thither by opposing currents. He was stood on his head, slapped, spun around, then finally flung breathless on the hard sand.

Digging his fingers and toes into the sand to keep the undertow from sweeping him back into the sea he scrambled beyond the reach of the breakers, and flopped down on his side, gasping for breath.

He glanced about him. North and south as far as his eye could reach stretched low barren sandhills. Beyond them the sun was rising above the range of sere and brown mountains that form the backbone of Lower California.

"So dis is Mexico!" said Bat.

"Almost, but not quite," said a voice behind him.

Bat turned his head and rubbed the brine from his eyes.

"Raise 'em a little higher," the owner of the voice, a beardless youth, went on. His right hand held an automatic pistol three sizes larger than Bat's, pointed at the top button of Bat's vest. With his left hand the youth indicated an eight-foot stake a short distance away, painted in three certain well-known colors. "You missed Mexico by seventy-five feet."

Bat stared at the stake. A smile illumined his unkempt face. A pole painted red, white and blue meant but one thing to him. He rubbed his whiskers reflectively.

"Business must be punk around here to go huntin' shaves wit' a gat," he said. "I'll take de whole bill of fare."

The youth digested this in silence, then reached over and snapped a pair of handcuffs about Bat's raised wrists.

"I ought to bash your face in for that," he said, "but when your boat drifts in I'll get enough evidence to put you where haircuts are free, with a neck shave thrown in."

Bat's eyes followed the youth's index finger to where the whaleboat was wallowing shorewards in the surf.

"Evidence? Wot's eatin' yer?" he demanded in sudden fear as he thought of Callahan.

"Oh, cut the comedy!" the youth replied wearily. "I've been watching the ship all morning. Saw you put off in the boat. You haven't got a chance. It's time some of you wild and woolly rum runners were taught a lesson."

A great light dawned upon Bat.

"Holy cats!" he exclaimed. "Pinched for a bootlegger!"

"Exactly," said the youth, displaying a bright new badge pinned to the inside lining of his coat. He pointed to the gayly decorated stake. "That's the United States boundary. The nearest barber shop is in the San Diego county jail. Let's ramble."

Bat was marched across two miles of blistering sand dunes to a small cabin before which a sentry paraded with a shouldered rifle.

The sentry stopped and stared at them, mouth agape, then turned and said to the taller of two men seated at a table near the open window, "Look quick, chief, and see what Clarence is herding."

The man addressed as chief handed back to his companion a picture he'd been looking at.

"All right, Mr. Lynch, I'll have my boys keep their eyes peeled for your man," he said.

"What is it, Dick?" he asked of the sentry in the open window.

"Search me," the man replied. "Looks like an accident looking for a place to have it happen."

The chief laughed as he saw the two approaching.

"Clarence has caught another bootlegger," he said to the other. "That boy'll be the death of me yet. Why—wha-what's the matter, Mr. Lynch?"

His companion had risen to his feet and was staring out of the window, clutching the edge of the table.

"Bootlegger, nothing!" he exploded, making for the door. "That's my man—Battling Bilbo—the fastest hip shot north of the Rio Grande.

"Howdy, Bat," he said pleasantly as he walked down the steps a moment later.

Bat swallowed hard.

"Strike me pink!" the little gunman gulped, "Inspector Lynch!" Then with an effort, he stammered one burning question: "Did Callahan croak?"

The inspector smiled grimly.

"No, Bat," he said, "Callahan didn't croak. But if I know Callahan you'll wish he had when we get back to St. Louis."

Bat's face broke into a relieved grin.

"Dat's all right," he said, running the index finger of his manacled right hand around the collar band of his shirt, "I'll never be meself ag'in till he knocks me for a row of ash cans."

EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER

(Continued from Page 31)

Saloniki. After a snowfall nobody attempts to clean off his sidewalk. It used to be done, I was told, before the war; and the more despotic government of King Ferdinand kept the streets clean. At present it is a community matter, and not a national one. Despite the enforced ten-day period of labor for the community it was difficult to get men skilled in street cleaning, and the city is too poor to buy modern appliances, for which the primitive highways are not suited. Obviously, if the government were seriously to interest itself in the matter, as it does in a hundred other details, such as the price of hotel rooms, the ban on luxuries, and the like, something would be done. This Agrarian government, however, has no enthusiasm for Sofia; its concern is for the villages.

Sofia is a capital that must be viewed with imagination. At present it is like a jig-saw puzzle half completed. There is a vacant lot, full of building material and rubbish, and fenced in by high billboards, directly opposite the king's palace. Scarcely a single square, even in the center of the city, is without its gaping lots or structures in the process of going up or coming down. At first glance it looks like a town that has been subject to heavy air raids. Seen with the eye of faith, though, this is one day destined to be a beautiful and prosperous city, even though the peasant government has no enthusiasm for the haunts of the aristocracy. It is situated in the center of the Balkans, on the route of the Orient Express, and amid circumstances of great natural beauty because of the environing mountains. Sofia should not be judged by the old capitals of Europe, but by the miserable Turkish village that it was less than fifty years ago. Nor may it be likened to the progressive new cities of America and Canada, for they are the creation of freemen with a tradition of civilization and enterprise; whereas half a century ago Bulgaria was an illiterate nation in degrading subjection to a backward Asiatic despotism. Considering the pit from which she was dug, Bulgaria is a marvel of progress; and her plans for a world's fair, a year or two hence, to commemorate her emancipation, are scarcely too ambitious.

Before an investigator has dug very deep into Bulgarian conditions he discovers that here is a country where there is practically no unemployment, and relative prosperity, despite the depreciation of the currency and the presence of more than 500,000 refugees. Nobody is going hungry in Bulgaria, although thousands of persons, especially of the professional and official classes, have not had a new article of clothing for years, and must pinch and economize in every direction.

The lev, which is the Bulgarian dollar, has held its own better than most of the neighboring currencies; but still it is worth less than two-thirds of a cent. Literally thousands of teachers are living on eight dollars a month each, and that in a time of relatively high prices. The government is helping to hold the lev steady by refusing to print more currency. So there is a stringency of money, which would be relieved if the peasants could be persuaded to turn their hoards into the banks.

Everybody is familiar by this time with the oft-told and tragic tale of the effects of depreciated currency upon the people with fixed incomes. Bulgaria is experiencing, in lesser degree, the bitterness that Russia, Austria, Germany and other Old World nations have tasted.

A new note is struck in this country on the refugee question. An investigator has no harrowing tales to tell. Bulgaria has absorbed some 400,000 persons of her own blood, driven back into her narrowed borders by the past three wars. She also has taken care of 40,000 Russian refugees, thousands of Armenians and—marvel of Christian charity—several thousand Greeks, her hereditary enemies. There is work and a simple livelihood for a still larger population in this peasant state, as in all the Balkans.

Naturally, the Russians congregated in Sofia do not have the softest time. In the Russian restaurant, which is the best eating place in the city, young women of the old Russian aristocracy—one of them a princess, I was told—wait on the table with the air of ladies pouring tea at an afternoon reception. There are old-fashioned American lessons upon the dignity of all labor in the way these women bear themselves. To be sure, it was a bit surprising to see a courtly officer, with the grand air, bow low and kiss the hand of his waitress before he seated himself to be served.

While we were at dinner a Russian officer came through selling newspapers. His manners were such that he elevated his work to the level of a profession. I noticed later, though, that his own dinner consisted simply of bread and tea. The American Young Men's Christian Association is conducting an admirable industrial school for Russian refugees.

Friendly folk, like all who dwell close to the ground, are these Bulgarians. Their hospitality to refugees is merely a characteristic expression of their essential humanness. In this same simplicity is to be found the explanation of their ready adoption of the new national experiment of labor conscription and their direct turning away from war adventures. After all, the world could get along with a little more elemental thinking and a deal less of diplomatic subtlety and sophistication.

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There are two sizes—a 35 cent size for traveling and a 50 cent size for home use. Buy a tube. Shave with it for a week. If they are not the finest shaves you ever enjoyed, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Mother Robin

MYSELF when young did eagerly frequent the family cherry trees. There were a great many robins that also eagerly frequented the same trees. The fat, saucy creatures would sit high on the laden boughs and chirp and challenge us. They made fair marks. In those days, with rude home-made bows and arrows—the arrow often made of a cat-tail shaft with a shingle nail set in for a head—many of us boys were fairly deadly at short range. I don't know how many robins I killed in and around our cherry trees.

What I do know is that today I grieve over every one of those unreturning dead. Sometimes I have felt my blood boil when reading about the enormous kills of robins in Southern States during the migratory flight. But always I had to stop, pulled up by the memory of my own bloody boyhood. We were only boys, and boys will be boys, I suppose. Today the boy is apt to use a .22 rifle and not a bow and arrow. It is only kindness to tell him that every robin he kills will cause him an hour of regret later in his life.

In our boyhood times all bird life was immeasurably more abundant in America than it is today. We never thought of any diminution of the species and the great balance of Nature was something never mentioned, because everyone thought that the world would go on forever just as it was. We boys had about the same point of view that the Biological Survey has today as to coyotes. The robin ate cherries—*ergo*, we should kill the robin. It was nothing to us how many cutworms and caterpillars and destructive insects the robins might eat if they were not killed. The creatures were small and helpless, we could kill them—we did kill them. There are millions of boys today. I wish every one of them could do his thinking now and not forty years later.

A Bird Worth Watching

Today, and somewhat to the credit of the Biological Survey, the robin is protected by the Migratory Wild Fowl Law under a continuous closed season. It is unlawful to kill him, North or South. You may have noticed perhaps in the last year or two how far more numerous robins are upon our lawns in Northern States than they were a few years ago. All our game, all our song birds, would become almost as numerous as they were if we only gave them a chance.

The robin redbreast is a fine, merry, saucy bird, always in good humor, always chummy and friendly and fearless. He is the most sociable bird we have except the English sparrow—which ought to be called familiar in a low-bred way, not social in a friendly fashion. He will build his nest in your trees if you will leave him alone, will pull worms out of your front lawn and eat bugs out of your garden if you will give him a chance. And at three o'clock, in the summertime, he will sing you the most enlivening and heartiest and happiest song of all that shall come in at your window—a song brimful of confidence in living, of fitness and success and certitude and happiness.

There is nothing better in all the world than the morning song of the robin. And nothing is saucier than his jerking quirks as he goes a-worming in your dooryard. In every way Mister Robin is worth watching and worth having. I often wonder why we sportsmen do not pay more attention to things we do not wish to kill, or ought not to wish to kill. As a matter of fact, no out-of-door amusement will better repay a busy man than the study of the birds that live around him.

A very nice thing, if you have a home where birds can come, is to put out a swimming pool for them. It ought not to be set at the level of the ground, for that makes it only a stalking place for cats. A pedestal, cat-proof, is best.

Another good bet for your home is a little feeding house, with open sides, set on a pedestal close to your dining-room window at about the height of your window ledge. In this way you can find yourself within a few feet of the feeding birds and study them close at hand. Of course, such a feeding place is not so apt to be patronized in the summer as in the autumn. Then you will find chickadees, nuthatches, blue jays and robins, all sorts of birds, which will come to eat your odds and ends of bread crust, suet and scraps. The blue jay will come until late in the fall and sometimes will remain almost all winter; and sometimes the robins will tarry quite a while before they take their Southern flight. They will find your box if they are caught by some early snowfall in the autumn, or by some late storm that catches them after they have come North in the spring.

Of course, your most numerous customers will be the English sparrows, and they will drive away other birds quite often, although they usually do not molest a heavyweight such as the robin. I have never killed an English sparrow in my life, and would not allow a boy to shoot one on my lawn. They are here—let them take their own chances in life. It was a mistake to bring them here, but probably Nature will work it out sometime in her own way. Although the sparrow is something of a nuisance in your feed box, he makes things lively, at least. But best of all is to see a fat robin eating his breakfast almost within arm's length of you while you are eating yours.

There seems to be no end to the distribution of the robin. I have seen him within one hundred miles of the Arctic Ocean, on the most northerly pass of the Rockies. I saw a robin sitting on her nest at Fort McMurray, on the Athabasca River. Of course, in the Southern States during the winter season they are unspeakably numerous. Mister Redbreast is the most familiar of our American birds and today he is coming back, glory be! I hope we shall never molest him again, no matter how old or how young. He is a good investment just as he is.

Did you ever really watch a robin finding worms? They say he will eat his weight in worms any day—that includes cutworms and other destructive ones. He has, however, an especial fondness for earthworms, and one of his most select hunting grounds is your close-mown lawn just after you have given it a sprinkling. Then is when the worms come up to promenade.

Once out in Yellowstone Park, on a little well-watered lawn no larger than fifty feet square or so, I had a fine chance to study the robin's system of finding worms. Try it out for yourself some day if you see him at that business on your lawn.

When Robin Goes A-worming

The robin will hop along the grass, jerking his head up once in a while to see if any cat is coming. All at once you will see him straighten out, his head and neck extended parallel with the ground, his head perhaps a little on one side. Apparently he is listening. I am sure that is what he does. His ears must distinguish the movement of the worm just beneath the surface of the earth. Sometimes you will see the robin standing, motionless as a dog on a point, for some moments. All at once you then will see him thrust his head forward and down—he rarely misses. When his head comes up he will have on the end of his bill a worm, perhaps so deeply imbedded in the ground that he has to brace back on his feet and pull quite hard to clear it. You rarely will see him make a false break. He practically always knows where his worm is and he practically always gets him. I have counted ten, twelve, fifteen robins on that one little lawn, all of them hunting worms and all of them catching them—the young ones more clumsily, less surely.

In the springtime, when the robins are nesting, Mister Robin has to catch worms for the whole family—worms or bugs or insects. He is coming and going all the time, the meal ticket for his family. He has to go downtown for business and he has to keep up his day's work. He divides with his family, like any other good provider. You will find him working early and late. He has to hustle, because there is nothing in the world that eats so much for its size as a young robin.

The most fearless of our birds, the robin quite confidently will build his nest under the eaves of the porch rather than in a tree. Several times I have seen such nests and had an opportunity to watch the birds through a window close at hand. One instance was in the trout country of Wisconsin, where a robin had built a nest right in front of our cottage door under the porch eaves. The mother bird sat very quietly, her bright black eyes always fixed on the door and window. She seemed rather a shy specimen. We never could open the door without scaring her from the nest; but directly the intruder was gone, back she came.

The best time I ever had in watching a robin family was last summer in a chalet far up in the Rocky Mountains. This house had a great stone fireplace whose chimney ran up outside close to the front door. There was a shoulder in the chimney outside the house about ten feet up. Here, within a few feet of the door, a pair of robins had built their nest. They must have been very well-to-do robins, for they built largely, elaborately. At the time we moved into the chalet, July fifth, the nest was occupied by both birds. The male regularly brought food to his wife, who stayed at home and did the housework. The birds were not wild but rather cautious. If the screen door slammed the nest was vacated like a flash. Usually the birds would fly only a few yards and alight in a rather bare sentinel tree close by.

A Plucky Mother

We never did climb up to look into the nest, so I don't know how many eggs there were originally. But finally three chicks hatched. Alas, they were hatched as orphans! Mother Robin, Widow Robin, had been left alone to bear her family and rear her family without the aid of her partner. So now a queer little, quaint little drama went on; a sort of tragedy it was, in which every member of our family became interested. Not one of us, but all of us, began to study Widow Robin.

I cannot tell just when the male robin was killed. The women of our household, usually accurate circumstantially, said that Widow Robin was left alone for fully two weeks before she had hatched her family. I presume that was about correct.

We never knew what killed the male robin. Perhaps it was the cat that was always prowling about the place in spite of all we could do to drive it away. I abominate cats above all other vermin, detest them and their character, and think they have no place in organized society. But here was the cat none the less, and I suppose it caught the master of the little robin household. And here was Mother Robin, widowed before her children were born, left to make her gallant fight all alone. Well, I am ready to say she stuck to her job in carrying her weight in the boat of life. She did her very best to make good, and she did make good. I don't know that I ever admired any man or woman more than I did that bird. Of course, you have to get into the lives of creatures this way, as we did, before you have any such feeling. This bird was right under our eyes all the time.

There was a boy who lived near by, the owner of a .22 rifle. We could hear the bullets pinging all over the place sometimes, and we prayed lest this might be an additional danger to our widow. Well, he couldn't have been worse than I was when I was a boy, but he seemed pretty bad to me. All we could do was to pray daily that the cat and the boy would not kill our widow. We had come to love her, and to admire her also.

There never was a harder place for a robin to make a fight. This was up in the mountains, eighty-eight hundred feet, in a dry country, with nothing but sand and rocks—not a place for a worm within a quarter of a mile. Along the near-by mountain stream there was a little meadow, but whether there were worms there I don't know. We never saw the male bird bring in an angleworm all the time we watched him. He would have in his beak millers, moths, bugs, beetles or grasshoppers—we could not always tell what. But his favorite game of hunting angleworms could not

(Continued on Page 52)

The Coach

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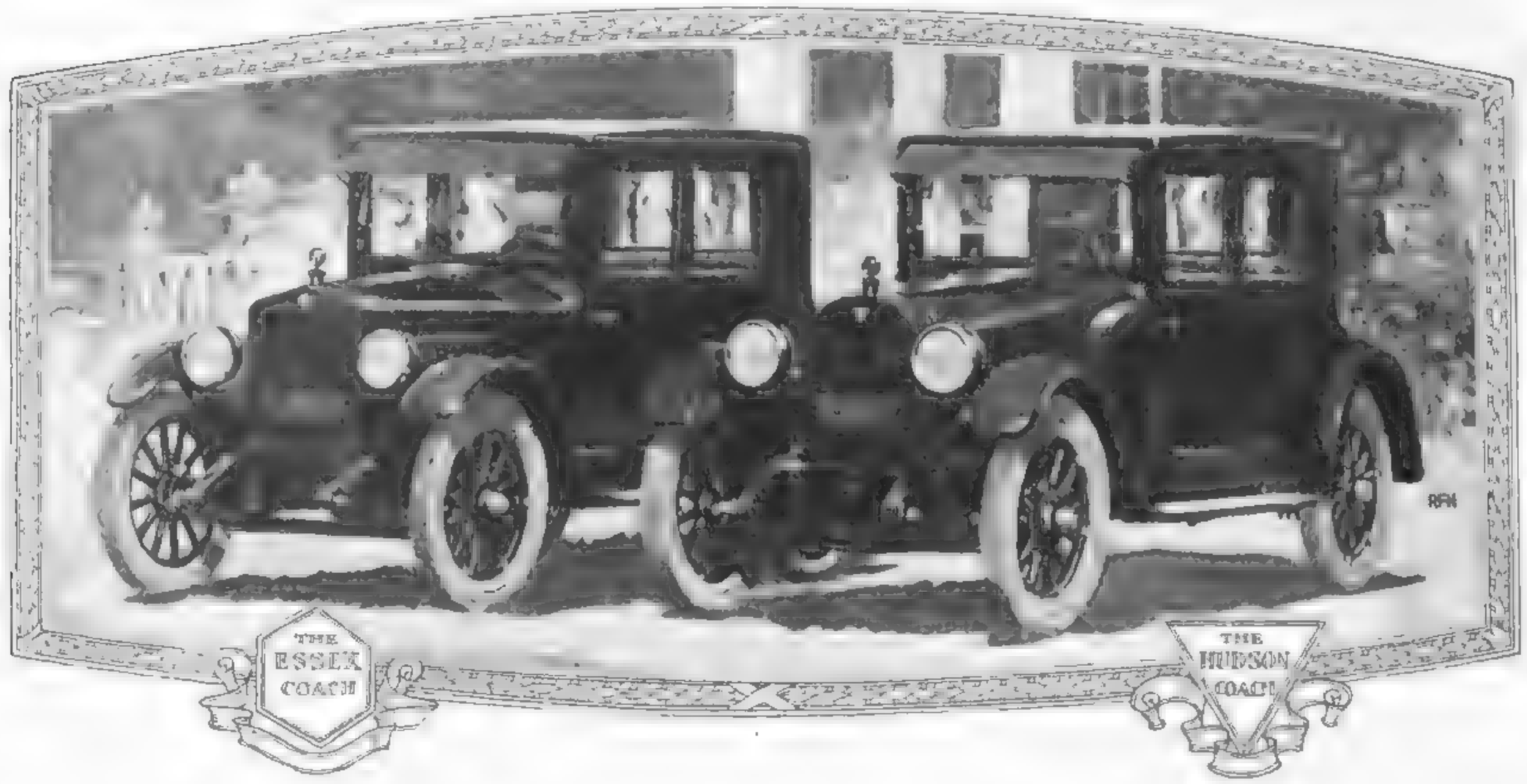

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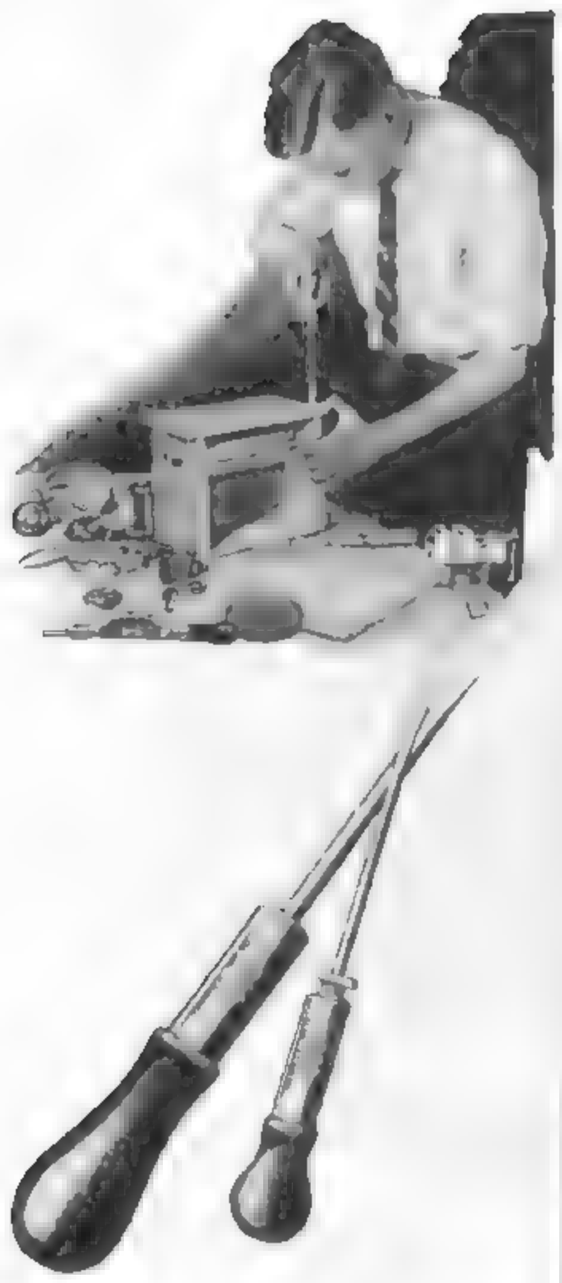

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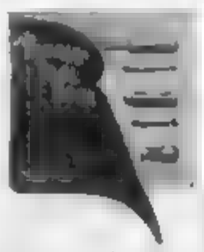


North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 50)

be played here in this high, dry country. He would have needed a steel beak.

While he was alive Old Man Robin was very game and gay. He would start singing every morning before daylight, as proud as you please, boasting of his wife and family just like the rest of us. He had not chosen the best place in the world to make a living, but he would not admit it. Business was not good, but he did not holler. He would brag about his fine new house on the ledge; maybe a better house than he really could afford; but he didn't let on, any more than you or I.

And then, as might happen to you or me, he was taken away before his time. And there was Widow Robin and her unborn family. What was she going to do?

I think she had that all figured out in her mind before we actually realized that she was a widow. Sometimes now the nest was left vacant, and close observation would show that it was the mother bird and not the father that was flying in with food in her beak, after the young were hatched, or coming in without food previous to that time. As soon as we had realized that she was left alone we ceased using the front entryway of our house and came and went via the kitchen door, so as to give Widow Robin a better chance to win her fight.

By and by we saw that she had won. Three little yellow beaks stuck up out of the nest. Mother Robin was busy now for fair! She was coming and going all the time, with millers or moths—never a worm—for her little folks. They would stick up their mouths, wide open, right in the middle of the nest, for they had not yet moved over to the edge.

Now we all said we certainly would kill any cat that came around. Happily, nothing of that sort occurred; but we were on pins and needles for days and days. The chicks began to grow—began to grow amazingly, astonishingly fast.

We began to see that one chick was almost as big as both the others. I don't know why this was; don't know whether it is often the case. But that one of the three got a great start over his nest mates. And now we began to worry over another thing. How were they going to get down out of the nest? What would protect them against cats and boys if they did get down? The cat knew as well as we did that they were there. She used to come around and check up every once in a while.

The mother bird never lost her vigilance. She was always on the job. Often I rose as early as four in the morning and slyly opened the Dutch half-door to look up at the nest; but she always had gone and was sitting on her sentinel tree, watching, all atremble, to see whether anything was going to happen to her family. We had to bar that door altogether. She did not sing now. It was the male that had been making the beautiful morning song.

The lady of our household, a close observer, says that the robin sat for three weeks before the little ones were hatched, and that it was just one day over two weeks before the little birds left the nest.

But could they fly? Would their wings hold up their fat bodies? Did they dare risk it? Would she push them out of the nest? Would the cat get them when they struck the ground? Believe me, these were mighty questions for us all.

Of course, we did not know just when to expect the young folks to break their home ties. It happened all of a sudden. One morning in the cool twilight I heard the excited chirping of Mother Robin on her tree out in front of our porch.

I slipped to the door. Something was moving in the little evergreen tree just at the edge of the porch floor. There, about a foot from the ground, was one of the young birds, hopping about rather clumsily. Prey for the cat he would now have been, but luckily the cat was not there. Perhaps that was what his mother was trying to explain to him. I don't know how the bird got down from the nest—don't know whether he struck on the top of the little evergreen tree or not. But there he was. I stepped back from the door so that I might not interfere with the day's work of the robin family.

We went about our own breakfast and the earlier duties of the day. It so chanced that none of us saw any of the young birds actually fly down from the nest. But they must have done so, because pretty soon we saw a second bird in the same little evergreen, whereas Bird Number One, coaxed by his mother, had managed to get some distance from the porch and very much higher up, on another tree.

The big chick was the last to get down. All that time his mother was talking turkey to him from her perch on the tree and telling him to make it snappy. He seems to have lacked nerve—would wait for someone to help him. Perhaps the widow threatened to cut off his supplies if he didn't take a chance. Now, at last, Fatty, as we called him, got his nerve and started to come down to the ground—we never did know just how. He landed flat on the ground and not in the little evergreen tree, as nearly as we could tell.

All this time there had been no mistaking the sharp, admonitory note in the widow's voice. Now she changed into a slower and lower sort of clucking. We could hear her for some time talking to her children. Obviously now she was making plans for the future.

"Edith," I think she said to one of them, "you are good looking and ought to have a chance. Beware of Hollywood, but keep your eyes open for a tall dark man with money. As for you, Danny, we are poor. I guess you will have to take on a mail route before you can go to school like other boys. But don't you mind; a good many have started that way. And you, John Henry Robin, as near as I can see, you are cut out for a managerial position. You may get into the United States Senate yet; I don't know. Go on, now. The best time for grasshoppers is while they are still stiff with the dew. One is born every minute. Go, dear children, see that you get yours."

Well, the old lady had put it over!

I suppose, from the upper end of the Rockies down to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there are going on uncounted thousands and hundreds of thousands of just such little dramas as this one. It is only that we don't happen to study these things. They are there if we care to look for them. There is one thing I feel to be quite sure—no man or no boy who ever saw a little story like this actually develop under his close observation ever could kill another robin.

I would not say that I am wiser or better than anybody else; probably I am not much different. Certainly I am not rich. But if a man should pile up in front of me money enough to leave me comfortable all the rest of my life, on condition that I should kill one more robin, I don't believe that I could do it.

BIGGER AND BETTER

(Continued from Page 13)

"Hot dog!" said Izzy, no longer able to repress his genuflection of joy; and tears were in his eyes.

II

MONARCHS have sat on their thrones, great generals have conquered kingdoms and gaunt scientists have wrested from stubborn Nature her most priceless secrets with less elation than Isidor Iskovitch had when he took possession of Cell Fourteen on Directors' Row and surveyed the goods and chattels of his domain; namely, one tattered grass mat, one splintered old wall desk, one trick swivel chair that tilted sidewise at the merest provocation; two other chairs, one kitchen and one wicker, both falling apart; one window through which daylight could be seen when the window was open; one door, and one brand-new white cardboard sign, Isidor Iskovitch, Supervisor—this last gleaming bravely in the angle frame outside the aforesaid door. Not much, these appurtances, but enough; enough to fill the soul of the youthful potential magnate with almost heart-bursting exultation; for this was his first office!

"Come in!" he called, in a voice two tones deeper than his usual cheerful speaking pitch; and straightening his trick chair, he sat up rigidly and turned absorbed attention to the well-thumbed copy of Body and Soul, which was the only business yet cluttering his desk; but as the door opened and he looked up with an abstracted frown Supervisor Isidor Iskovitch suddenly disappeared, and in his stead was merely Izzy, a boy who sprang forward with eager enthusiasm as a slender girl in delicate gray came in, her blue eyes wide with excitement.

They shook hands and laughed, and shook hands again most emotionally, these two; for their friendship had begun two years ago, when Izzy, braving the winter chill in four dollars' worth of patched clothes, was looking for a job, and Prudence Joy, pale from an overdiet of crackers and tea, was looking for a job. The potential magnate had picked her for a potential star, and when he landed a place for himself he had landed one for her, at 10 per cent commission; and now she was known to press and public alike as the grandest little weeper on the American screen able to turn down parts if she didn't like 'em. And as for Supervisor Isidor Iskovitch—well ——

"You know, Prue, I always said I'd be a great producer some day. Hot dog! I'm on my way!"

"Hot dog!" echoed a chirpy young voice from the doorstep. "When your elevator goes up, Mr. Iskovitch, take me along."

"Gosh, I almost mislaid you, Honey!" laughed Prue, turning to the roly-poly young person. The girl out there had dimples and a semisnub nose and dancing big eyes, stood with her legs spraddled and her hands in her jacket pockets. "Come in and be introduced to the world's future greatest motion-picture king. Izzy, this is my pal, Honey Dew."

"I like your little friend, Prue," decided Honey, striding in and laying a chubby warm hand in Izzy's.

"I think he's cute. How about a part for me, cutey?"

Disregarding the "cutey," Supervisor Iskovitch inspected her as critically as a man buying a horse, though in spite of his professional aloofness he could not resist an answering gleam to the dance in her eyes.

"What's your picture experience?"

"Rough! Have a sample!"

Nonchalantly she pitched headforemost out of the window, landing on her palms and turning a quick flip-flap to her feet, her skirts following in a graceful curve without revealing an inch more of her plump calves than if she had been walking.

"How much?" asked Izzy of Prue, a crisp line of concentration between his dark brown eyes.

"Seventy-five. She gets more for her stunts in comedies and serials, but she wants to go into straight work. I think the kid will be a hit, Izzy."

"She's in," decided the supervisor promptly. "There's a tomboy sister in Body and Soul that she'll eat up!"

"Say, you're walking fast!" And Prue surveyed him admiringly. "Can you decide like that, without consulting your director?"

"I ain't picked my director yet," returned Izzy with ineffable satisfaction, and involuntarily his thumbs went to the armholes of his vest. "I'm supervisor, and, believe me, Body and Soul's gonna be supervised! Come on; Mr. Schusshel's got your contract ready, Prue, and I want to get you signed. When a man's got money tied up in something he don't often change his mind, and I ain't takin' chances even on a cinch."

A fine morning's work. He had a lead with a name and a following, and a stunt player who would make a hit in any exhibitor's projection room. They were just starting out, when the light darkened, and there stepped in a majestically impressive man whose assurance was so perfect that he seemed to be well-dressed in spite of his threadbare clothes, his cracked shoes, his frayed collar and cuffs, and his rusty hat; and he clicked his heels together as he bowed from the hips.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where I shall find Mr. Isidor Iskovitch?" inquired the stranger, with the exquisite modulations of a widely practiced linguist.

Izzy straightened and stiffened, inspired to self-assertive pomp by the stranger's importance.

"I am Mr. Iskovitch."

Prudence, suppressing a giggle, wigwagged to Izzy that she would run up to see Mr. Schusshel, and slipped outside.

"I am Herrman Greenwald," announced the stranger simply, as if the name alone were sufficient; and if he felt any surprise at finding this stripling to be supervisor of

(Continued on Page 54)

Her Jewett Special—"*a dream to drive*"

Nimble—Dependable—Smooth—Complete

AWAY she goes—care free and confident—in her Jewett Special. She says it's "a dream to drive"—so simple she "didn't have to learn how." Never has she stalled the motor nor jerked the car—so smooth the Paige-type clutch. Never has her Jewett failed to do her bidding—so certain its performance.

Up 'most any hill on high—without rushing—thanks to Jewett's 50-horsepower motor. Around corners in traffic at 2 miles an hour—never a thought of changing gears. Out of congestion in a jiffy. From 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds. (Try it with any other car.) Jewett is nimble, quick on its feet, obedient.

You'll never worry over your loved ones in a Jewett, because Jewett is Paige built. Paige-Timken axles front and rear. Paige-built motor. Paige-type clutch and transmission. Jewett is the only moderate size car built by a maker of high-grade cars. Thousands of families are enjoying the confidence this brings.

Women are always comfortable in the Jewett. It is heavy enough to ride smoothly over all roads—200 pounds heavier than any car in its class—cradled on extra long springs. Seat cushions are soft; body positions just right. Upholstery is hand-crushed Spanish leather, of special colors to match the car.

Men point with pride to Jewett's motor, with its high-pressure, hollow crank-shaft oiling system—like the big Paige. It sends 2 gallons of oil a minute through all main and connecting-rod bearings. Makes smooth, quiet operation; assures long life and small upkeep.

Jewett Special is complete. Nickel spring bumpers front and rear. Nickel-plated radiator and motometer. All nickel, barrel-type headlights and side lamps. Extra cord tire, tube, rim and cover, mounted at side. Trunk rack and trunk. Body guard rails. Automatic stop-light. Automatic windshield wiper. Rear vision mirror. Metal sunshade.

Jewett Special is truly—"a dream to drive." Let "her" decide at the near-by Jewett dealer's salesroom after a demonstration. You'll find no equal to Jewett Special 'round $1200.

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

(291)

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Watch This Column

We have made "The Gumps"

Good news for you. We have put "The Gumps" in picture—Andy and Min, and all their friends—not in cartoon, mind you, but in person and in a regular moving-picture comedy. And they are so true to Sid Smith's original creations that both you and Sid will marvel at them.

* * *

When Andy and Min first appeared in make-up at our studio in Universal City, they dazed the inhabitants, and every actor, actress, director and employee stared at them in amazement, then burst into laughter and followed them right on to the stage. Can you imagine FAY TINCHER as Min? You never heard of the chap who plays Andy, but you will never lose sight of him hereafter.

CARL LAEMMLE

By the way, how would you like us to make "IVANHOE," Sir Walter Scott's immortal legend? Our course will depend a lot on what you think of the idea. Is it too ancient, do you think? Would it lend itself to a picture of beauty and charm? Write me a letter and give me your views. I am deeply interested in getting your opinion on all moving-picture topics and possibilities.

* * *

Don't overlook "The Merry-Go-Round" when it comes to your town. MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY are two of the stars. Rupert Julian directed it, and has accomplished a masterstroke. This is one of the most delightful love-stories we ever made, and it is full of action, thrills and wonderful acting.

* * *

Watch next week's advertisement for one of the greatest wild animal pictures ever filmed H. A. Snow's "HUNTING BIG GAME IN AFRICA WITH GUN AND CAMERA."

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 52)

the M. P. C.'s most ambitious production he betrayed no trace of it. Drawing up a chair, he waited politely for Izzy to seat himself, which Izzy did; then Herrman Greenwald sat. "I came to direct your picture Body and Soul, if you will permit me, Mr. Iskovitch. I am the actor-director of Budapest, and I hope you have viewed some of my pictures. Three of them have been exhibited in this country—The Doom of Doctor Dankmar, The Leopard's Tooth, and While Siva Sleeps, although the titles were changed by your distributors to The Burning Kiss, Soft Lips, and Passion's Penalty."

The future magnate repressed violently and firmly any outward trace of his startled interest. He had seen two of the pictures; cheaply made and cheaply distributed things, but sensational hits, probably, if money had been spent in their production.

"Yes, I think I seen a couple of the films. I think I remember they was pretty good. How long you been over?"

"Two months; two months in the outside offices of studios." No change in the man's perfectly controlled expression, no change in the perfectly controlled voice; but there was in him such raging resentment that Izzy felt it, and had an intangible chill warning. Then Greenwald smiled wryly. "I should have waited until they came for me to Budapest."

"Oh, well," Izzy philosophically comforted him, "you'll get a job if you hang on long enough, and then you can show what you can do. How much money you want?"

"I do not particularly care," returned Greenwald; then he bent forward impressively and fixed the boy with a round, bulging blue eye that had all the fascination of a snake's. He was rather a smallish man, with thick, full lips and a round head, with no indentation whatsoever at the back of his neck; a head that ran straight down his spine from his cowlick; and he had a voice of the mellowest tones Izzy had ever heard. "All I ask is a chance, Mr. Iskovitch; just one chance at command of a production with enough money to expend on it to pr-r-revent it from appearing so cheap as we had always to make them in Budapest."

"There'll be plenty o' money," stated Izzy, with pleasant complacency, "and you bet you every nickel of it goes to make the picture not look cheap. I'm gonna supervise Body and Soul, Mr. Greenwald, and believe me it's gonna be supervised!"

The merest of glazes filmed for an infinitesimal fraction of a second the basilisk eye of Mr. Greenwald; then he bent forward again, pink with his ardor.

"I have starved for such a chance as this, Mr. Iskovitch; me, Herrman Greenwald, have starved! I shall-I be your slave of gratitude for the balance of my life if you will secure for me this opportunity; and I shall-I produce for you a masterpiece like America has never seen!" Thus launched, he plunged into such an extolment of himself and of his work, both as an actor and director, and did it so mesmerically, that Izzy, in spite of his troubled reservation, had an impulse to grasp him by the hand and implore him, with tears in his eyes, to name his own price for directing Body and Soul; but Izzy did not do this. Instead, he looked at his watch and said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Greenwald, I got some business. If you want to wait here, I'll be back."

In Mr. Schusshel's office he found David patting the hand of Prudence Joy in fatherly fashion, for the Old Man had an especial benevolence for pretty young girls; and in the hand he patted was a contract. Without apology, Izzy broke up the soothing scene and hustled his radiant leading lady outside.

"Say, Mr. Schusshel, who do you think I got penned up in my office? I got a foreign director! Now looky! He ain't got no sales value yet, because his pictures that came to this country was made so cheap; but he's a swell actor and his directing's full of them foreign effects. And here's what I been thinking: The Excelsior's made such a big publicity on their foreign pictures that if we say we imported a great foreign director for Body and Soul we get more sales value maybe than if we have one of these big directors that's made a couple a hits and a lot of flops. And say, if you don't let on like you like 'im, we can get 'im cheap, because his shoe soles is flappin'."

"They're usually bums when their shoe soles flap," considered Schusshel, speaking out of the experience of years. "When it comes to a director that's going to spend a quarter of a million dollars of my money, he's got to have more than a kid's enthusiasm to make me turn him loose at it."

"Sure!" agreed Izzy with a return of his troubled feeling about the great foreign director. "He's a funny bird, and I can't quite make out what's the matter with him, if there is; but I bet you my life he's a comer, only maybe he's got to be watched."

"Well," grinned David, "that's your business. You're supervisor, you know. Bring him up; but you keep out of it, because I can stay cold."

Izzy surveyed his employer earnestly.

"I bet you been a sucker more times in your life than I'll ever be," he decided; but the Old Man laughed as he went out of the door.

Prudence was waiting for him in the hall, and as they swung back across the lot in search of Honey, a tall, well-rounded young woman saw them from the window of Steinberg's office.

"There's Prudence Joy with Izzy," she said, distinct acid in her tone.

"Well, what of it?" asked Jake sulkily.

He was leaning against his desk and breaking the burned matches in his ash tray, one by one, as he glowered at this beautiful young woman by the window. She was dressed to the latest wrinkle and made up in all the latest fads of the profession, high-arched brows plucked and transplanted to the proper shape, greenish-purple pallor on the eyelids, the thinnest of red lips and the hardest of black eyes. There was a glitter in these as she repeated:

"What of it? They'll be signing her up next for the lead in the big picture."

"Hell's bells!" growled Jake. "The director hasn't been selected yet."

"Now's the time to nail it! What's the matter with you? Don't you want me to get this part?"

"What's the matter with you?" retorted Jake, his readiness in repartee rising from the fact that he'd been quarreling in this way with Ethel Siren from the day she came to him as a cute little extra. "Ever since you began to play leads in the Excelsior and the Pinnacle pictures you said you wouldn't work on the M. P. C. lot. We're too cheap for you."

"This is different. It's a bigger and better picture, and they're going to spend a quarter of a million on it. It will be ballyhooed like a convention of circus bands, and I want that lead. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you all right! If you want the part, then go to Izzy and ask him for it. It's his picture, and I'm out of it."

"You poor simp!" And she turned on him with withering contempt. "Are you the G. M. around here, or not?"

"I don't know!" yelled Steinberg. "Shut up!"

III

IF THERE was one thing that impressed David Schusshel more than any other thing, it was the polish and bearing of any high-born fellow countryman; for in the old country little Davy had been of the poorest of the poor, who had to hop off the sidewalk in a hurry when one of Herrman Greenwald's ilk came clanking by. Add to this the heart-warming name of Budapest. Ah, Budapest! Keenly David Schusshel remembered himself as a barefooted ragamuffin, skirting in awe the hill whereon frowned the great sprawling Greenwald castle; and in Budapest the splendor of God was taken for granted, but the splendor of the Greenwalds was visible. Lo, here today sat the once lowly Davy in the golden seat, with one of the high-born Greenwald progeny begging for a job! Ah, ah! Add to this the dear mother tongue, its musical syllables rolling from the lips of a master linguist.

Add to this the glib persuasiveness and the basilisk eye and the obvious genius of the great Greenwald of Budapest, and it is small wonder that David Schusshel emerged from the trance of his thirty-minute conversation with Herrman, the magician, to find a fountain pen in his hand and him signing a contract.

Advantageous enough for the M. P. C., that contract, and shrewdly termed; for though it gave Greenwald unhampered control of the picture Body and Soul, with permission to act in it any part he might choose for himself, it bound him rigidly to the expenditure of a maximum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gave him but a modest salary and gave the Magnificent Pictures Corporation an option on his services for the next three years. Even as David wrote, Greenwald was telling him, almost with tears in his eyes, of how grateful he was for this chance, and how he would ever hold Mr. Schusshel as his dearest friend and benefactor. Wiping away the moisture of his emotion, he departed from the room, contract in pocket, and stalked down to Number Fourteen in Directors' Row with such lofty triumph in his bearing that Izzy guessed the truth immediately.

"You got yourself sold to 'im!"

"Yes," admitted Greenwald, looking about Cell Fourteen with fastidious hatred.

"Good!" The young supervisor grabbed and shook an unresponsive hand. "Now looky, Mr. Greenwald, you just sit here and I'll give you right away some ideas I got about the picture."

Greenwald turned on Izzy that basilisk eye that had given him the chill in the first place, only now it was chillier.

"It will not be necessary. I do not wish to have my own ideas confused, nor my inspirations misled. Isidor, first of all, I wish you to secure me some offices which shall be harmonious with who I am. And, oh, yes, be so good, please, to run up to the cashier's office and get me a hundred dollars. Mr. Schusshel said he would arrange for me to have an advance." Suddenly the voice of Herrman Greenwald rose in a madly passionate outburst: "Dumb-head! Why do you stand staring at me? Will you do as you are told, or must I ——"

With one hand he threw open the door and with the other he thrust his astonished supervisor out on the step. Then the door slammed shut.

For a moment Izzy stood as one in a stupor. This thing that had come on him was more than he could comprehend. It was the first check to his upward career, and the brutality of it, to say nothing of the ingratitude, paralyzed him. A loose brick lay on the path. He picked it up and started toward the open window with variously assorted wild intentions surging in his brain; but he was one of those rare creatures with whom a fixed objective is more important than any bypath, no matter how impelling; and when he reached the window he controlled his voice as best he might from the tremolo of his suppressed passion; and, shaking the brick at the great Greenwald, said:

"You dirty bum! If I don't get even with you, if it takes ten years, may I never make a nickel in the business!"

Sick and sore at heart, he went straight up to see Schusshel; but David was gone for the day, and sitting in the private office of the boss, the boy gave himself up to a choking bitterness that he was glad no one could see.

In the private office of Jake Steinberg, the great director from Budapest held a long and intimate conversation with the dark-visaged general manager, who had seen the handwriting on the wall.

IV

THE next morning, in the biggest hotel in the city, David Schusshel sat happily entertaining at breakfast his high-born friend from Budapest, and was propounded the following deep problem:

"Mr. Schusshel, what is the most interesting thing in the world?"

Easy! Any motion-picture man could have answered that with his eyes shut and his hands tied behind him.

"Sex!"

"Then what is the safest thing to put into your expensive picture, so that you shall-I be certain to receive back your money?"

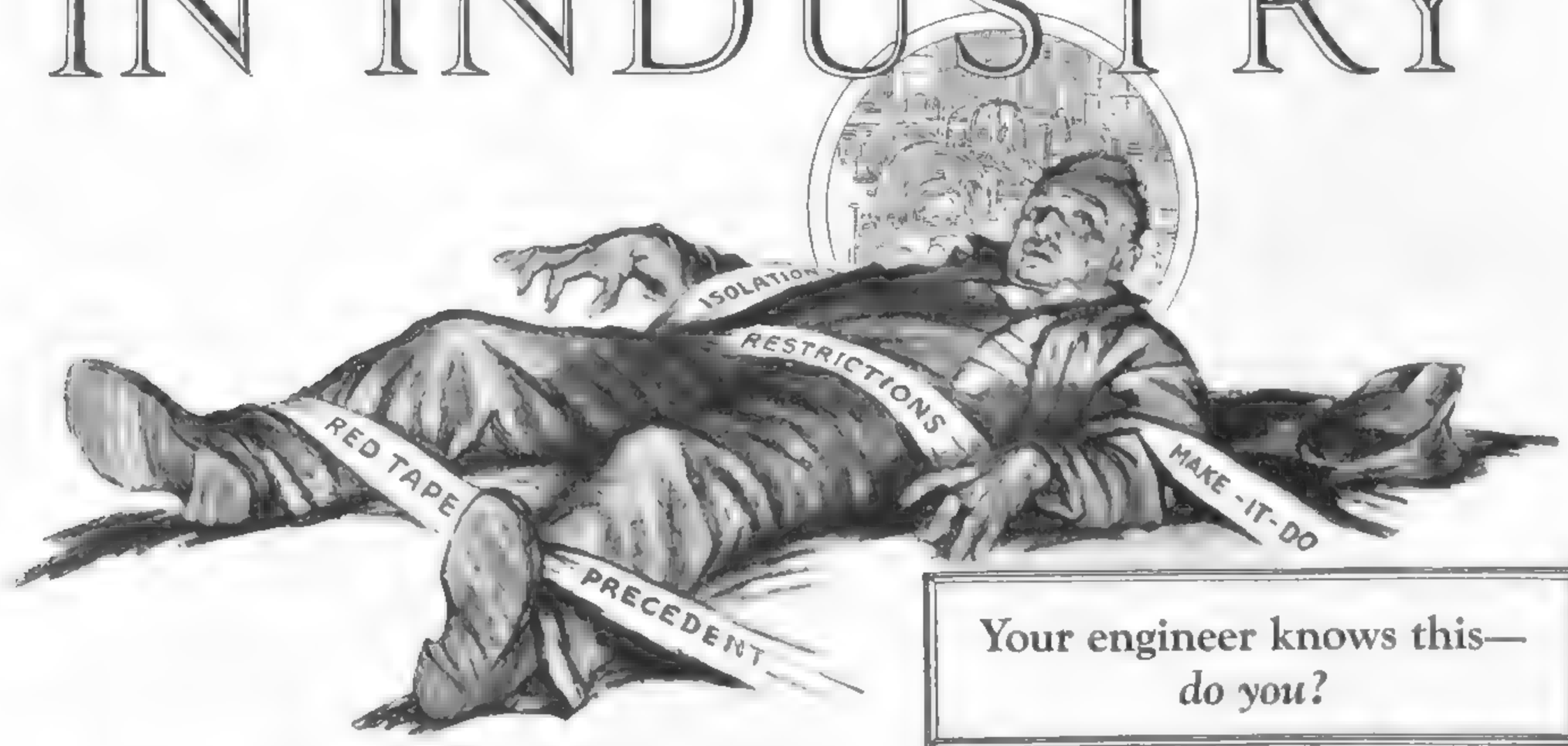
Twice as easy! Mr. Schusshel even poured coffee as he spoke for all his brethren of the craft.

"Sex!"

"Then why waste a quarter of a million dollars on a story such as Body and Soul, which has only the amount of sex to be found in the mating of a pair of canary birds? Let me tell you a story of my own, Mr. Schusshel, to illustrate my meaning."

Thereupon he proceeded to set forth a scenario that for suggestive indecency would have turned the stomach of a caterpillar; but old David Schusshel never batted an eyelash. He was a clean and wholesome-minded person, but the ethical side of him had no part in this conversation. All he heard, sentence by sentence and paragraph by paragraph, was sales value. *(Continued on Page 56)*

TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



Is this your Engineer?

YOU know, as all of us do, that many engine rooms are haunted by the Past, that sometimes the engineer is tied down by prejudice and his problems under-estimated or even entirely misunderstood.

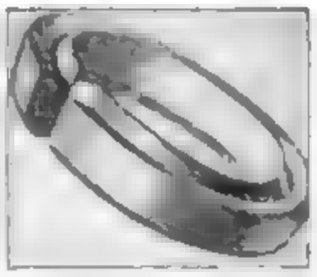
So it is a fair and well-meaning question to ask any industrial executive—"Is there a trace of this condition in your plant?" It is fair and well meaning because, if the answer is "yes," it is costing the business money. The saving of this money depends on a hundred and one seemingly small factors in plant maintenance—packings, boiler and furnace treatment, pipe insulation—the very things that you buy now but perhaps buy through habit and perhaps at great waste.

There are many examples of improved maintenance that Johns-Manville can point to and that the engineer is the first to appreciate because these economies have been developed by other engineers. The kind of thing that can be done is shown in the panel on the right. Read for example the idea behind the Johns-Manville Sea Ring or read about recent improvements in insulation. All of these things, added together, constitute a Johns-Manville service that extends from fire-box to fly-wheel, and saves power, fuel, wear and tear, to an extent that most busy executives often fail to appreciate.

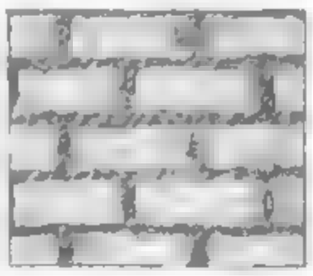
Working with you and your engineer, a Johns-Manville specialist can decrease costs and thus enable you to secure broader margins—hitherto only thought possible by increased prices or increased sales or the broader strategy of business.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Power Plant Materials

Your engineer knows this—*do you?*



Friction can be almost eliminated** in **packing rods and plungers. The Johns-Manville Sea Ring has revolutionized stuffing box packing. It is no longer necessary to choke the rod to make the stuffing box leak-tight. Sea Rings pack only when they ought to—and then just enough to prevent leakage—with the minimum of friction. The Sea Ring is typical of the scientific care behind all Johns-Manville Packing design.



Shut-downs from fire-box troubles can often be avoided. The burial of a burnt-out fire-box lining is a costly ceremony. Johns-Manville Refractory Cement and Heat Treatment provide leak-proof baffles, a sound fire-box and tightly sealed outer walls. Johns-Manville Heat Treatment has made new records in plant efficiency—not only in fuel savings but actually in reducing the frequency of shut-downs.

An efficient steam trap saves far more than fuel. Power is expensive by the time it gets into your steam lines. For in addition to the costs of fuel are the charges of firing, oiling, overhead, etc. The importance of an efficient trap cannot be over-estimated. The superiority of the Johns-Manville Steam Trap rests in its simplicity—three parts, that's all. It cannot get out of order.

This insulation holds two records. It is hard to choose between two insulations of the same efficiency. But the choice is easy when you know that one of them will last longer and hence is more economical. Johns-Manville Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation stands first on both counts. It is greater in efficiency and it is much longer lived because of its strong laminated felted construction

The keystone on the right is the Johns-Manville trade mark. It symbolizes a large group of products and processes ever ready to serve Industry in the battle against power wastes.

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Our Book tells how to make your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. How to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hardwood. Includes color card, gives covering capacities, etc. Illustrated in color.

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CITY & STATE

(Continued from Page 54)

"It sounds like a knock-out, but how about the censorship?"

"Your censorship? Hah!" returned Greenwald with a laugh and a snap of his fingers.

"I have kept posted on your censorship from the beginning to now, every decision and every elimination, and it is an infantile institution resulting only in the restrictions that any artist should have to make his work clever. If you will leave it to me, Mr. Schusshel, I will make you a masterpiece, but one that will pass all the rules of all the censors."

"It's got to end up in a big moral lesson." On this point the successful American producer was imperative, and that started constructive discussion which was the beginning of the end.

It was nearly noon when the boss and the brilliant Budapest director drove out to the lot, still full of inspiration; but in his private office Schusshel found an element disturbing to his serenity. Izzy was waiting, pale-faced, gaunt-eyed and quivering.

"Looky here, Mr. Schusshel, I got to know one thing right away: Do I or don't I supervise Body and Soul?"

Schusshel bent on him a sympathetic eye.

"Of course you supervise Body and Soul, Izzy. I promised you, didn't I? But not yet. First, Mr. Greenwald produces his own bigger and better, and I can't spend the money for two bigger and betters."

Izzy stared at him numbly, with a sharp down-tugging at his mouth, which began, for the first time, to destroy that boyish upcurve at the points of his lips; and what hardening was in Izzy, the man, dated its beginning from this hour. Personal affection and sympathetic warmth were always to be in his business, but never as factors to be trusted. David Schusshel had thrown him down!

"Well," said Izzy with a mighty gulp, "business is business, and you gotta use your own judgment. I would."

v

DAVID SCHUSSHEL, flirting youthfully with fresh hope, went back to New York. Pandemonium took his place as head of the M. P. C., put on her dancing pumps, and, according to custom, broke loose. Jake Steinberg, vaulting back into his own saddle vindictively, sold Ethel Siren to Greenwald for the lead, fired Prudence Joy, contract or no contract—she could sue if she thought it would pay her to be blacklisted—sent a certain lowly lobbygow down to remove the nice new sign from Cell Fourteen, shut his eyes to the gory shambles that ensued when the high-born Budapest director attacked the low-born Schusshel's hoarded iron men, and let Nature take her course!

The great Herrman Greenwald, given carte blanche with a limit, took carte blanche without a limit; and, as a starter, began to erect, on the biggest open acreage he could find on the lot, a towering replica of New York's Central Park Plaza. Bang! The deed was done that should send a shiver of ecstasy up and down the spinal column of the entire motion-picture colony of the Pacific Coast, and from San Diego to San Francisco they came flocking as to a Mecca. Then Greenwald, throwing to the winds every sordid consideration that could interfere with his art, cast the best who came, giving out imposing salary contracts, as he was empowered to do, without any other O. K. than his own; and there seemed no horizon to his glorious universe.

The thrill and tingle of these big things in the doing permeated pleasurably to the New York office, where David Schusshel read the publicity with constantly growing pride. The Magnificent Pictures Corporation was getting on the map, and when David passed Sam Block's table at Delmonico's he grinned with a triumphant air that he was pleased to think gnawed into Sam's soul. But one day when he returned from lunch he found on his desk a telegram from Isidor Iskovitch:

"You better come quick. Don't say anything, but just come."

David's complacency dropped from him like a plump, benevolent mask, and care hopped on his face and carked. He took the first train for Los Angeles.

On the way from the station Izzy, sick with worry, told him all; and the Old Man though yellowing and withering at first, regained his blood by the time they reached the lot. He was known as a holy terror when he got his Budapest up, and his cheek muscles were quivering as he said, "You go right down on the set and get Greenwald, and don't tell him what I want him for."

In the big main stage countless lights blazed ruthlessly on a vast scene of dazzling splendor, gleaming on fair flesh and gold-leaf and everything; so many watts of light that, when the great Herrman Greenwald kicked them on, all the other sets had to stop working. Beneath and amid this reckless wattage three hundred extravagantly clad society ladies and gentlemen were indulging in a mad, mad orgy under the fervid direction of the gifted Budapestian.

"Say, Mr. Greenwald," yelled Izzy, breaking through the cordon of devoted flunkies with which the great director always kept his sacred person surrounded, "Mr. Schusshel's here! He wants to see you in his private office! Right away."

Greenwald turned his basilisk eye on Izzy, and the gleam in it was cold.

"I cannot leave now. I would lose my inspiration. Tell Mr. Schusshel it will be necessary for him to wait."

The boy stared at him aghast.

"But Mr. Schusshel said right away!"

"Get out of my set, dumb-head! Get out or I'll kick you out, you little pest! Heinrich! Johann! Throw this boy off the set, and if he comes back I don't care what you do! Get him out! Get him out!"

Izzy decided not to wait, but ran back to Schusshel with an accurate report of what had happened. The compression in Schusshel's cheeks deepened, and the yellow eyes glinted like topaz.

"You know I told you to watch out for this bird," Izzy intensely reminded him. "You know I said he was crazy. You know I told you you better not take him like you did. You know I said you'd be better off if you'd let me O.K. the cost sheets. You know this ain't what I meant when I ——"

"Get Steinberg here, and stay out while he's in," interrupted Schusshel curtly. "I got a fortune pouring out of the bunghole, and I got no time to listen to anything that won't help."

"It'll help next time, won't it?" snapped the boy as he started for the door. "If you'd give me the job as production-cost boss ——"

"Will you hurry up?" But Izzy stopped with his hand on the knob.

"I tell you this: If I don't get it I quit!"

With this parting shot he brought Steinberg, and listened with a troubled brow while the wordy battle went on in there. Both men were angry, both were strained to the breaking point, both had their voices pitched high. It ended by Schusshel threatening to discharge Steinberg; and by Steinberg, in the doorway and loud enough for all in the hall to hear, threatening to quit. This was only a part of the frenzy that had settled on all the lot since Pandemonium had followed Herrman Greenwald there to roost; and the radio of gossip snapped and crackled and sizzed.

A half hour passed; an hour; an hour and a half. Izzy could hear the little man inside the private office pacing irritably up and down. He was afraid to go in, but he was suffering intensely for the old fellow, whom he liked in spite of the flop Schusshel had given him.

At last Greenwald came, suave, polished, self-possessed and smiling. He even clicked his heels and bowed courteously to Izzy as that flunky opened the door.

"So you've come, you loafer!" shrieked Schusshel as the high-born director walked in. "I'll give you just one hour to get off my property!"

"But Mr. Schusshel ——" began Greenwald in his deeply melodious tones.

"I know what you're gonna say!" yelled Schusshel. "Your contract! You ain't got any contract, you bum! You broke it the minute you took on obligations that would go over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

"It is very true," assented Greenwald agreeably. "The contract shall-I have to be amended before I proceed with the work. And also, Mr. Schusshel, I wish to tell you now that I think you are very ungrateful to me for my having had the daring to force you into what shall-I be the most sensationally successful production ever exhibited on a screen."

At this point he lapsed into the gurgling modulations of the mother tongue, and as he proceeded with his rotund speech his voice lowered by imperceptible degrees, though it kept on and on. Presently Schusshel's voice was heard, in the mother tongue, but it was something lower than before; then Greenwald, then Schusshel. A continuous alternating mumbling. An hour slipped by. The hall was packed with the quiveringly curious, and then

And then David Schusshel and Herrman Greenwald walked out, each smoking a freshly lighted cigar; and the quiveringly curious opening a swift obsequious lane for them, they passed into the lot and across to the projection room, chatting amiably about foreign productions versus American.

They remained there until mid-afternoon, viewing some thousands of feet of beautifully photographed film—in every scene of which that great actor Herrman Greenwald was a conspicuous figure. Crazy as a fox, Herrman Greenwald! Fire him and get another director, and throw away all that expensive negative? Hah!

"Well, Izzy, I got to make up my mind to it," confessed the boss when he returned to his office. "The picture is going to cost me half a million dollars; but it's going to be worth it."

"Yes, maybe," agreed Izzy. "But looky, Mr. Schusshel, it's the waste that's makin' me sick at my stomach. He pays twenty-five hundred dollars a day for extras that loaf around the lot while he shoots close-ups. And that Plaza set, that's gonna cost maybe two hundred thousand dollars before it's done, is all foolishness. People are used to seeing them news-reel locations and it won't look like you spent the money—so it's wasted; and you will never pick out any of the principals in the long shots, so you could get a cameraman in New York for twenty-five dollars to get you all the long shots you could use. Then for the close shots we could build doorways and corners. If you'd let me O.K. the cost sheets on this I could 'a' got you the same picture for a hundred and fifty thousand less, maybe more than that less."

"There's one thing you got to learn about the pictures, Izzy: That what sells 'em is sales value, and 80 per cent of the sales values is outside of the picture itself. That Plaza set is getting us more publicity than we ever had on any dozen pictures, because it's so extravagant. Then that interior! Greenwald's an artist. That's the most beautiful set I ever saw in a studio! I'm proud of it! And you ought to see that banquet scene. The exhibitors and the public will eat that up! It's sex that gets them, Izzy. Sex is the most popular thing we got to sell!"

"I seen it," growled Izzy. "I don't call that sex. It's just dirt. It made me sick. And there's thirty thousand feet of it—twenty-nine thousand feet wasted! Say, Mr. Schusshel, when I got your experience, if I'm ever sucker enough to let the oiliest-tongued man in the world spend my money without I see his full-production plans, and got somebody I can trust to stop 'im, I hope I go broke the way you're gonna go broke if you don't fix it to hold 'im in. Mr. Schusshel, I was gonna ask you to let me be production-cost boss of the rest of this picture, but it's no use. He's got you hooked again. You wouldn't give me the job, so I resign."

"No, you don't, Izzy," smiled the Old Man, and his voice was full of affection.

"Yes, I do. I learned all I can with my legs. If I'm goin' on up, like I am, I gotta take on some responsibility where I get experience. Say, Mr. Schusshel, I been thinkin'. How much will you take for that story Body and Soul?"

The Old Man's eyes narrowed immediately. He had meant to argue the boy out of his resignation, but that could wait.

"Body and Soul's a great novel," he declared. "It's by Ornsby Curtis, and he's made a hit in the pictures. You can't hardly buy one of his stories now."

"This is a old one," declared Izzy, his own eyes narrowing. "It would be a repose, anyhow. You made it once before, under another title. And if you want a high price I got nothing more to say. I wouldn't pay big money for it. I could get plenty of stories just as good, only I happen to like this one."

"What do you want to do with it?" asked Schusshel.

"I want to show you what I mean by bigger and better pictures."

"You mean you want to make a picture with my money?" inquired Schusshel sharply. "And me spending a half of a million dollars now, and losing money besides every day we operate?"

(Continued on Page 58)

THE LAST TWO PACKAGES

"I'll try a dozen," the merchant says, "to see how they go."

He gives the product a good shelf, where his customers may see it. But no one asks for it, because no one hears of it. Nothing is done to make its name known, or its quality appreciated.

To save his investment the merchant urges the goods on his customers. By painful persistence, as week drags on week, he sells the first ten packages. But the last two hang on. Month after month they stay there on the shelf, boarders who pay no board.

In disgust the merchant dumps them on a table and sells them at a loss. His capital, his selling effort and his shelf room have been wasted—for the last two packages are the ones that hold his profit. . . .

The manufacturer of that article has lost a customer; his goods have lost an outlet. And every other manufacturer whose representative tries to sell the merchant an unknown product will find him a harder and a more reluctant listener.

For if the merchant is alert and enterprising, he is not long in learning that half the success of selling lies in the goods he buys. He is not long in learning that the most profitable way to invest his capital, his selling effort and his shelf room, is in merchandise that makes its own welcome in the public mind.

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(Continued from Page 56)

"No," returned Izzy, a frown of intense concentration on his brow. "I got a little money. I been getting profits on A Neighbor's Wife, you know, for the past year; and I know where I can always borrow some, and all I want you to do is put the right kind of a price on Body and Soul and put it into my company for an investment, pro rata, according to the total cost of the finished picture."

David Schusshel looked at the boy with a renewed interest and much kindliness.

"Five thousand dollars."

"I wouldn't give it."

"How much then?"

"Twenty-five hundred."

Schusshel opened his mouth and closed it again; then he chuckled.

"All right. Will you make the picture on this lot?"

"Sure!" The potential magnate hesitated. He had for some time entertained ideas about utilizing the waste of the great Greenwald, but he decided that he had probably better not start a discussion on that just now. "Well, I guess we make out a contract."

"All right," agreed the boss, his eyes twinkling. "But, my boy, you'll kind o' keep an eye on things around here for me, anyhow, won't you?"

"Sure!" And they shook hands on it most heartily.

Accoutered with his contract, the incipient producer streaked it straight for Greenwald's set, where congregated daily, and in thrilled throngs, all the idle on the lot; and here he found Benny Williams, with his hands in his pockets, loafing behind one of the cameras as near as he could without interference.

"Who you workin' with, Benny?"

"I'm in between," returned Benny without looking around. He was squinting critically over the top of Ralston's camera. If he were shooting this scene, he'd set up about two feet farther to the right and frame on the corner of the grand staircase. Benny was an assistant camera man who had been waiting two years for a chance to be the works on a real picture.

"You was tellin' me once about a lot of new lighting tricks and photographing schemes you'd worked out for yourself and wouldn't use until you could put 'em in a picture where you'd get your name on the film."

"I got some stuff that'd make Michelangelo look like a comic-supplement artist," asserted Benny confidently. "What's the big idea? Got a job for me some place?"

"Well, maybe. I'm gonna make a production myself, on the lot; but I ain't got money enough, I guess."

"Pleasant weather," observed Benny, with an instant change of expression, and whistled to an imaginary passing bird. "Of money, I have everything but. I just spent my last quarter for pie."

"You got me wrong. I don't want a cent. I wouldn't take it. But what I want to know is, could you shoot a picture without any salary?"

"Not! Of course, Izzy, if I were sure I'd get the salary sometime ——"

"You ain't. If you come in with me on this picture, you'll own as much share in it as your salary amounts to in proportion to the cost."

"What's it? A program thing?"

"No, it's a special. It's a bigger and better. Schusshel's in on it. He took a interest."

"Oh, he did!" And the world was different. Benny turned his back on society and Ralston's camera. "That makes it a cinch you'll sell your picture. When do we start?"

"Right away, as soon as I get my cast together. You're signed up." And they shook hands on it most heartily.

Izzy went away happy. He had watched the work of wiry Benny Williams and believed him to be a comer. Also, he was a cheerful go-getter—up on cliffs, down in ravines, anywhere. Prudence Joy was a sales-value name, and she'd come in, sure! Honey Dew was a Class-A stunt player, and would snap up his production every time she stepped in front of the lens.

"Hello, Izzy! What's the good word?" It was Jim Graves, one of the best polished heavies in the business.

"I'm gonna produce a picture, Mr. Graves; coöperative, you know. The actors don't get any salary except that they own a share of the picture equal to what their salary amounts to in proportion to the cost of the whole production."

"Yes, I've been in those, my boy, and I'm waiting yet." Whereon Graves smiled around at the purple-hazed mountains that encircle Hollywood.

"I didn't ask you to come in, did I?" grinned Izzy. "I can't afford anybody in my cast, Mr. Graves, that'll refuse to come on the set early, or work overtime or nights or Sundays, or that scraps with me or my director or anything like that; and you got the reputation of a crab!"

"Izzy," returned Graves solemnly, "I have never been a bad boy on a set unless I was abused or insulted or driven, or otherwise irritated. What kind of a picture is it?"

"A bigger and better. Mr. Schusshel's got a share in it."

"Good night! That settles it! If my name comes up to Schusshel he'll throw a fit."

"Mr. Schusshel ain't casting this picture. I'm the boss. Say, there's a swell heavy in Body and Soul."

"Where's the script?"

"Well"—and Izzy hesitated—"there ain't any yet. There ain't gonna be any till we get our big stuff done."

"Come again," said Graves, puzzled.

"Well, you see it's this way, Mr. Graves: I'm only gonna have four members of the cast to start—leading lady, juvenile, heavy and a stunt sister. We're all gonna read the book, so we got a general idea, and then we're gonna loaf around the lot and grab off a mob scene whenever we can frame a good one, and you four members of the cast will mix in it and do some dramatics that'll fit with the book. Then when I got enough big stuff we'll look at it and make a continuity to patch in between; then I'll pay salaries for a director and the rest of the cast, and shoot it."

"Glory be! This is the only intelligent scheme I ever heard of for making a real bigger and better picture. You make it bigger first, and then you make it better. Izzy, I'm hired. I'm coming along just to be in a Schusshel picture and spite the dear old boy. And I think I can swing a big-hit juvenile to you. What do you say about Dennis Doone? He has a sense of humor."

"Glory be!" exulted Izzy, and they signed up by shaking hands on it.

VI

THE method of Isidor Iskovitch in producing Body and Soul is recommended to all those interested in the betterment of pictures, to say nothing of those interested in the biggerment of pictures; for if inspiration is the soul of Art, then Art, indeed, hovered over the Iskovitch troupe, though at times she may have laughed.

They were six, that devoted band—Izzy, Benny Williams, Prudence Joy, Honey Dew, Jim Graves and Dennis Doone, the juvenile, a wholesome, good-natured boy who was a hit in pictures because he couldn't act and screened like exactly what he was. They walked on the lot, made up for action, hilariously happy in not knowing whither they were bound or why, but trusting serenely to luck.

At noontime two stalwart lumber shovers from the M. P. C. planing mill fell into a debate concerning the respective merits of a collie and a bulldog, both absent, and one blow led to another. In thirty seconds there was a crowd of highly pleased fellow workmen around them, and the Body and Soul company came with the suddenness of a fire department.

"Set up the box, Benny!" shouted Izzy. "Honey, you tear through the mob and split out the fight; then, Doone, you rush in to pull her away from it, and if one of those huskies gives you any lip, will you paste 'im, like it's in Page Ninety-four?"

"It depends on which one," grinned Dennis, throwing off his coat to reveal his honest flannel shirt.

"Come on, let's go!" sang out Honey; then with flying hair and screams of terror she plunged into the fray, the agile Benny already cranking away on the roof of the lab; and the combatants were so astounded that they would have spoiled the picture had not Honey quick-wittedly thrown her arms around the bigger husky and called him darling, while Dennis rushed in with a punch that awoke the other fighter to the startling fact that he was playing in a picture. On this the villainous Graves dashed in, and seizing the girl bore her away, she battling and screaming. Benny had to cut just then, for the crowd began to laugh.

"There was three hundred extras in that shot, and they didn't cost a cent!" triumphed Izzy.

That was the introduction of the Body and Soul company to the lot, and from the moment that the big idea was grasped, the Iskovitch troupe was the circus of the place, the comedy relief to Greenwald's tragic waste. They were followed by a happy throng wherever they roved, and everybody was eager to help. Actors from other companies offered their services for bits, and the highest paid character man on the screen gave Izzy three hours as a blind beggar.

Greenwald moved over to his stupendous Plaza set and put a thousand extras on the pay roll, to stay, loafing about for his convenience or whim, until the end of his picture. On the very first morning that those extras went streaming down toward the Plaza set, Dennis Doone, as the handsome young son of toil, appeared suddenly at their head, leading them vigorously on to victory. It was a five-thousand-dollar scene, and Benny was filming it through a hole in a towel-supply wagon, just ahead. At noon, over in front of the courthouse set, Graves made them a speech on the woes and rights of downtrodden extras, and was cheered to the echo. At the picturesque hobo camp, which they informally established in the ravine, Prudence and Honey visited them on welfare work and distributed ten dollars' worth of welcome soup; at the pay-check window Dennis most officiously helped the cashier to keep them in orderly line; and wherever those extras went or whatever they did, when not on Greenwald's time, Sharpshooter Benny's concealed lens hounded them.

Then came the flood. After a week of the hardest rain they had known in this section for many years, the little dry ravine at the back of the lot turned into a raging torrent, spreading high on the banks and carrying away mining camps, Indian tents, hobo shacks and the thatched huts of the South Sea Island, together with riffraff of every description. As the troupe raced feverishly to the ravine on the chance of something that might add to their bigger and better production, a log cabin came bobbing down the center of the stream, and cried Honey:

"There's our thrill, Izzy! Write your story! I'm on my way!"

Waiting only for the swift Benny to set up his camera, she jumped into the flood and swam for the cabin.

"Come on, Dennis!" shouted Graves, jerking on his silk hat. "We'll adapt that scene by the garden gate. See the dinky little rowboat stuck in the branches? You make a rush for it. Just as you start to cast off, I'll sneak from behind this tree and pop at you with a gun. You drop, wounded. Prue, you rush in and bend over Dennis, then I snarl and jump into the boat and take out after Honey. Benny, can you swing the camera to cut and flash between the cabin out there and the near stuff on shore?"

"Leave it to me!" yelled Benny, looking around as he cranked, and his voice squeaked high with excitement; but just then there was an agonized cry from Izzy. The cabin, with Honey clambering up the roof, toppled suddenly over! Honey tried to jump, but her skirts were caught and she was dragged beneath the water. The cabin, upside down, settled into the mud; and Honey did not come up! Dramatics forgotten, Graves and Doone splashed into the water; but as Izzy ran down to plunge in a firm hand caught him by the collar and jerked him back. It was Benny. In another jump he was grinding again.

"You're out!" he ordered. "If Graves and Dennis don't reach her in time she's lost, and if they do you'll spoil the scene. You're not in the cast!"

Just then he discovered Prue on the bank in a hysteria that she would have given worlds to reproduce in such verity on a set, and he got a hundred and twenty feet of her at it.

"She's all right, thank God!" panted Graves, as on the far side of the cabin he found Honey holding her nose above water by a death grip on a loose board; but her fingers were slipping when he encircled her beneath the armpits and raised her.

"Sure—I'm—all right!" she gasped. "But tear my skirt off or—or loose from the nails, and go on with the plot!"

Dennis dived into the mud and tore a chunk out of her skirt. When he came up, Graves didn't wait for him to pound the water out of his ear.

"Honey's going to do that death grip over where Benny can get it, and you take

(Continued on Page 60)

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Every Inch a Garter

(Continued from Page 58)

the rescue. Then I crack you on the bean. Honey's limp. I take her on my shoulder and swim ashore with her. And, Dennis, when I hand you the wallop, fall on that old shutter. There's another shutter for the close-ups. I'll give it an accidental kick and you float off downstream, senseless."

"Towards the waterfall," supplemented Honey with a giggle. "That is, if we can find any waterfall film in stock that will match up with this scene, and that runs muddy water. Hey, Benny, camera!"

"Hot dog!" cried Izzy as he heard her cheery voice. "Hot dog!" And the tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"Say, you Izzy!" The freckle-faced, wild-haired girl from the rental department. "Greenwald has finished his retakes in the big interior and says he's through with it. If you still want it, Higgins says you'll have to come right up, because they're going to strike it in the morning."

"Tell 'im we'll be there quick as the troupe can change its clothes!"

"And tell 'em not to move a light!" yelled Benny. "Hurry up with that action out there, Honey!"

So Izzy rented Greenwald's magnificent interior for half a day at the lowest figures possible, moved in his troupe, kicked on the lights and played a hundred pages out of the book without a break, except to inject such virile drama as the six of them could concoct on the spur of the moment. Some of it was terrible; but some of it was surprisingly good.

They were down now to the big scene in the book where the bloodthirsty mob chased Graves into his mansion and swarmed through it to tear that unmitigated scoundrel limb from limb—and that mob would have to be paid! It couldn't be just grabbed coming or going, or off duty, for nothing, like news-reel stuff. It would have to be hired with real money!

When Greenwald's extras were dismissed for that day, Izzy was waiting for them, and jumping on a camera platform he addressed them in such a speech as only Izzy Iskovitch could make:

"Say! All you people that wants two bits extra cash to take home with you in your pockets, just come up and run through the big set on the main stage. You go through once; there's no rehearsals."

He got eight hundred of them, and they followed him willingly enough up the long mile between the Plaza set and the main stage, because this was on their way out; but after the big scene had been shot, after Dennis and that madly infuriated mob had surged after Graves through Greenwald's enormous glittering interior, coming and coming and coming in endless retribution, like the French Revolution, each black-minded extra lusting for his quarter, they were again addressed by Izzy outside the stage:

"Your money's waitin' for you on the Plaza set. Mr. Graves'll give it to you as soon as you get there."

"Why in hell didn't you say so?" yelled a fat man who hated exercise, and the opinion was generally shared that they were being worked, so they were really in an ugly temper by the time they had traipsed the mile back to the Plaza to get their two bits. There stood Graves at the fountain with his bag of quarters; but when the foremost of the passionate limb-renders were within only a few feet of him, that unmitigated scoundrel suddenly turned and ran back through the door of the mansion, and the oncoming crowd was as vicious a mob as Benny ever cranked. Graves paid them behind the set, and came out of that encounter with only a blackened eye and a bruised jaw. But the cooperative troupe had the mob chasing their heavy, not only through his mansion, but into it!

Greenwald was furious at the trespass on his set; but there was nothing he could do about it, because the stuff was in the can, so he threw a temperamental fit and went home for the day, unable to get inspiration for his work! He was a czar these days. They dared say nothing to the high-born Budapest director, for his picture would be a total loss without the high-born Budapest actor to finish it. He demanded, and got, on threats of quitting, one wildly extravagant set after another, in which he made but a few shots and ordered them struck. He was working without a script and creating as he went, was the inspired artist.

Poor David Schusshel, in New York, was going mad with the raising of money, for the half million had been spent long ago. The whole motion-picture world was at first amused with Schusshel's unbelievable folly in getting himself into this disaster; then they began to be in awe of its monstrous growth. The stupendous expenditures filled the trade journals; then the newspapers believed, and saw, in the unparalleled squandering, actual news. Either a colossal genius or a madman was in charge of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation's illimitable production, and spending like water the money that David Schusshel had been years in acquiring—and then it suddenly became apparent to one and all that the great Herrman Greenwald was the sanest crazy man who ever jerked a hook into the gills of a fish; for he, Herrman Greenwald, was the best advertised person in the picture business! Tons of printers' ink exploited Greenwald, Greenwald, Greenwald! The man was deliberately wasting the fortune of David Schusshel, throwing it away to advertise himself!

Schusshel, bent and broken, dug down for his last available funds, and hampered by his losses in two years of steadily waning business, could produce no more without going to the banks, whose clutches he feared more than he feared bankruptcy; for he had escaped them once in his early days

In the hour of his deepest despair he received a telegram from Izzy Iskovitch:

"You better come quick. Don't say anything, but just come."

VII

THE heart of Izzy was wrung with pity as he gazed into the dulled yellow eyes of the boss.

"I can't go any further with it. It's got me ruined," David brokenly told the boy in the quietness of the private office. He had arrived after dark and many of the offices were deserted. "There ought to be enough in all that film to make some sort of a picture out of it. The reports say he's shot over three hundred thousand feet. Three hundred thousand feet, when the most that was ever used in any picture was sixteen thousand!" And the old man groaned.

"I'm going to stop it and fire Greenwald, and I hope I don't shoot him when I do it. He's crazy!"

"You're gettin' old," said Izzy. "I'll bet when you was my age you wouldn't think he was just crazy, and nothin' behind it. You'd say, 'What's this bum up to?' Then you'd jump in and find out. You want to know what I think? I think he's got some way figured to break his contract."

"Then he is crazy. There isn't a producer in this country would have him!"

"They wouldn't? I would! Why, Mr. Schusshel, he's got a million dollars' worth of publicity that you paid for. I'd sign him up in a minute if I had my big producing business that I'm gonna have some day, and I'd put a production-cost boss over him to O.K. every nickel; and also, as good a actor as he is, I wouldn't let him in front of the camera as a extra; then you could fire him any time and get another director. I'd make that bum work, and he'd make me money! Now, Mr. Schusshel, I'm gonna ask you one thing: How could he break his contract if he wanted to? Who is there, besides you, that could play in with him and could sign any papers that would be legally binding on the M. P. C.?"

The Old Man looked up, startled.

"Steinberg."

"I didn't want to say his name first. But looky! The reason I sent for you is this: Steinberg has been to lunch three times, and dinner twice that I know of, with Sam Block; and the night before I wired you he stayed at Mr. Block's house until after one o'clock A.M.—and Greenwald was with 'em!"

"How do you know they were at Sam Block's house?"

The Old Man stood up, his eyes no longer dull, his cheeks no longer ashen. Sam Block!

"I got scouts out. One of the girls in my company rooms on the street right back of Block's house, and Honey's got eyes like a telescope. She saw 'em through a window of Block's study. They signed some papers, an' Greenwald put his in his long yellow pocketbook that he always carried your contract in. We been tryin' to grab it off ever since, but we can't get close enough to him."

"Get Steinberg in here right away!" shrilled Schusshel, suppressing a roar with difficulty.

"I wouldn't do it," said the potential magnate to the experienced one. "Maybe you throw him out too soon, and if he's done anything it'll stick."

"Fire! Fire!"

A stentorian voice out in the lot, a score of voices, a hundred voices; there was a clangor of bells, the sound of whizzing motors; the place was in an uproar. It was the huge Plaza set!

Izzy rushed out, but old David Schusshel stood dazed under this new blow. It meant the loss of thousands of dollars in rentals after the Greenwald picture should be finished.

Izzy leaped on a salvage car and was whizzed down to the Plaza set at mile-a-minute speed. The flames, starting in one corner of the towering structure, were spreading rapidly; and as Izzy reached the spot the whole west front burst into a blaze. There in the big second-story window stood Honey, wringing her hands and waving dramatically, and shouting to the excitedly gathering crowd below this heroic, despairing speech:

"What's the matter with you huskies? Can't you come a little closer so I can fall on you? Are you cranking, Benny? Come on, let's go!" And just as the flames leaped around her she sprang, Benny cranking away rhythmically.

It was a clumsy catch they made of her, and she slid from their arms to the ground, stunned, her face scorched, the hair on that side singed, a cut at the corner of her mouth; but as the emotional Izzy, sobbing, ran forward and bent over her, she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Kiss me, Izzy, and don't cry. Mother will meet you in heaven."

Gulping, the boy did kiss her, and she flung an arm around his neck to help him do it.

"Back, darling! Turn the spot on me, and tell Benny to set up close and grind! I think I'm dying!"

She insisted that they get the close-up, and as Benny started to spin off the film she closed her eyes and sank back limply. It was a beautiful death, although they'd have to make some changes in the story to fit it.

Greenwald came down to the set in his car, and seeing Benny's camera there, elbowed his way in to the scene furiously.

"Can't you let my set alone, even when it burns up?" he demanded, and wheeled on Izzy with the shriek of his usual temperamental fit. "This is the last I shall-I stand! I shall-I telegraph Mr. Schusshel tonight that I shall-I stop work until you are forbidden to come on the lot!"

Graves interposed.

"This is no time for quarreling, Mr. Greenwald," he said, with a perfectly solemn countenance and equally solemn tones. "This girl jumped from your set, and I think she's dead."

Greenwald looked down at the girl. Honey was motionless, in a position so awkward that no living human being would endure it. He knelt beside her and caught only the glint of glazed, motionless eyes beneath the slightly parted lids. He bent closer, and his coat swung open. A plump white hand with deft adroitness removed the long yellow pocketbook that protruded enticingly from the inside pocket. Greenwald raised Honey's right eyelid. The eye glittered. The lips moved in a very pathetic smile.

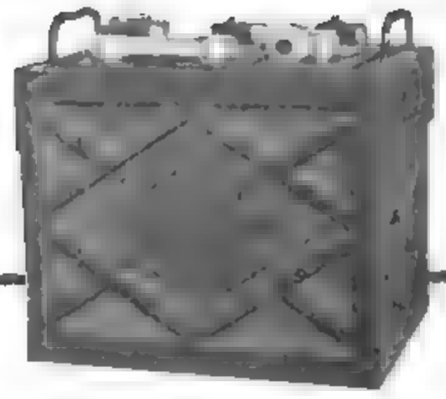
"She is not dead," pronounced Greenwald, rising brusquely. "Somebody send in a call for the ambulance." And going back to his car, he drove away without another glance at the burning Plaza set, now under fair control of the fire department, but ruined.

As Izzy bent again over Honey she slipped the pocketbook from beneath her skirts and into Izzy's hands.

"Them papers, chief," she grinned. "I done my duty to the last." And this time she did faint.

Prue and Dennis Doone took her home, but Izzy had the evidence. Among other papers were the Magnificent Picture Corporation's release of Greenwald from his contract at the conclusion of the picture—this signed by Steinberg—and Steinberg's three-year contract for the services of Greenwald -this latter signed by both, but not dated, the date being left blank for filling in after Steinberg's probable discharge by Schusshel.

(Continued on Page 62)



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Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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(Continued from Page 60)

Pop-eyed with excitement, Izzy ran up to the front building to find Schusshel, but the Old Man was not in his own suite: he was in Steinberg's office, breaking the knob off the little old-fashioned safe with a fire ax! He barely glanced at Izzy's evidence; but the next blow was more passionate and brought the knob. David threw the tumblers with his fingers, opened the inner compartment with a key that was sticking in it, and drew out a handful of papers, including not only Steinberg's dealings with Greenwald but his contract, as agent, with Sam Block for Greenwald's services.

"You damn thief!" yelled Steinberg, rushing in. "What are you doing with my private papers?"

"There ain't any private papers here, Jake," responded Schusshel, a surge of youth in him, for this was like the old days when rival companies used to form bogus combines to get a sight of each other's books. "Any papers in this office is the property of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, and you got no right to 'em, anyhow, you big bum, because you're fired!"

Steinberg made a sudden grab for the papers and jerked them away from the old man; but Izzy, lithe as an eel, was between Jake's legs in an instant, twisting himself around those sturdy members to such effect that Steinberg toppled and, striking his head against the desk, lay still.

"Get them contracts, Izzy, and hide 'em!" ordered Schusshel, without even glancing at the fallen G.M. to see how badly he was hurt, for he was at Steinberg's desk, writing and dating, in long-hand, three copies of the following terse document:

Jake Steinberg: You're fired.

DAVID SCHUSSHEL.

"Witness these three, Izzy, and get somebody else to witness 'em, and stick one in Jake's pocket and send him home, the bum! Then get that other loafer, Greenwald, and bring him into my office right away. If he's gone home, get him out of bed. I stay right here till I talk with that low-down high-born and tell him what's what!" And David Schusshel stalked into his private office.

Greenwald was not at home in bed, however. He had hurried to the back lot to hunt his missing pocketbook, and a score of voices informed him quickly that he was wanted in the front office. He came into the building just as Jake Steinberg groped his way out, and from Jake he got the sad news. In consequence, Herrman Greenwald was his suave and agreeable self when he walked into the innermost office and confronted David Schusshel and his able ally Izzy Iskovitch.

"Here's your pocketbook, Mr. Greenwald," observed old David with oily unction. "Will you look through it and see if there is anything missing?"

Without a change in a muscle of his face, Greenwald glanced through the pocketbook, saw that his contracts with Steinberg were not there, and said politely, "Everything is here, thank you."

"I been looking over our contract, Mr. Greenwald," observed David, "and it says I have an option on your services for three years; and there's a little clause down here that says you don't get any salary between pictures. Did you notice it? Anyhow, if you didn't, you signed it."

"Yes, I am aware of the clause," returned Greenwald, still pleasantly and agreeably.

"How long will it take you to finish this picture, Mr. Greenwald?"

"Three weeks, sir."

"You said three months yesterday," interposed Izzy.

"I am planning to eliminate all unnecessary details, Mr. Iskovitch."

"How much money will it take you to finish?" asked Schusshel.

Greenwald made a rapid calculation, and a fairly accurate one.

"I am sorry, Mr. Schusshel, but it will require a hundred thousand dollars."

David compressed his lips.

"All right; I'll raise the money."

"You will not regret it, Mr. Schusshel," said the great Herrman, and taking a chair near the desk he leaned forward eagerly, his basilisk eye beginning to glow. "It has been a difficult undertaking; but as it nears completion I am able to promise you the most magnificent picture ever put together, with more elements of appeal than ——"

"You're a liar, Mr. Greenwald," interrupted Schusshel dryly. "I got to tell the public it's what you say it is. But you and me knows it's a h-r-r-r-rotten flop in advance, for I got reports on every foot. And as long as I live I'll never get my money out of it. But I'll get it out of the rest of 'em you make, believe me, because I'm going to cash in on your advertising, myself. Not Sam Block, y'understand, but me. Me! David Schusshel!"

There was a moderate silence following this, and then the Budapest director, feeling that the interview was about over, rose with his exquisite polish, and in his well-modulated voice inquired, "Shall I expect to be idle very long between pictures, Mr. Schusshel?"

"Not a minute, if you finish up this picture like you said, in three weeks, for a hundred thousand dollars. You're going to make pictures quick, Mr. Greenwald; you're going to make them cheap and you're going to make them the way we say; and you're not going to act in them; and they're not going to be bigger and better pictures, either. They're going to be littler and worse!" He paused to observe the effect of this on his fellow countryman and was gratified by a moderate wince. "And say, Greenwald, from tonight on Izzy will O.K. all your production costs. He is going to be production-cost boss for the whole plant."

There was an audible gulp from the surprised boy as the old man beamed on him; then Izzy leaped to his duty.

"And believe me, Greenwald, you don't spend a nickel that don't stand right up on the screen and shine like it was new polished!"

Mr. Herrman Greenwald bowed profoundly from the hips, clicked his heels together and left the room.

Hot dog!

Hail to the mighty public! It sits majestic amidst its masses and controls the world—exactly as a passenger on a railroad train controls his journey. When he has arrived at his destination he may get off. The public had long been told that it was burning for bigger and better pictures. It had even viewed a few of them with some puzzlement as to which was which. Now it was to have two more of them, both made by the process most in vogue in the commerce of the cinematographic art; that is, by carefully selecting a story, as carefully disregarding it, shooting a great many thousands of feet of indiscriminate scenes which it has been proved that the public admires, and selecting a few thousand feet of these to bind into some sort of a story much different from the original, for it has long been dimly recognized that a motion picture is somewhat the better for telling a story.

Mr. Schusshel had a private view, on the same day, of these two bigger and better pictures. The first, Director Herrman Greenwald's, was a million-and-a-quarter-dollar monstrosity, which was to go down in the annals of picturedom as the most costly flop ever filmed; and the second, Body and Soul, a coöperative production, made under the supervision of Isidor Iskovitch, was to go up in the annals of picturedom as the most successful picture ever made for the money. As was right. It contained everything that should make a picture good, from the standpoint of the producer, the exhibitor and, lo, the mighty public. It had a thrilling flood scene, a magnificent fire spectacle, impressive mobs, stupendous sets, a popular author, a well-known director, a long roster of famous actors, laughter, hokum, good acting, thrills and heart throbs, together with fine direction and splendid photography. True, the story meant nothing, and wabbled even in that; but its earnest intention and its pep were unmistakable. So what would you?

Out of the darkness of the projection room, at the end of the private view, came the benevolent voice of David Schusshel:

"I'll give a hundred thousand dollars cash for it."

Silence, while the six members of the devoted Iskovitch troupe speculated with satisfaction on their respective shares. They'd have about 200 per cent profit.

But just then the lights flashed on. David Schusshel was wiping his eyes. He had wept copiously three times during the run. Izzy cast one glance at the teardrops still glittering on the old man's cheeks, and said he:

"Not on my life! It'll cost you a hundred and fifty—or we take it to Sam Block!"

"Attaboy!" grinned Old David. "Hot dog!"

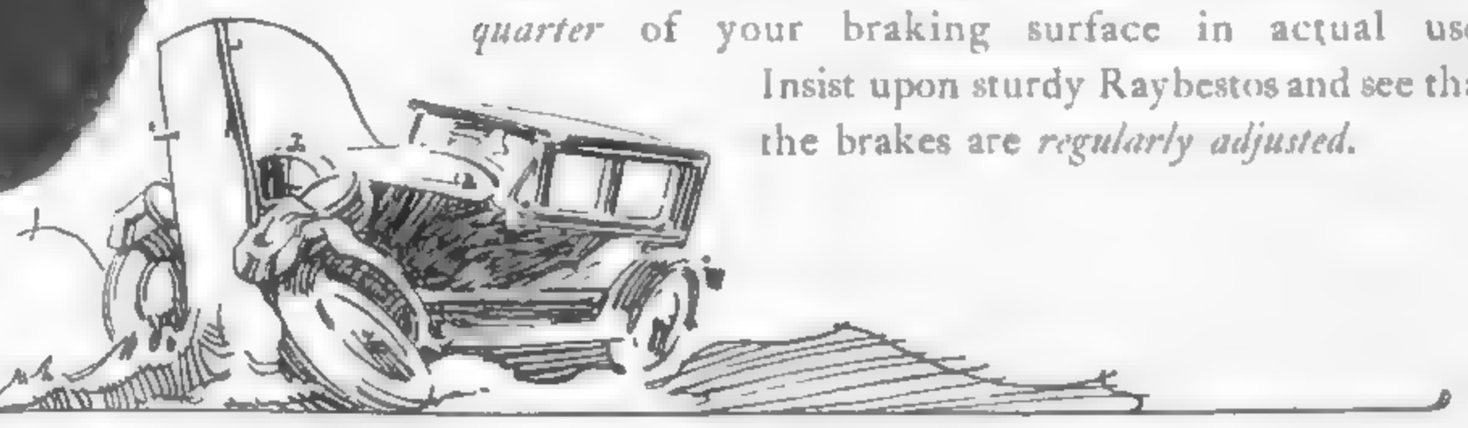
Are you risking life and property on shreds like this?

Here is a piece of brake lining removed after only 1126 miles of service. The ends are worn ragged and thin, while the center retains its original thickness. The trouble? Poor adjustment. Doubtful brake lining.

When the brake pedal is pressed, the band and lining should "wrap" around the brake drum, with equalized pressure. In this case *the ends* did *all* the work. The center scarcely touched the drum. 25% of the braking surface functioned. The rest was lost. A simple adjustment would have made these brakes safe.

Thousands of owners use ordinary brake lining. They seldom have the brakes adjusted. Then wonder why there are so many accidents. Don't drive with only a *quarter* of your braking surface in actual use.

Insist upon sturdy Raybestos and see that the brakes are *regularly adjusted.*



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GENTLEMEN: Please send me, postage prepaid, your booklet "BRAKES—Their Care and Upkeep," which illustrates and describes how to obtain reliable brake service and avoid brake troubles.

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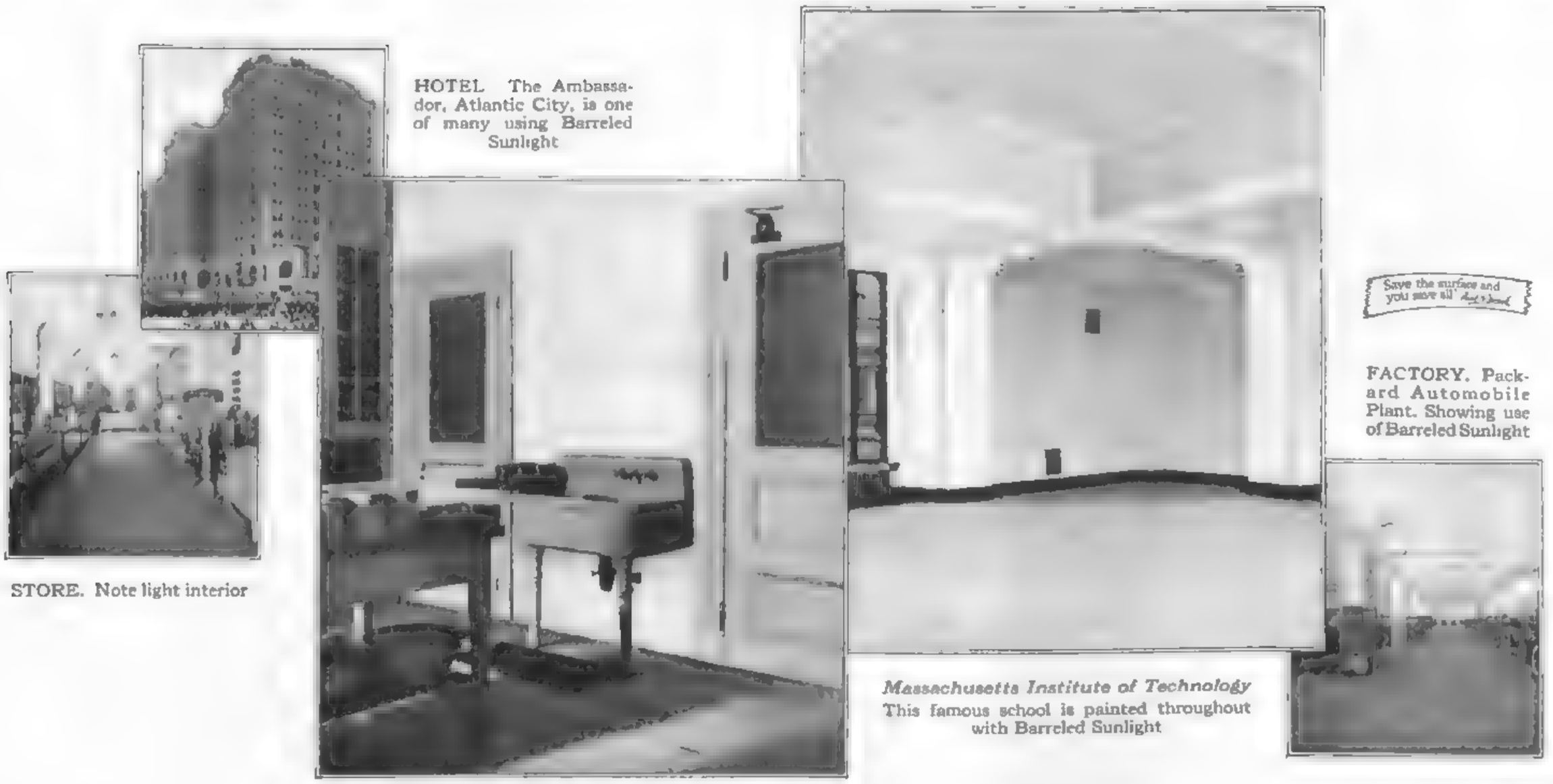

HOTEL The Ambassador, Atlantic City, is one of many using Barreled Sunlight

STORE. Note light interior

HOME. Showing the use of Barreled Sunlight in the kitchen. Walls and woodwork are as washable as tile

Save the surface and you save all

FACTORY. Packard Automobile Plant. Showing use of Barreled Sunlight

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
This famous school is painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight

This astonishing story

is of interest to everyone who buys paint or enamel

"I LIKE the new white paint on the woodwork." a manufacturer said to his wife recently.

"Well, it's practical as well as good-looking—it's so washable I've had the bathroom and kitchen walls painted, too. It's Barreled Sunlight."

"Barreled Sunlight! Why, that's the same paint Smith's ordering for the factory—and he's getting fifty barrels of it!"

Next day Smith was called before the president.

"Yes, it's Barreled Sunlight all right," Smith admitted. "But it's costing us less than any paint job we've ever had done. It spreads easier and farther—and the plant's going to *remain* white this time!"

Now used *everywhere*

The unique qualities of Barreled Sunlight are rapidly making its use universal today.

Barreled Sunlight produces a surface so smooth that it resists the smallest particles of dust and dirt. It can be washed as easily as white tile. It gives a lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet costs less than enamel and requires fewer coats. (One coat is generally sufficient to cover over a previously painted surface.)

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight contains no varnish and is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired it can be readily tinted just the color you want.

Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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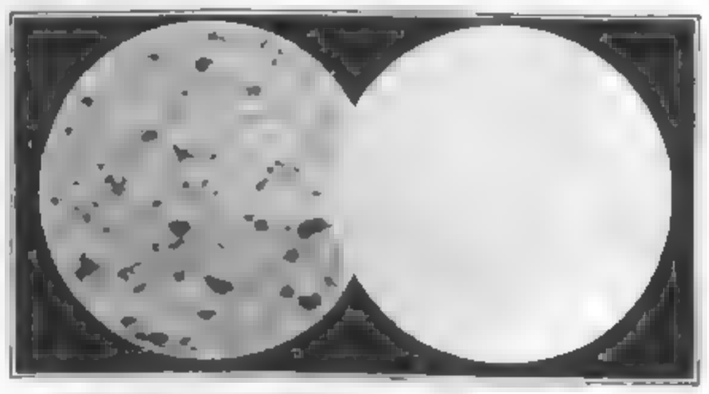

ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each was magnified to the same high degree.

They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight. A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over *any* painted surface.

NORTH OF 36

(Continued from Page 40)

"Well," said Len Hersey philosophically, reaching in a pocket for loose tobacco, "so long's a man has got his spurs he don't need a thousand shirts nohow. I don't see nothing to worry about."

XXXIII

ONE delay after another, one disaster with another, the Del Sol adventurers now were far into their second month on the trail. The summer was approaching, although they had as yet made scarce more than three-quarters of their entire distance to the railroad. Day after day they advanced over a wholly unsettled country that lay for nearly its entire length between the more settled civilized tribes on the east and the buffalo range toward the west. Clinging in their wavering line fairly close to the ninety-eighth meridian, without a guide, watch, calendar or compass, they now had reached a region beautiful as a wilderness, but soon to be seat of a later and undreamed civilization.

They had been in wilderness practically all the way. At that time Austin was little more than a straggling country town. The herd cast dust into the one street of Fort Worth, then boasting not over one hundred inhabitants; and that was the last of the upper Texas towns. But what a line of cities was to follow their path on ninety-eight!

In the Indian Nations they had crossed the Washita, where now stands the thriving town of Chickasha, Oklahoma. El Reno, of Oklahoma, was grassland then, near the ford of the North Fork of the Canadian. Kingfisher was not dreamed of on the trail from the North Fork to the Cimarron; and beyond that the city of Enid was to wait until long after cattle days were gone and the cattle trail had moved itself much farther to the west. Above them they aimed for Caldwell, just across the Kansas line, then but a ragged frontier town. Thence the wagon tongue pointed toward Wichita, when Wichita was hardly more than a furrow in the ground, "a mile long and an inch wide." A railroad was still unforeseen in any of these vicinities in 1867; but railroads soon were to follow, almost in the footsteps of the earliest herd to Abilene. So much, to make understandable the exultation of these men as they discovered for themselves a country, or a succession of countries, absolutely virgin so far as the white man was concerned; a pastoral empire that never has had a parallel.

Whether by accident or design, the location of their northbound path was a lucky or a shrewd one. Scarcely anywhere else would there have been so few Indians to disturb them, nor could their experience easily be repeated. The depredations of the tribesmen, their begging of the drovers, their demands of tribute of all the northbound herds were still in the future, since as yet the Indians had not learned of the northern passing of the white men which was to come in a great wave in the ensuing years. The Del Sol men were pioneers.

How rich, how wildly alluring, this unsullied world which now was all their own to enjoy! Their wild cattle now advanced quite usually in sight of an almost continuous spectacle of wild buffalo, wild horses, wild deer. At times the herd had to be held while a body of buffalo was parted by rifle fire to let them through. There seemed no end to the animal life of the region into which they came. It was all so different from Texas now that they felt themselves strangers in a foreign land.

Their next river was the Cimarron, one more stream heading down from the high, dry buffalo plains of the Panhandle to the sandy reaches and the flat loam lands to the eastward. Making down out of the strip of scrubby timber which they encountered below their crossing, the herdsmen made short work of the Cimarron, which was at so low a stage that the carts were driven through and the cattle did not have to swim at all.

Their start had been approximately at the thirtieth degree of latitude. They had now reached, just above the Cimarron crossing, the parallel of 36, which later represented, as well as any arbitrary delineation, the vague dividing line between the southern and the northern ranges.

Above them now by one degree of latitude lay the south line of Kansas; between, the narrow unsettled and unorganized east-and-west tract so long known as the Cherokee Strip or the Cherokee Outlet. The existence of this strip of land was proof that the greatest range of the buffalo lay yet farther to the west, in the short-grass land; for forty years before this time the Cherokees had fought the Osages to secure an outlet over their land to the buffalo range beyond. But of all these things also the Del Sol men were ignorant or careless. They did not know where they were.

Roll along, little dogies, roll along! You broke one of the greatest paths in all the world! You carried the South into the North! It was you who ended the war!

"Roll along, little dogies, roll along!"

The lazy song of half-somnolent riders, ragged, lean, brown, rose on the afternoon air of one more sunny day after sunny day. By this time the herd had but one more considerable stream, the Salt Fork of the Arkansas, between it and the main stream of the Arkansas. The men now all were studying geography as best they might, for gradually they all had concluded that Texas was far behind them, and that they were in a world they knew not.

"She's shore a perty country, Miss Taisie," said Jim Nabours when they paused for their noonday rest, the first stop north of the Cimarron. "It looks to me like folks could almost live here some day, though I don't see no cows nowheres."

He could not dream that within a few short years there would be cattle under fence in all that country; that long before that time abundant strays would run wild as wild horses; that even then stretched illimitedly the great upper range, wholly undiscovered, soon to be clamoring for cows, to carry on a business which was then an unsuspected thing.

"Come along here, Miss Taisie," he continued, inviting her to take a seat beside him on the grass and spreading down a crumpled sheet of brown paper. It held what cannot be bought today for any money—a more or less precise map of the first old cow trail from Texas north, although only his rude amateur hand had drawn it. The clumsy finger of the trail boss pointed out to his employer their locality as near as he himself could guess it.

"Dan McMasters and me talked this over afore he quit us," he explained. "I've drawed it the best I could, and it's sort of helpful too. Near as I can figure it, we're just about to cross 36 north. My pap told me that 36-30 was where slavery ended and the damn Yankees begun."

"Yes; you mean the Missouri Compromise," nodded Taisie.

"Anyways my pap told me that 36, along in there, was about where cotton wouldn't grow so well nohow, and where the ticks probably would fall offen the cows in the wintertime. The line must come right about here."

"What line?" demanded Len Hersey, who was listening in and who now bent over the rude map curiously. "I kep' a cloat look all the time we've been on the trail, an' so fur from seein' any thirty-six lines atween here and where we-all started, I ain't seen nary line a-tall."

"They ain't marked on the ground, man," replied his leader gently; "it's only on the paper. But what can I expect of a boy raised on squirrel and corn pone, like you was? Yes, sir; 36 is just in and around right here."

He made on this soiled paper a little cross, using a gnawed stub of a pencil which in its time had tallied perhaps a hundred thousand cows.

"There ain't no moss on the trees no more," mused Len. "The grass ain't the same here. My law! did you ever see so many greenhead flies in your borned days as we've had all the way from the Red River north? And as for mosquitoes, Miss Lockhart," he added, "a feller don't darst get his arms out of his blankets at night."

He looked ruefully at his elbows, entirely visible through the sleeves of his only shirt.

"Like enough a man could make some corn up here," mused Jim Nabours, sagely looking around him over the rolling prairie. "He couldn't raise no cows; it'd be too cold. No, nor of course he couldn't raise no cotton. Well, it's a right purty country; but can't never be settled, even if the Osages was gone."

"I wonder how big a place is Aberlene, anyhow," queried the ragged cowhand. "Me, I never seen a railroad. Down at Fort Worth several men been saying there'd be a railroad there sometime. That's all foolishness."

"Shore it is," said Nabours. "Well, we got no railroad here neither. Let's move along."

They were now, although they were not aware of it, to pass up the course of Turkey Creek towards the Salt Fork for two days' march above the Cimarron. When they came to the heads of that stream and of Mulberry Creek, which ran thence southeast—also a stream unknown to any map at that time—they reached a pleasant rolling plain where it seemed as though the entire country was alive with moving game. It was a spectacle which awakened even their blasé souls, used to wild game all their lives.

Northward appeared a vast herd of buffalo, usually a most welcome sight to the plains traveler, but one always dreaded by the drover, who sometimes had to start a road through them at cost of much ammunition. Antelope, wild horses, all the great game of the unfrequented plains were visible also. But all this game was on the move and not feeding peacefully, as naturally it should be. Why was this?

Nabours came back as soon as he sensed the nature of what lay ahead.

"Throw 'em off, boys!" he called hurriedly. "Hold 'em in here and don't go a foot further, or we'll lose every hoof we've got. That country's full of buffalo and everything else, and something has set them going."

Leaving his best men to keep the cattle under control, he took with him two or three men and rode rapidly on ahead. They pulled up at a little eminence.

"Great snakes!" said one of the men. "Just look there!"

The entire country was dotted with scattered black masses of moving buffalo. The numbers seemed endless, uncountable. Something had pushed them east of the more abundant short-grass range far to the westward.

"We'll have to break that up or we'll never get through," said Nabours. "Yet I was thinking this country up here wouldn't feed cows! Just look at the game!"

They could see also band after band of wild horses, magnificent animals with high heads and heavy manes and tails; creatures that never failed to awaken keen enthusiasm among even the most experienced plainsman. Now, also, they were in an elk country, and herds of these creatures trotted off, following the same general drift to the east and south. There was such an immeasurably vast blending of wild life as not any one of these men ever expected to see again.

"Look! Look, men!" called Nabours, who was studying the sight eagerly. "If that ain't cows I'm a liar!"

He was entirely right. Caught in the general drift, there were two or three score of domestic cattle, of no man might tell what origin; no doubt outcasts or strays of some Osage Indian settlement to the east. The sight of these especially caused the blood of the range men to leap.

"Don't tell me this ain't a good country!" exclaimed Nabours. "Them's cows!"

"They've got right funny horns," said Len Hersey critically; and forsooth these cattle, descendants of some Eastern stock, even then lacked the wide horns of the old Texas breed.

"I ain't particular about their horns," remarked Nabours. "They got hide enough to hold the Fishhook brand, and they look like strays to me. Any of 'em comes around here too clost, I ain't going to let his horns stand in the way. We need some more strays.

"But ef once our herd gets in there they'll be strays too. We've got to hold 'em back, boys, and wait till this thing gets by. This is a general movement of the range stuff, plumb out of the country, and if our cows begin to drift with this it'll be worse than anything we've run into yet."

"Hark!" A man threw up his hand. "What's that? Shooting on ahead?"

They sat their horses, uncertain. The sound of rifle fire in their experience was usually a signal of danger.

"Wait! Wait, men!" Nabours in turn raised a hand.

The sound of rifle fire was unmistakable. The heavy reports were borne by the prairie winds across what might be a mile of

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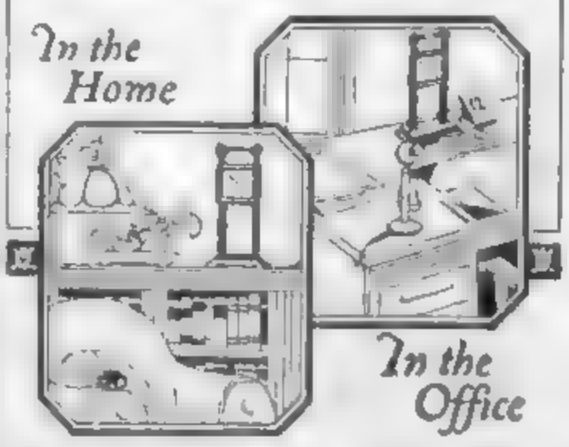

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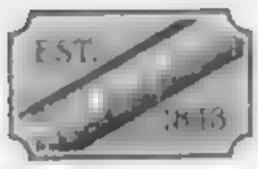

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open space. The detonations were spaced almost mathematically alike.

"That's not Injuns!" exclaimed Jim Nabours. "That's a white man! He's got a stand on a bunch of buffalo; I'll bet a horse that's what it is."

XXXIV

THE reports came steadily—ten, fifteen, twenty. It was easy for the trail men to locate the rifleman. They advanced rapidly in his direction. As they topped a little ridge there lay before them the last scene of one of countless similar tragedies of the Plains then going on all over the country a thousand by fifteen hundred miles in extent

Within the circle of a shallow swale stood a huddled group of black figures of buffalo still on their feet. Among them, around them, over a space no larger than a half acre, lay motionless or struggling two score other dark figures—the bodies of the fallen.

The drovers saw the rifle smoke, two hundred yards from the game. The killer lay concealed back of a wisp of grass which topped a near-by ridge. He lay flat, his heavy rifle supported by two cross sticks, his wiping rod and another hickory wand held together by the fingers of his left hand as a rest for the barrel. His hat was off. His hair tossed, blending with the waving grasses. He never had shown himself at all. Mercilessly, carefully, he placed one shot after another. At each shot a dust spot spurted out on a dark hide. An animal staggered, made a little run; but, shot through the lungs, soon lay down. The survivors smelled at it, made short rushes, returned, stood confused. Each time one of the victims headed out it fell before the white puff of smoke which came from the hidden death engine.

The killer had the range perfectly. He paid no attention to the result of any shot, for he knew that it was fatal. Each heavy bullet tore through the lungs of a buffalo. It would not go far. The ground was black with them already. Some day the bone pickers would rejoice, for here they would find fifty skeletons packed close together.

It was the "stand" of the professional or the expert buffalo hunter. The skin hunters were even then pushing out into the Plains in their unholy calling.

But the skin hunter did not belong to the Indian lands, and no Indian hunted buffalo in this way. The Del Sol men therefore were not sure as to the identity of this man. They rode off to investigate, not showing themselves at first. But at length they did sharpen on the sky line. The staggered remnant of the befuddled animals caught their scent in the air and at last nerved themselves for a saving rush away from this slaughter hole.

When he saw the intruders the rifleman himself drew back to safety. After a short mutual reconnaissance he rose and held up his hand in the sign of peace. The Del Sol men approached in like fashion.

The marksman might now be seen to be a man of anywhere from forty to sixty years of age, wrinkled of face, crowned with stubbly hair. His dark, thick skin showed him to be of mixed blood. His garb was that of the white man, save that he wore no hat. He leaned on his deadly rifle with unconcern and in silence as the trail men approached.

"How, friend!" saluted Nabours.

"How do you do?" replied the other in fair English. "Which way you go?"

"North. We've got a herd of cows, three thousand head, five miles south of here."

"Three thousand head! Ha! You go Ab'lene Caldwell Wich'ta?"

"Yes, if we can ever get through here. I was wondering what had drifted the buffalo."

"I kill 'em few for hides," grinned the half-breed. "My man come pretty soon for skin. My camp over there, maybe so two mile. Where you come from?"

"Caldwell County," answered Nabours. "Our brand is T. L. You're headed south? Are you buffalo hunting?"

"No, got wagon train—Army supplies. Take 'em south from railroad across Nations, for Caddoes, Wichitas, Wacos. I just laying out road for wagons. Army forts got to have supplies."

"Well, the country needs a road all right," commented Nabours. "We started to find what they call the Chisholm Trail. There ain't no such a thing."

"No?" The oldish face wrinkled into a smile. "No find 'em trail? Too bad! You don't know me," he added after a time.

"No, we don't know nobody."

"I'm Jesse Chisholm. My ranch is in Nations, south long way. I bring plenty horses up from Texas. I know your people. I been all across Texas from Palo Pinto to Double Mountain Fork, Buffalo Gap, Estacado; all the time I make trails."

"And you have left one behind you now?"

"Sure! She's easy from here to Caldwell. I got fifty wagon, plenty horse, plenty mule; make ford, sometime make bridge, sometime make raft. I got some wagons for Colonel Griswold. He's going to make big reservation for Kiowas and Comanches. Fort Sill, he'll call 'em."

"So you're Jesse Chisholm?" remarked Jim Nabours after a time. "I didn't know for sure there was no such person. Tell me, is there such a place as Aberlene?"

"Sure! I trail up Arkansas River from east, pass Wichita. I hear Ab'lene up north. Sure!

"All the Injuns know Jesse Chisholm," he continued. "Osage, Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw—I trade 'em horse all through there. I know Shawnee Trail, through Choctaws."

"Then tell us, friend, since you know this country pretty well, how far is it out of the Nations from here?"

"Maybe so fifty-sixty mile. Caldwell, he's on line above Osages. Always grass. So you go Ab'lene?"

Nabours nodded.

"We don't know where it is."

"You come my camp with me. I got a man in my camp, he come from Ab'lene. He come down here to find you people."

"Find us? He never heard of us!"

"I dunno. He say he come south till he meets cows. He show you Ab'lene all right."

"Len, ride back to the men and tell them to hold the herd till I come," said Nabours, turning. "I may be late. I'll go over and see what there is in all this."

Without further speech, the famous half-breed trail maker led them back for a quarter of a mile or so to where he had picketed his horse. Soon they passed another uncommunicative half-breed, driving a wagon team. A few words between him and Chisholm, and the driver passed on to begin his share of the work—skinning the dead buffalo, for their hides alone.

In time they found the wagon encampment, its band of horses and mules hobbled or picketed near by; a pleasant though extraordinary sight in these surroundings. Chisholm led the way to a point a few yards distant from the main camp.

Lying on his saddle blankets under the shade of a scrubby bush, there was a white man—a bearded man of middle age, with clothing not much worn and of distinctly Northern cut. Caught by a severe attack of fever and ague, he now was in a raging fever. But at the sight of these newcomers—who presentiment told him were the very men he sought—he sprang to his feet and held out his hand.

"I knew you'd come!" said he. "I know you are drovers! Where is your herd? I told them I'd find a herd coming up to Abilene this spring. McCoyne's my name."

"Well," said the trail boss, "they call me Jim Nabours. We're people from Caldwell County, Texas—thousand miles south of here for all I know, or anyway six hundred. We're in the T. L.: Fishhook road brand. We was headed for Aberlene."

"That's my town," said the stranger. "And I'll tell you, friend, she is a town! We've got the railroad, and I've got the stockyards built and waiting. Don't let no one talk to you about Baxter Springs; don't you think of stopping at Caldwell or Wichita. Abilene is the only town in Kansas with a railroad and a stockyards and a real market. There's buyers five deep a-waiting for you up there. How many cattle you got?"

"Say three thousand."

"Great Scott! Abilene's made! You're made too!"

"How much did you pay for cows when you started north?" he asked. Nabours was looking at his eyes.

"You ain't so sick!" said he. "Well, we didn't pay nothing for ours. We raised them by hand from calves. How much can a man get for fine fours in your neighborhood?"

"Well, that depends; but all they're worth. Do you want to contract yours as they come, straight fours at ten a head?"

"Ten a head!" said Jim Nabours with well-feigned surprise. "What? Fours like

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66

them? Fat and ready for market? Well, there may be a little she stuff in here and there, but we couldn't help that. Us Texans always figgers one cow's as old and as fat as another."

"As good as any," assented the stranger. "There's millions of acres of range north and west of Abilene, a-weeping and a-wailing for stock cattle. There's milhons of pounds of beef that's got to be raised on Army contracts to feed the reservation Indians. There's all America and all Europe east of here. Market? Why, man, we can take five million cattle, in five years, if you can bring them in! You're the first, and you didn't know it! You didn't even know where Abilene was!"

"We don't yet," replied Nabours; "but we're willing to rock along with you and have you show us."

"I'll be glad to! What d'you say to three cents a pound on the hoof?"

Nabours looked at him with astonishment in his eyes.

"Mister, you talk like them cows was sugar or coffee. I never did hear of ary man selling a cow that way. No man can tell how much a cow weighs by looking at him, and I never did see one weighed. Of course, I could make a scales by swinging a pole and putting a few men at the other end of it to balance up a cow—you can guess how much a man weighs pretty clost. But all that'd take too much time. No, a cow is a cow where I come from, whether he's big or little."

"Well, what d'you say to eleven dollars a head?"

"I don't say nothing. These here cows is family pets, and we don't like fer to part with them. But like enough this is the only herd that ever will come up from Texas, anyhow this year."

"You wouldn't say twelve dollars?"

"Straight count, a cow for a cow, as she tallies out?"

"Well, I'd sorter like to see the herd first."

"It ain't no trade," said Nabours calmly. "If I'd sell them family favorites of ours the owner of Del Sol would feel sore—she shore would."

"You say 'she' would. Are you working for a widow?"

"She ain't a widow yet, but she may be afore long."

"Married?"

"The same answer. Not yet, but right apt to be."

"How old is she?"

"Why, I don't know. Plenty of cows we got in that herd is a heap older than she is."

"And you're taking a girl through to Abilene!"

"What's wrong with Aberlene, friend?"

"Well," admitted McCoyne, "we got eight saloons and five gambling palaces now; a good many railroad men and skin hunters and people like that hang around. It might be a little bit swift if you ain't used to traveling fast."

"What you say sounds cheerful. We'd like to wet the dust in our throats and play a few cards in a innocent way."

"I wouldn't say that Abilene ain't safe," argued the market man. "We got the best town marshal in Kansas, or are going to have if we can get him away from Hays City. Wild Bill Hickok is his name. He's the best shot in Kansas."

"He may be in Kansas, but he ain't in Texas," replied Nabours. "We had him along, ourselves. You didn't happen to meet up with a man named Dan McMasters in Caldwell, did you?"

McCoyne drew himself up.

"I don't go to Caldwell. But since you mention it, that name sounds familiar. I met a McMasters over in the Baxter Springs country last winter; tall fellow, with a little mustache. He was the man that told me he was going to send up a Texas herd when he got back home."

"He done so," replied Nabours. "Here it is."

"He certainly done us both a good turn. McCoyne—Joe McCoyne's my name. I come from Indianny. I'm president of the stockyards up to Abilene. The whole Eastern country is out here hunting cattle. There's a thousand miles of range north and west of us that's got to have cattle. Why, cattle will be gobbled up as fast as you can drive them in."

"You must be running a kind of cow heaven, friend," said Jim Nabours. "Well, come and see our boss. You needn't be scared, even if she ain't married. I will pertect you against any designing female that might be smit by your looks."

XXXV

THE Del Sol men with their new-found friend turned back to bid a temporary farewell to Jesse Chisholm and his wagon train, departing thereafter for the herd, which had been held some miles below. The Eastern man sat his horse somewhat strangely to the eyes of the Texans; but no matter what the speed, he ceased not joltingly to sound the praises of his community.

"Every time he come down in the saddle he says 'Aberlene! Aberlene! Kerchunk! Aberlene!'" explained Len Hersey to his fellows.

When they came into view of the great herd, held closely by the riders, Nabours pulled up with the enthusiasm of the natural drover.

"Look at 'em!" he exclaimed, waving a hand. "If that ain't a perty sight I don't know what is!"

"Great glory!" exclaimed the Abilene man. "I didn't know there were that many cattle in the world! Sir, my fortune is made! Where'd you get them all?"

"In Texas we don't ast no man that. I told you we done raise them cows by hand, every one of them."

The Abilene man gave a deep sigh.

"You don't know what that means!" said he. "The first herd up from Texas!" He babbled, speaking of revolutions, epochs, swift changes.

One by one he met the wild crew of the Del Sol men, who wore a garb and spoke a language unfamiliar to himself. Praying for trail herds from the South, the Northern men never really visualized the new personnel which was pushing north from the lower range. Indeed at that time of the American civilization there had been but little actual interchange of population between the North and the South. The natural expansion of the republic had been westward. As to the old cruel line of Mason and Dixon, it never fully was broken down by the Civil War. But here was the first break—the penetration of a peaceful, natural commerce, here on the Western plains. Through that opening, in the years immediately to come, flowed values greater than those of barter and trade in horned kine. A manly understanding passed back and forth, and out of that a tacit union, a concord in all young strong impulses. That union of North and South built the West overnight. The world has never seen a better country.

That empire gave us our first and only true American tradition—the tradition of the West. Great as that American tradition is, grotesque as we have rendered it, far as we have carried from dignity and truth the tradition of the West, "the Range" still is a word to conjure with today, and will be tomorrow. Here, then, was the very beginning of that great tradition. It was no more than a generation ago.

"My Lord!" repeated the Northern man. "Just look at them! I guess that's all the cattle in the world."

"No, I don't reckon so," replied Nabours. "We got sever'l left down in Texas. Come along; you must meet the owner of them."

They approached Taisie Lockhart's camp, where the giant carts—things of wonder to the stockyards man—stood gaunt and grim in the twilight. Taisie was superintending the preparation of the evening meal, her women busy at the fire. At first the Northern man took her to be one of the young riders of the herd. She stood straight and free of self-consciousness as any of the men; as brown of face and hand, much like them in apparel. She wore the universal checked trousers, stuffed into her boots. But the boots apparently had been made by loving hands, so neat were they, so sewed with countless little seams. And at their tops, in red, was the Lone Star of Texas.

Taisie's cotton shirt, a man's shirt, was open at the neck. Above the high-water mark of the ardent sun, protected by her hat brim, flowed back the mass of her bright hair, which for sake of comfort she wore now, as customarily, in a great queue wrapped with thong, as though she were some Indian woman. True, she might have been the forerunning arbiter of woman's ways of costume fifty years later in the West; but Taisie Lockhart's dress was not done in any imitation or any affectation. She had chosen it for two reasons—firstly, because she was broke; secondly, because it was convenient.

"Miss Lockhart," remarked Jim Nabours in the formula which he best knew, "shake hands with Mr. —— What did you tell me your name was?"

"McCoyne—Joe McCoyne, of Abilene, ma'am. I'm pleased to meet you." Which also was in conformance with ineradicable formula.

Taisie held out her hand in silence, with her usual straight glance.

"You didn't expect to see me down here from Abilene, did you, Miss Lockhart?" began the stockyards man.

"Why, no, sir; are we almost there?"

"Right there. It ain't much over two hundred mile. I knew there'd be a herd up this year. I was telling your foreman that I met a Mr. McMasters, Daniel McMasters, a while back, over around Baxter Springs. He said he was going down to Central Texas. You don't happen to know him?"

The swift blood surged up to Taisie's forehead.

"Why, yes; he rode with us for a time."

But the Northern man was all for business. He cleared his throat.

"Miss Lockhart," said he, "I've been offering your man twelve dollars a head straight through. I'd contract for them at that right here."

Taisie Lockhart gave a sudden gasp. Twelve dollars a head meant riches! But she turned toward her trail boss, who had emitted an ominous cough, audible a quarter of a mile, and began now to wink so portentously that even the blind must have given him attention. She hesitated, her eyes dubious.

The stranger laughed.

"I see you've got to talk it over together."

But his zeal for Abilene overcame even his own disposition to do a turn in personal trade. Besides, the personality of this young woman produced its usual effect, on him as on most men.

"I want to buy your cattle, Miss Lockhart," said he, "and maybe I will; but let's not talk price any more down here. This is the first herd to come to Abilene, and I'm going to see that you get the best price possible, so when you carry the news back to Texas that'll bring more herds up next year. I don't want to rob as young and fine-looking a woman as you are; and besides that, the first one to come up the trail."

"And the last!" said Jim Nabours conclusively. "You don't know what I've been through!"

The stranger smiled humorously, his eyes once more turning to the young girl of unmistakably gentle breeding. "In a way, you don't belong here," said he.

"Come an' git it!" came the supper call of Buck, the negro cook, now rising at his fireside.

The men not engaged on the herd straggled in toward the fire. The distant crooning of the hands at the bed ground came through the twilight. The stockman threw back his shoulders, drew a deep breath.

"I been having a little fever and ague, ma'am," said he; "but come to think of it, it's quit. I'd rather be here than any place else in the world."

"We have quinine," said Taisie Lockhart, "and coffee and broiled beef, and some very good bread that Milly has made. Won't you please sit down with us?"

They all sat upon the ground around the little fire, children, contented. The world still was young.

XXXVI

LATE at night the leaders of the herd sat talking, but the start on the next day was early. The country ahead was now open and free of buffalo. Once more the great herd trailed out. They left the camp of Jesse Chisholm with his wagon train a little at one side, but the leaders rode over to say farewell to the taciturn old half-breed. McCoyne promised him many things if he would load his next cargo at Abilene instead of Wichita. And so they parted, as ships sailing seas but little known.

Thence on there was no need for the wagon tongue or the North Star. One Chisholm Trail, of many mythical ones, was now really begun. The marks of the wagon wheels were unmistakable. The giant steers of the Del Sol vanguard swung out along the main traveled road as though this was what they long had sought. McCoyne expressed wonderment at seeing so few men handle thousands of great animals.

"You've been doing ten or twelve miles a day?" said he. "We can make fifteen or twenty. Push them along. All Abilene is waiting for them."

The Clarion

A Straw Hat Message to Men

THIS year wear the Clarion—a Townsend-Grace Straw Hat of real distinction—not alone because it is made by one of the makers of the nation's finest straw hats, but because the Clarion *looks* fine—*feels* great and is, above all, *cool*.

This summer—get under a Townsend-Grace Straw Hat and you'll feel on top of the world. At all good Hatters and Haberdashers.

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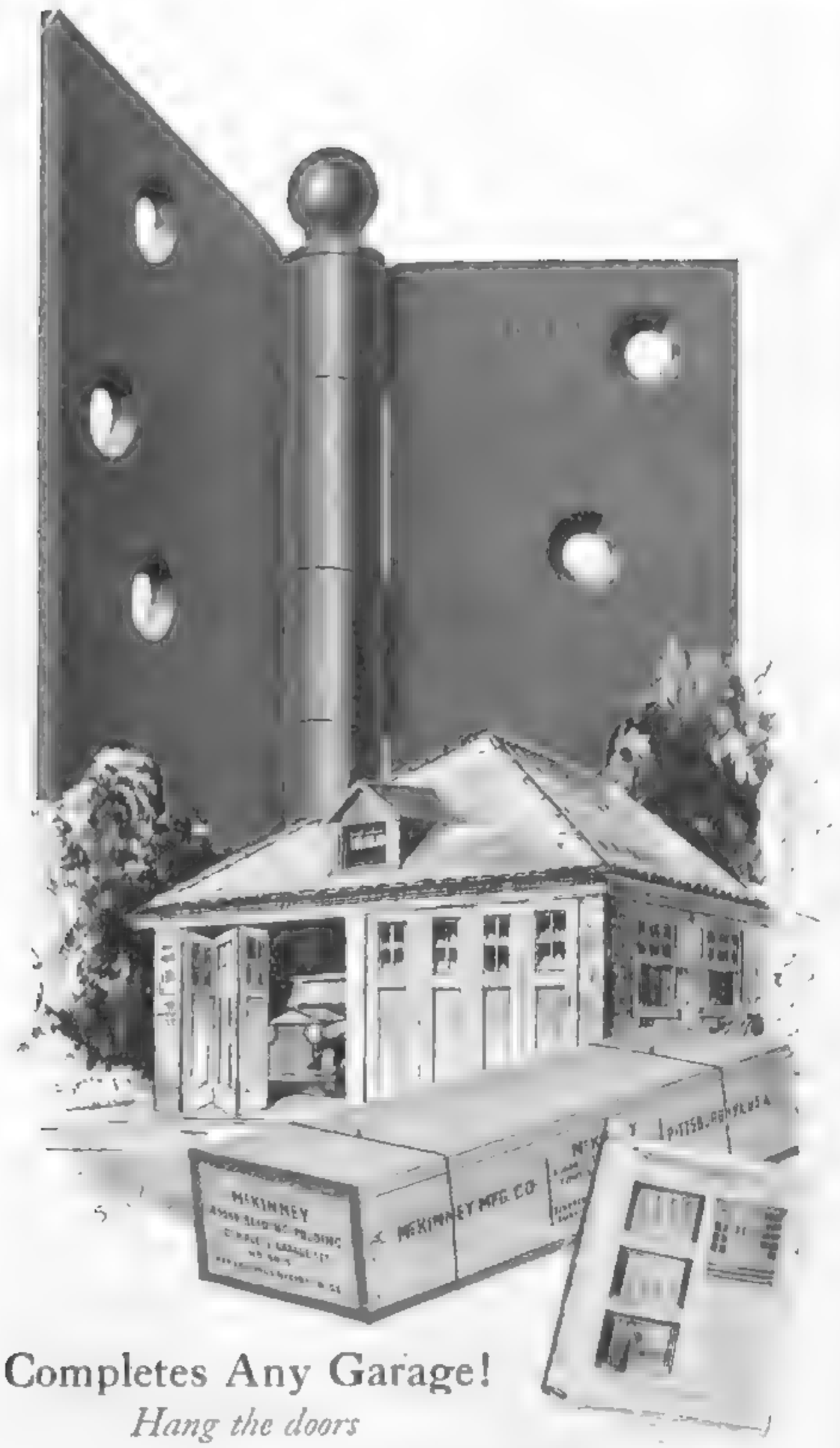

Completes Any Garage!

Hang the doors

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EVERYTHING needed to hang garage doors right is in the box which holds a McKinney Complete Garage Set. From the track to the least screw, every unit is there—and so easily assembled even an amateur can do a fine job, McKinney-fashion.

As long as the garage stands, its McKinney-hung doors will hang true. Designed to perfect a garage entrance, McKinney-hung doors glide smoothly, shut firmly and never grow obstinate.

Doors easily operated, an entrance really artistic—not only the garage just building can have this requisite, but it is readily added to your present garage, at slight effort and little cost. Leading hardware stores sell McKinney Complete Garage Sets for only a trifle more than ordinary door hardware unassembled!

Illustrated, descriptive book showing modern ways to perfect the garage entrance, free on request.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh
Western Office: Wrigley Building, Chicago

McKINNEY
Complete Garage Door Sets
Hinges and Butts and Hardware

It was plain sailing and the weather was good No tribute-seeking Indians appeared, and the cattle were as peaceable as though they never had dreamed of a run. The Del Sol outfit put mile after mile behind it, rapidly, steadily, the work oxen on the carts sometimes almost on a trot, the sore backs exempt in the remuda, every man feeling that trail's end was not so far.

Between them and the Arkansas River now ran only one considerable stream—the Salt Fork, spoken of with respect by drovers, for quite customarily it offered swimming water. But now, even if the advanced season had not left the water low, the Salt Fork would have been by no means an insuperable obstacle, for Jesse Chisholm had left here a good raft which he had built for his own purposes. It was better than a bridge. The cattle swam the stream readily, confidently, and in brief order the carts were jerked across at the ends of spliced reatas. The entire crossing went forward methodically and without the loss of a single head.

"So that's the way you do it?" commented the man of Abilene. "You had some rivers below here too?"

"Almost. This here is play compared to it," said Nabours. "But you can go anywheres with cows if you know how. That's the only thing us Texans does know. Yes, we got sever'l cows down in Texas. And I don't see why this country here wouldn't raise cows—in the summer anyhow."

They advanced through the Osage country, over as beautiful grassland as a man ever saw, the prairie covering waving knee-deep and spotted with many flowers. Wild game was in sight much of the time. There was not a weed. No plow had been here.

"Roll along, little dogies!" came the lazy voice of a swing man. "Roll along, roll along!"

Fifty miles more of happy, lazy, carefree loafing along the trail, and they left the straggling village of Caldwell on their right, just at the Kansas line. Nabours would not let his men go into town, but headed twenty miles to the westward across the grasslands of lower Kansas, making for the crossing of the Arkansas which Chisholm had established with his wagons.

Heretofore the advance had been happily and singularly free from annoyance at the hands of the Indian tribes whose great domain had been crossed. When well over the Kansas line, however, they were caught up by a little band of Osages who had followed along their trail, ignoring reservation limits for reasons of their own. In stature they were gigantic men, their heads partly shaved, leaving a high roach of dense, stiff hair after the traditional Osage custom. They were painted bravely enough in red and ocher, and all were armed with fine buffalo bows of *bois d'arc*. Their leader and his band seemed friendly enough and disposed to parley. Not caring for such hangers-on, Nabours and a few other men stopped for a conference. The chief began with a request soon to become usual along the trail.

"You got plenty wohaw," he began. "This Injun country. You give wohaw."

He held up all the fingers of his hands.

"Give you ten cows?" exclaimed Jim Nabours. "I ain't give a cow to nobody all the way up the trail, and I won't give one to you. You go on back."

"Good Injun!" said the leader of the Osages. He handed out a folded piece of paper. "Caldwell. Him send."

He was a message bearer. Nabours took the letter.

"Why, this is from Dan McMasters!" said he. "Five days ago he was in Caldwell. Says he has gone on now to Wichita," explaining to McCoyne and the others. "He may be at Abilene by the time we get there.

"Say, you, here!" he remarked to the chief. "We'll give you one wohaw. You set down and wait a while. We'll ride on up to the wohaws."

"All right," said the Osage partisan in good humor. "Him say you give wohaw. We bring you paper."

They disposed themselves on the grass, their bows unstrung.

"You seem to be all time hearing from this man McMasters," said McCoyne. "How come he's on ahead of you so far?"

"That's a long story," said Jim Nabours. "He did ride with us for a while."

"I knew that man over at Baxter and on the Missouri border," ruminated the man from Abilene. "Quiet sort of fellow mysterious—never did say much. I was figuring on a market over there for Texas cattle. But I learned about a gang of raiders in there that had been cutting every herd that came up from Texas bound for Missouri or Iowa or Illinois. Those border ruffians killed probably a dozen men altogether. They tied up and whipped maybe a dozen more. They terrorized every trail outfit that came through there; and the natural result was that they kept off St. Louis from ever becoming a real cow town. Nothing could get through. A little thing sometimes makes a heap of difference later on in big things.

"The leader of that gang was a ruffian by name of Rudabaugh," he added. "The Missourians finally run him south."

"Yes," said Nabours quietly. "The Texans have finally run him north again."

"And this man McMasters was after him?" McCoyne turned suddenly.

"He might be. He is now. He's been keeping ahead of us, and that's the reason."

He now explained at length the machinations of the trail pirates and the untimely end of them in the night battle on the Washita.

"He mostly plays a lone hand," Nabours concluded. "He's an officer in the Rangers. That's putting law into Texas—the Rangers."

"Well, we've only got one man to put law into Abilene. I'm going to hire Wild Bill Hickok for our town marshal. Wild Bill has got these bad people buffaloed. Counting in his work as a Union sharpshooter, under Curtis, in the Missouri country, he'd have to have a long gun stock to carry all his notches. It's sure he's killed somewhere between seventy-five and a hundred men. In 1860, when he was taking care of the stage stock over in east of Abilene, he was jumped by McCandless and his gang—ten men there were in all. You've heard of that fight? They were going to run off the stage stock for the Confederate Army. They tackled Bill in his shack, ten of them, and he was alone. He killed nine out of the ten by himself. Not so bad, eh? I don't know as I ever knew Bill to serve a warrant or make an arrest. But I'll bet one thing—if we get him for town marshal, Abilene will be first in graveyards, the same as she is first in everything else.

"It shore looks like Dan McMasters has a pleasant time a-waiting for him," commented Nabours. "But he's usual able to take care of hisself.

"Now I'll have to cut out a beef for these yellow-bellied friends of ours," he added. "We've picked up a shorthorn stray or so a couple of days ago, and put a Fishhook on him to keep him from catching cold. Like enough it was a Osage steer, anyhow, so I reckon I'll let 'em have that one. Go cut it out, Len, when we come up with the herd."

Osages and all, they rode along. Easily, lazily, as though he knew precisely where the animal was, Len Hersey found it, rode it out of the herd and drove it back close to the Indian group.

"Here's your wohaw," he said.

The Osage chieftain smiled amiably. A bow twanged. In five minutes the ribs of the beef were broiling on a prairie Osage fire. The dust of the great herd of spotted cattle was lessening to the north.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

You Are Paying—But—Are You Getting?

THERE is one thing in this world that a man pays for whether he gets it or not.

And he doesn't merely pay once—it is a continuous process, today, tomorrow, next month, next year—over and over again. Death alone can finally terminate his payment.

Every man is paying for specialized business training—whether he gets it or not.

And the most serious point about this 'paying without getting' process is that the payment is not confined to the man alone.

The full truth is pathetic—even tragic—when you realize that the wife, the family, loved ones all pay too—pay in the form of less comfort, less happiness, less social enjoyment and influence—are forced to forego the advantages that come with the increased earnings and opportunities of the trained specialist.

Men engaged in commercial pursuits find the line between the two great groups more sharply drawn each year. The untrained masses engaged in clerical and routine work find themselves at the mercy of the living wage whereas the smaller group specializing in clear defined business branches gain continuous increases in reward and power and opportunity.

Ways and means of gaining specialized training that were not available to your father are now easily within your grasp.

We here at LaSalle, recognize as a distinct privilege, our function of helping men gain for themselves the better things of life which come as the inevitable result of acquiring specialized business knowledge.

That LaSalle has been able to grow from pioneering beginnings to its present proportions where authorities classify the institution as one of the really great educational forces of the country, means only one thing to us—a widening of our power to serve La Salle students.

There was a time when home study and instruction by extension methods was regarded with some question as to outcome.

Today, with the perfection of instructional procedure such as the LaSalle Problem Method under which a man *learns by doing*—by, in effect, actually filling the position he is training for, the specialist who acquires his business education in spare hours at home has won the right to be universally accepted as a *practical, experienced man*.

Large employers everywhere recognize the fact that such a man possesses a plus element of outstanding importance. He is marked by initiative, energy, determination and ambition. These native qualities, strengthened and developed thru training and recognized as invaluable in business, have proven themselves conspicuously present in the LaSalle man.

The average man has a rather general picture of LaSalle in his mind. He thinks of thousands of students—millions of capital—great service staffs of highly specialized experts—experience and facilities born of more than a decade of continuous growth and development.

But has he ever stopped to think that a simple action on his part will concentrate all these things directly upon the solution of his personal problems of progress?

Do *you* realize that your name and address sent to LaSalle is the first step toward getting what you can't escape *continuously* paying for in cash and countless other ways whether you get it or not?

The slight effort it takes to let us know you are interested is very likely to be exceptionally well repaid.

President
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LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

HIS SUBURBAN TRAIN IS HIS *LAFAYETTE*

The man who lives adjacent to New York City enjoys the finest suburban train service in the world, yet Mr. George D. Meyer, of Mountain Lake, N. J., seldom avails himself of it.

He prefers to travel, morning and evening, the twenty-five miles between his home and office, in Passaic, behind the wheel of his La Fayette.

In summer, when he makes his home at Fairfield, Conn., this daily mileage is doubled in drives over the roads of three states.

It is plain that Mr. Meyer must think a great deal of his car to spend this much time in it; he must enjoy it as he enjoys few other recreations.

The LaFayette has proved just as dependable as the electric train that carries Mr. Meyer so seldom. It is more comfortable and almost as swift.

But behind Mr. Meyer's preference for his car as a means of commutation is that feeling of comradeship between automobile and owner that the LaFayette invariably inspires.

Writing us, Mr. Meyer says: "It has been my privilege and very great pleasure to have been the owner of four LaFayette cars.

"The first one was a revelation to me. I did not know such cars were made, and each succeeding car has seemed better than the one before."

Mr. Meyer's LaFayette cars have traveled many thousands of miles.

One of them, his four-passenger Torpedo, he has many times driven in excess of eighty miles an hour.

Yet this same car will throttle down in traffic, without change of gear, almost to a standstill.

Hills, according to this owner, have ceased to be.

It is for pleasurable driving like this, driving that in exhilaration and charm somewhat outreaches what other good cars attain, that the LaFayette is made.

Steadily the conviction that the LaFayette is one of the world's finest motor cars is gaining wider and wider acceptance as the experience of LaFayette owners becomes known.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS CORPORATION, *Milwaukee*, Wisconsin

LAFAYETTE

THE WELLS OF TRUTH

(Continued from Page 17)

Dalton smashed down the receiver and uttered an oath. He stood for a moment gazing round the room, at the oak-paneled walls, the Medici color prints, the grandfather's clock, the Jacobean chairs. Very handsome; suitable to the dignity of a managing editor. When he had first stood with his back to this fireplace, surveying this room, he had been uplifted by a sense of success. He had struggled up all the rungs of journalism to the top of the ladder. After a hard fight, through the squalors and humiliations and insecurities of Fleet Street, he had arrived in this room of power. Managing editor of The Daily Record, at forty-one years of age! Not a bad reward for great endeavor. His wife was pleased, almost satisfied. Well, she would be able to spread herself a little now. So he had thought when he first took possession of this room, where for ten years he had spent fourteen out of the twenty-four hours of most working days.

Tonight he hated the very sight of the room. It had become his prison house, and lately the torture chamber of his soul. Queer, that! As managing editor of The Daily Record he ought not to have a soul. It was not in the contract. It didn't belong to the machinery that he controlled for the production of a two-million circulation. He wasn't paid to have a soul, or a conscience, or whatever the thing was that lately had begun to nag at him and give him strange visions of forces—bigger than a two-million circulation—bearing down upon him in this room, and upon every individual in England and in Europe. Forces of revolt and anarchy were stirring hunger-stricken peoples; forces of hate and fear were preventing any recovery from the ruin and wretchedness of a war that had destroyed the wealth of the world; forces of passionate stupidity and intrenched ignorance were leading the people of Europe, as sure as fate, to a tragic doom.

Sitting here in this room he was a receiving instrument connected by live wires to all the nerve centers of the world. All day long there came to his desk flimsies holding the latest bulletins of the world's disease, from news agencies, from special correspondents, from a thousand sources of information. His expert brain could put them together like a jig-saw puzzle. They produced a picture blackly etched on his mind. Each little item of fact fitted exactly into a moving picture of endless reels. Day by day he saw the unwinding of a coil of fate that was leading to a financial crash in Europe, the heaping of ruin on ruin, new wars, more frightful than the last. And it was his job, by selection of news, by suppression of facts, by false emphasis, distortion and evasion, the trick of the snappy headline and the audacious lie in big-faced type, to hide the vision of that reality from the British people. All the power of this engine that he controlled was used to stir up their passion, pander to their vanity, prejudice and ignorance, and to lead them deliberately into the abyss that yawned ahead.

He was in this handsomely furnished room, and in this seat of power, a traitor to truth, and the bought man of those evil forces that were closing in upon the human family. Not a pleasant thought! Lately it had nagged at him, kept him awake at night, destroyed that sense of humor which had been his shield against the vulgarities and dishonesties of the journalistic game.

His private secretary, an obsequious, smiling fellow—Dalton wished he would leave off smiling sometimes in such a damned servile way—came in with a bunch of letters and asked for instructions about certain points. The Berlin correspondent was huffed because his messages had been massacred by subeditors. The Prime Minister's private secretary would be glad to see the editor any day next week. He wanted to indicate the government's policy about French action in Germany. The gravity of it must be minimized at all costs. He also wanted to sound the editor as to the state of public opinion on the Near East. Would they stand for the mobilization of the army reserves in the event of a Turkish advance? Events were most threatening.

The editor's secretary smiled as though the threat amused him.

"That'll do," said Dalton. "They'll keep till tomorrow. Give me a hand with my coat, will you?"

The secretary helped him into his coat, smoothing the astrakhan collar as though he loved it, and he caressed the editor's silk hat before handing it to him.

"Good night," said Dalton.

As he left the office he listened for a moment to the throb of the great machines. They were printing the early edition for the country. Dalton glanced at his wrist watch through force of habit. Yes, up to time all right. The two-million circulation was under way. In another hour part of it would be on the night trains, carrying the day's Record as it had been arranged, selected and edited by Dalton and his subeditors—to every part of the country.

A printer's boy came up with the contents bill, to be passed by Pinney upstairs. Dalton stopped him and said, "Let's see." It was one of Pinney's tonic slogans, as he called them:

BRITISH TRADE LEADS THE WORLD
BOOM YEAR ASSURED

"That's all right," said Dalton.

He said good night to the commissionaire, who saluted him at the swing door. Outside, the managing editor stood for a moment under the revolving light of the greatest sky sign in London:

THE DAILY RECORD
ALL THE TRUTH

The horn on his car gave a gurgle like a frightened peacock as a sign that his chauffeur had seen him. The car drew out of an alley on the opposite side of the way.

Through the swing door came a young man in a hurry. It was young Frank, who collided sharply with his father, and said, "Sorry, dad."

"What train are you getting?" asked Dalton.

"The last. But I've twenty minutes to spare, so I'll do a bit of a stroll down the old Embankment."

"I'll walk with you," said his father, "if you've no objection."

For the life of him he could not keep the sarcastic note out of those last words, through force of habit.

"Not in the least," answered Frank. "It's not my Embankment."

They had been edgy like that, speaking with latent hostility, or at least across a gulf of misunderstanding, ever since the boy had tried his hand at journalism under his father's command. And yet Dalton craved for his son's affection, for a comradeship that he could not get because of his own coldness of manner, some queer shyness.

He told his chauffeur to drive home alone, and walked by his son's side silently down Whitefriars Street to the Embankment. Frank whistled a bit of ragtime and thrust his felt hat back from his forehead, as though to cool it from the heat of the subeditors' room that he had left forever.

A soft wet wind was blowing, and the river lights were blurred on the black old waterway because of little ruffling waves. On the Surrey side an advertisement of whisky—a drunken Scot in full colors—appeared and disappeared, and the wharves were black beneath it. There was the swish of taxi traffic down the Embankment, and their lamps made a stream of light along the wet highway.

"I always used to walk this way after the paper had gone to bed, when I was your age," said Dalton. "I used to get the last train home to Brixton."

"Before my time," said Frank, laughing. "Thank goodness!"

All struggling journalists were supposed to live at Brixton. Some actually did. It was incredible that his father should ever have belonged to that squalid suburb. Frank thought so, as he glanced for a second at that tall figure at his side, in a well-cut coat with an astrakhan collar, and a silk hat, as the symbol of power and success.

"Pinney and I used to dig together," said Dalton. "Sometimes we used to walk all the way home—quite a step—to save the train fare."

"Holy poverty!" was Frank's expression of astonishment. He'd had no notion that his father had started so low down the scale as that.

"I remember there used to be a coffee stall at Kennington. Sometimes we used to get baked potatoes there. Jolly good they were—in those days!"

He could smell them now, and the remembrance of youth came back to him with a salt fragrance.

"Pretty good, still," said Frank. "Meg cooks them in a most ambrosial way."

Dalton gave a sideways glance at this boy by his side, who had his hat right off now, so that the wind stirred his carroty hair.

"Life and baked potatoes taste good at twenty-five."

"Why not at fifty?" asked Frank, with the whimsical intolerance of youth. "The jolly old baked potato hasn't changed its flavor, nor life its good adventure."

How little did youth know or guess! How difficult to get its sympathy and understanding!

They walked on again in silence. Dalton wanted to reveal his soul to his boy, to cry out to him for comradeship, to get even his respect, instead of that boyish contempt, undisguised, for the job he did, and his success, and the power he had for the price paid. But he asked only a hard question.

"That love-in-a-cottage idea—won't it pall on you and that child wife of yours?"

"It hasn't begun to yet," said Frank, laughing good-humoredly. "Meg and I get a lot of fun out of it. Now that I have my liberty again ——"

He did not finish his sentence. Perhaps he meant that there would be even greater fun, more time for love.

His father spoke the word "Liberty!" with a gruff laugh, and then stood still for a moment, as though to look at the curve of the river with its gleaming lights reflected in the inky water. A train was crossing the iron bridge from Charing Cross, with a trailing cloud of smoke and fire, and its windows shining like a string of jewels.

"Liberty!" he said again. "My dear chap, there's no such thing in this life. We must all be slaves of some taskmaster. We must all compromise, do work we hate for the wage we get, economize with truth itself, in order to keep a home together or pay the butcher's bill. Haven't you found that out?"

It was self-defense, the apology of his life.

"I deny it!" said Frank cheerfully. "No taskmaster is going to stop me writing short stories as I want to write 'em."

"Yes," said Dalton; "the hardest taskmaster of all—public opinion. The verdict of the mob. If you don't please that you'll starve."

"I'll educate public opinion," said Frank with youthful, imperturbable arrogance. "Meg is the only critic I'll listen to. So far she's pleased with my stuff. She couldn't bear the idea of my writing muck for The Record."

"Is that so? She doesn't approve of its moral and literary tone, I understand?"

Dalton spoke ironically, with his usual icy laugh. Frank answered bluntly, not aware of cruelty, not giving his father credit for any sensitive nerves beneath his mask.

"She thinks it a pestilential sheet. Her idealism won't stand for it at any price. Calls it The Muckrake!"

"Very charming and amiable!" said Dalton bitterly. "When you've four babies instead of one, and short stories don't bring in a regular income, she'll be less intolerant of a paper that pays good money."

"Not she! Meg is as obstinate as a mule on a point of principle."

Father and son walked on again, the boy with his springy stride, his ruffled hair, his freckled face held up to the wet wind like a fawn smelling the first odor of spring in the woods; the elderly man, silk-hatted, with a haggard, brooding face and downcast eyes. It was several minutes before Dalton spoke again, and then he asked a question abruptly.

"I suppose you see a lot of young folk—ex-officers, fellows of your own age. What do they think of things?"

"What sort of things?"

"The situation generally, in Europe and here. Have they got any ideas as to the meaning of it all?"

Young Frank laughed into the wet darkness. He thought of all the conversations he heard among Meg's friends, down Chelsea way, and in his club of ex-officers, and in tea shops where he met his pals. They had plenty of ideas, all conflicting and confused; argued hotly, interminably, with terrific cynicism.

Do You Sleep Well?

MANY do not have sound, restful sleep. They lie awake for a long time, and they turn and toss and dream. When they get up in the morning they do not feel refreshed.

This condition in many cases is due to some digestive disturbance. And to restore normal functioning and a healthy condition in the intestinal tract will often bring sound, restful sleep.

It has been found that one of the most effective of natural cleansers and disinfectants for the entire digestive tract is a simple vegetable food—for centuries a favorite with millions—sauerkraut.

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"What's that?"

Frank stared at a sky sign over Victoria station, as though reading its message.

"General decadence, nations too low grade even for war on a big scale. Just a slipping down into poverty and a disease of civilization. . . . Well, I'm satisfied with my little cottage, with Meg and the blue-eyed blinker. I don't care a damn for the world, if it will go on being mad and bad. That's my little philosophy of egotism."

They were now at Victoria, standing on a save-my-life round which a stream of taxis were swirling—the theater crowd getting home to the suburbs.

Dalton made a sudden confession to his son.

"Perhaps you're right about that cottage. I envy you, Frank. I'd give every dashed thing in the world to have your youth again, and a free pen, and poverty with the grace of love."

He grasped his son's arm, pressing it tight for a moment, and then walked away towards Ebury Street on the way to Lowndes Square in the heart of Belgravia. Frank looked after him, astonished, touched with a queer sense of pity for the first time in relation to his father.

Dalton walked slowly to his house, and saw by the lighted windows and some waiting motorcars that his wife's guests had not yet gone, though it was getting on to midnight. The door opened, letting out a gush of light in which stood an elderly couple in evening clothes—Lord and Lady Banstead. Dalton's footman called for their car, which slid up silently to the edge of the pavement. Dalton walked on a few paces until they had gone and the door was shut. Then he let himself in with his key.

"How many people still here?" he asked the footman.

"Two couples, sir. Admiral and Mrs. Harper, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon D'Arcy. Oh, yes, sir, and young Mr. Brockham."

"Again?" said Dalton.

"Yes, sir."

The young footman permitted himself a cautious smile. Young Mr. Brockham had been a frequent visitor of late—almost like one of the family. They had discussed the significance of that below stairs. Mrs. Higgs, the housekeeper, was of opinion that young Brockham was spoony with Miss Beatrice. There would be a red carpet down before long, she thought. The young footman did not communicate these opinions to his master, who went into his study at the end of the hall and stayed there until Admiral and Mrs. Harper and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon D'Arcy had departed from the house.

Young Brockham was still upstairs, as Dalton, sitting deep in an armchair, staring into the red glow of his study fire, heard with ill-concealed annoyance when the footman tapped at his door—it was five minutes past twelve—and delivered a message.

"The mistress would be glad if you would go up, sir."

"Is young Mr. Brockham gone yet?" asked Dalton.

"No, sir. He seemed to be on the point of leaving, but the mistress has asked him to wait until you see him."

The young footman chose his words carefully, and toned down the sense of drama with which he delivered them. They were in a high state of excitement upstairs the mistress and Miss Beatrice and the young toff—laughing and talking nineteen to the dozen. Something had happened, that was certain. Miss Beatrice had a light in her eyes that was quite painful to a young footman who permitted himself to adore her silently and respectfully, and was jealous of every young gentleman who had the cheek to make eyes at her.

Dalton went upstairs slowly, and stood for a moment at the drawing-room door.

"Halloo!" he said with a forced cheerfulness. "Getting late, isn't it?"

Mrs. Dalton stood by the piano, with her hand on Beatrice's shoulder. She looked excited and happy and more than usually beautiful because of that excitement, perhaps; though, anyhow, she was elegant and handsome in that gown of purple silk cut low so that her plump shoulders were fully revealed. When he had first married her she had had to go shabby and do her shopping in the cheap shops at Brixton!

Beatrice, in her white silk frock, leaned her dark little head on her mother's shoulder. Young Brockham stood in an awkward way, with a foolish smile, flicking an imaginary smut off his white waistcoat with emerald buttons.

"Edward!" cried Mrs. Dalton, with a little catch in her voice, but a kind of triumph in its note. "We have wonderful news for you!"

"Yes?" asked Dalton. He still smiled in that uneasy way, and his face had gone a shade paler.

"Oh, father!" said Beatrice with a queer, excited laugh.

"What's happened?" asked Dalton.

"The best thing in the world," said Mrs. Dalton. "Harold and Beatrice have discovered they love each other. The dear boy has asked our precious girl to be his wife."

"Frightful cheek, and all that," said Harold Brockham rather fatuously. "But with your permission, sir ——"

"Does your father know?" asked Dalton.

He spoke gravely, though his eyes and lips smiled. That he was profoundly moved by the news could be seen by the way his hand trembled as he fumbled to get a cigarette out of his case.

"Oh, the governor's all right," said Harold. "He'll be tremendously bucked. Makes The Daily Record more of a family affair."

He laughed in his rather shrill, nervous way. A nice boy with curly hair and a rather girlish face, he had none of his father's strength and brutality, though he had been in the cavalry in the Great War.

"Yes; won't that be splendid!" said Mrs. Dalton. "It will make us all feel so secure!"

Poor lady! The word slipped out of her subconsciousness. In her early days she had lived in fear because of the insecurity of her husband's journalistic life. Out of a job at a moment's notice! Sacked at the whim of editor or proprietor! Even now, this house in Lowndes Square, her gowns, her sense of social leadership, were dependent on the good will of this boy's father, Victor Brockham.

"Dad," cried Beatrice, laughing but reproachful, "you don't seem very pleased. Where's your paternal blessing?"

She came over and took him by the shoulders and gave him a little shake.

"My dear, my dear," he said, kissing her, "I only want your happiness."

They had been good comrades. She meant more to him than his wife, who had become rather ambitious and worldly of late. He had dreaded the time when some young ass would beguile his daughter away. And now, of all boys, she had chosen young Brockham, the son of his slave driver, the son of the man who had killed his soul, the son of the man who was leading England to ruin!

He turned to the boy and grabbed his arm with a desperate attempt at jocularity.

"So you would steal my little one from me, would you? I'm not giving a word of consent until I hear your father's views on the subject."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said the boy. "The governor can't object"

"In any case," said Beatrice audaciously, "parents have no right to interfere nowadays. We're not in the Middle Ages. Now then, Harold, it's time you left."

She took the boy's hand and ran out of the room with him.

For a moment or two there was silence between husband and wife. They listened to the laughter of the boy and girl going down the stairs.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dalton, "it's a great thing for all of us. It will consolidate your position. You will become a very great power in the land."

Dalton had been shifting a Dresden-china shepherdess on the mantelpiece. He turned round now sharply, with a look of anguish.

"I would rather Beatrice were dead than marry the son of that unspeakable blackguard. It shan't happen! I'll resign my position, as Frank has done!"

Mrs. Dalton had risen from her chair. The color ebbed out of her face.

"Frank! Has he given up The Record?"

(Continued on Page 77)

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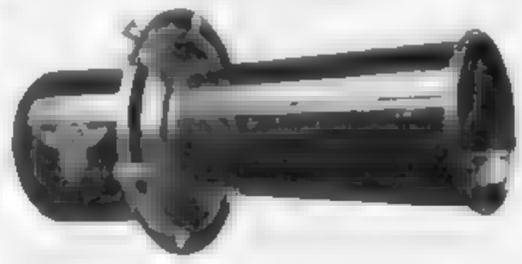

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(Continued from Page 74)

"Yes; and he's right. He's clean again!"

Mrs. Dalton's hands went to her throat with its necklace of jewels.

"My dear! What on earth do you mean?"

Dalton faced her with a look of sullen determination.

"If you hadn't been so busy as a social climber you'd understand. Haven't you seen what agony I've been enduring for the last ten years, because of that man's insolence, his intolerable brutality? Don't you know what humiliations he has put upon me—indignities, shamefulness? This house of ours, this fine furniture, your gowns and pearls and social show—by heaven, all paid for by my degradation, the filth I have to print at that man's bidding, the lies I have to broadcast to earn his wage, the monstrous dishonesty of my job, which debauches public opinion and poisons the very wells of truth. I'm sick of it! I'll get free of it, and honest again, even if we have to starve. Would to God we were back in Brixton, on three pounds ten a week!"

Mrs. Dalton was white to the lips, and very angry.

"Are you going mad, or something? Brixton! I shudder at the old horror of it!"

She shuddered now, with a real spasm of horror in her white shoulders. Then she stretched out her hands to her husband in a pleading way.

"Edward! You're not going to spoil everything—at our time of life? Bee's happiness—mine!"

Dalton groaned and said, "Haven't I some claim to happiness?"

He repeated the word happiness with a harsh laugh, as though it were damnable irony, and then went out of the drawing-room and up to his bedroom before his daughter came back from a lover's farewell in the hall.

The next day was Saturday—a journalist's holiday. He was in the habit of driving down to Surrey for a game of golf, and his car came to the door at the usual time. But he told the footman that he did not want his clubs.

Mrs. Dalton came into the hall as he was putting on his coat.

"I hope you'll have a good game, dear," she said rather timidly, giving a sharp glance at his face to see what mood he was in after his strange and terrible speech last night.

"I'm not playing golf this afternoon," he said quietly. "I'm going to see Brockham."

She drew a sharp breath, and her eyes searched his face again. She could not say much before the footman.

"You won't say anything—rash? You'll think of Beatrice and her happiness?"

"Oh, I shan't be rash," he answered with an attempt at light-heartedness.

He raised his eyes and looked at her for the first time since she had spoken to him, and saw that she was deeply anxious, with a very pitiful and pleading look. A remembrance of their early struggle together, the rough time he had given her in those days—poor child—stirred his compassion. He took her hand and kissed it, and was startled at its coldness.

"I shan't be home late," he said.

On the way down to Dorking, where Brockham lived, he opened both the windows of the car and let the breeze blow into his face and ruffle the hair—getting gray and thin—about his forehead. He was tempted to tell Brockham some of the very things that Frank had got off his chest last night.

And yet, had he the right to plunge his wife into poverty again?—for that was what it would mean.

He ran over his chances in Fleet Street. Heneage? No, nothing doing on his papers. Not a ghost of a chance of any big job anywhere. Perhaps news editor somewhere, on half his present salary. That would mean leaving Lowndes Square.

And what about Beatrice? It would wreck her engagement and break the child's heart. Those violent words to his wife could not be put into action without cruelty to others. Was his honesty, his sense of political truth, to be paid for by the misery of his family? Wasn't all life a compromise as he had told Frank? Even The Record presented only a point of view. Nobody took its word as the infallible truth. It was pleading from a brief, one side of the case; not always the evil side. Anyhow, he was boiling up for a row with Brockham. He would permit himself that luxury without going too far.

Brockham lived in an old English manor house, a mile or so beyond Dorking. It used to belong to the Hepworths, in whose family it had been for centuries, before they were ruined by the war. They had lived first in a little old castle, of which some walls and heaps of brickwork still remained beyond the avenue of beeches, before building themselves, in Tudor times, the half-timbered house that had been modernized in the eighteenth century and partly rebuilt twenty years before the European war.

Brockham, who didn't know his own grandfather, and had begun life as a printer's devil somewhere in Peckham, was now the lord of the manor, and concocted his financial stunts under these old roofs that had given shelter to some of the fairest and noblest of English blood. Well, that wouldn't have been against him if he'd had any nobility of his own. But he hadn't—discernible to the human eye.

Dalton walked into the great hall, hung with trophies that had belonged to the Hepworths, and asked one of the menservants if Mr. Brockham was disengaged.

"There's a gentleman with him in the smoking room, sir."

Long training, no doubt, prevented him from naming the gentleman. But Dalton stared at a hat, stick and gloves laid on the hall table, and knew their owner. Yes, that hat—a hard black bowler with a broad curly brim—and that ebony stick with an ivory handle belonged to Pinney. He saw them every night in The Record office. They seemed to express in a subtle way something of Pinney's fat and gross personality. What was he doing here? Dalton had a quick stab of suspicion. What intrigue?

"It's Mr. Pinney," he told the man. "I'll go in. You needn't bother to announce me."

"Very good, sir."

The man had seen Dalton many times before in this house, and knew his place and power on The Record.

Dalton went to the smoking room at the end of the hall, and after a tap at the door walked in.

Brockham's bulky body was deep in a big chair, with one leg over its arm. A litter of papers lay on the floor by his side. His bald head caught the light from the window and glistened as though highly greased. His big flabby face, with heavily puffed eyes behind American glasses, was turned sideways so that he could see Pinney standing by the fireside, suave, deferential, like a lackey getting his orders.

"More ginger, that's what we want! We've been as mushy as oatmeal porridge. That fellow Dalton ——"

"Good afternoon," said Dalton. His sudden appearance certainly startled the two men.

Pinney reddened uncomfortably and coughed as though his throat tickled before saying, "Halloo, old man!" with attempted geniality.

Brockham took his leg down from the arm of the chair, sat up and took off his tortoise shells.

"Didn't expect you, Dalton. Just been talking about you."

He was not betrayed into nervousness, even for the fraction of a second.

"Pleasantly, no doubt," said Dalton.

"That's as may be."

Brockham waved his hand to Pinney with a gesture of dismissal.

"You can go, Pinney. I'll send you the contract."

"I'm extremely obliged," said Pinney. "I can hardly say ——"

He glanced at Dalton with watery, uneasy eyes and a guilty look.

"Don't say anything," said Brockham. "It's work that counts."

Pinney bowed, coughed, said "Good afternoon, sir," to Brockham, "Good afternoon, old man," to Dalton, and left the room.

Brockham rose slowly from his chair and faced Dalton.

"What's this about my son and your girl—this silly nonsense?"

"I agree," said Dalton icily. "The silliest nonsense."

"I won't permit it for an instant!" Brockham's puffed eyes had a red stab of fire in their depths. "What the deuce d'you mean by getting my son to your house and throwing him in the way of your girl?"

Dalton had for a moment a murderous desire. This man was a low blackguard, a most insolent hog.

"Your son invited himself to my house. It gave me no pleasure to see him. I should be sorry to have him as my son-in-law."

"You won't!" said Brockham sullenly. "He's going to marry Lady Margery Woodward, or go to the devil as far as I'm concerned."

"Perhaps it's the same thing anyhow," said Dalton, who remembered the lady's reputation.

Brockham breathed heavily and glared at Dalton like an enraged bear, but something in Dalton's eyes checked his explosion of wrath. He spoke less brutally.

"The things I've done for that boy of mine! Pampered him, spent money like water on him, never refused him any fancy or freak, agonized over him when the war was on. Now he wants to marry. Well, I won't give my consent, and that's flat, Dalton."

Dalton remembered this man's almost hysterical anxiety about his son during the war. Every casualty list made his flesh creep. Twice a night at least he would ring up the office and say, "Any news about Harold's brigade?" as though all the rest of the massacre meant nothing to him, provided his boy was safe. Pitiable! Rather disgusting, Dalton had thought. Now he was going to smash the boy's hopes of happiness and coerce him into a marriage with a vile woman of exalted rank.

"For my part," said Dalton with deadly calm, "I would rather my daughter married a chimney sweep than your son. Not that I object to the boy, who seems a nice fellow."

"Then what's your objection?" growled Brockham. "I don't follow your argument. Some of your damned sarcasm, I suppose. There's another reason why it's impossible."

He hesitated for a moment, and then assumed his usual manner of the bully. Dalton was familiar with that expression of brutal resolution. He had seen many a poor devil quail under it when dismissed from his job.

"I've unpleasant news for you, Dalton. It's best to tell you without flummery. I've been displeased with your work lately. You seem to have lost grip. You've been trying to play the idealist and friend-of-humanity stunt. The paper hasn't got any red blood in it, any editorial thrust. It's all pap! Anyhow, that's my view, and I'm the one who pays. I've made Pinney managing editor. You can take a year's salary—I'm not mean—and get out of my show."

Dalton had a queer sense of surprise that he was not more surprised. He searched in his mind for a sense of shock and couldn't feel it. Pinney's hat in the hall had told him before he entered this room. Strange! He was a ruined man and yet perfectly cheerful about it. Something seemed to have lifted from him, an enormous weight, all the burden that had laid as heavy on him as an undiscovered crime. He was free again, as free as his son Frank! This big fat hunk of corruption was no longer his slave driver, his bully, his soul destroyer. There was no anger in Dalton now, only a sardonic amusement.

"Pinney will make a good editor," he said. "All-the-Truth Pinney!"

"Well, I'm glad you take it like that. I will say I like a man who accepts a knock without whimpering."

Dalton shrugged his shoulders.

"It's not a knock; it's a liberation."

For a moment he had the idea of letting this man hear his contempt, his pent-up hatred. No, what was the use? Only a waste of nervous force.

He refused a cigar and a whisky, and picked up his hat and gloves.

"When does Pinney take over?" he asked

"Tomorrow night. I like these changes to be made quickly. That's my method, as you know."

"I know!"

Dalton went to the door, refusing to see Brockham's flabby hand. His farewell words to this man whose orders he had fulfilled so long were not friendly, but not violent.

"Your son will no longer be received at my house, and I shan't be a regular subscriber to The Record."

He went out of the room with a quick glance at the tall heavy figure of Brockham, standing before his fireside, with his fat forefinger stuck into his waistcoat pocket over his enormous stomach. Before the door closed on him he heard the growling words of "That won't hurt!"

He did not drive straight home. After reaching London he told his man to take him to the office. He had many private papers to collect before Pinney took over, as well as photographs and little personal

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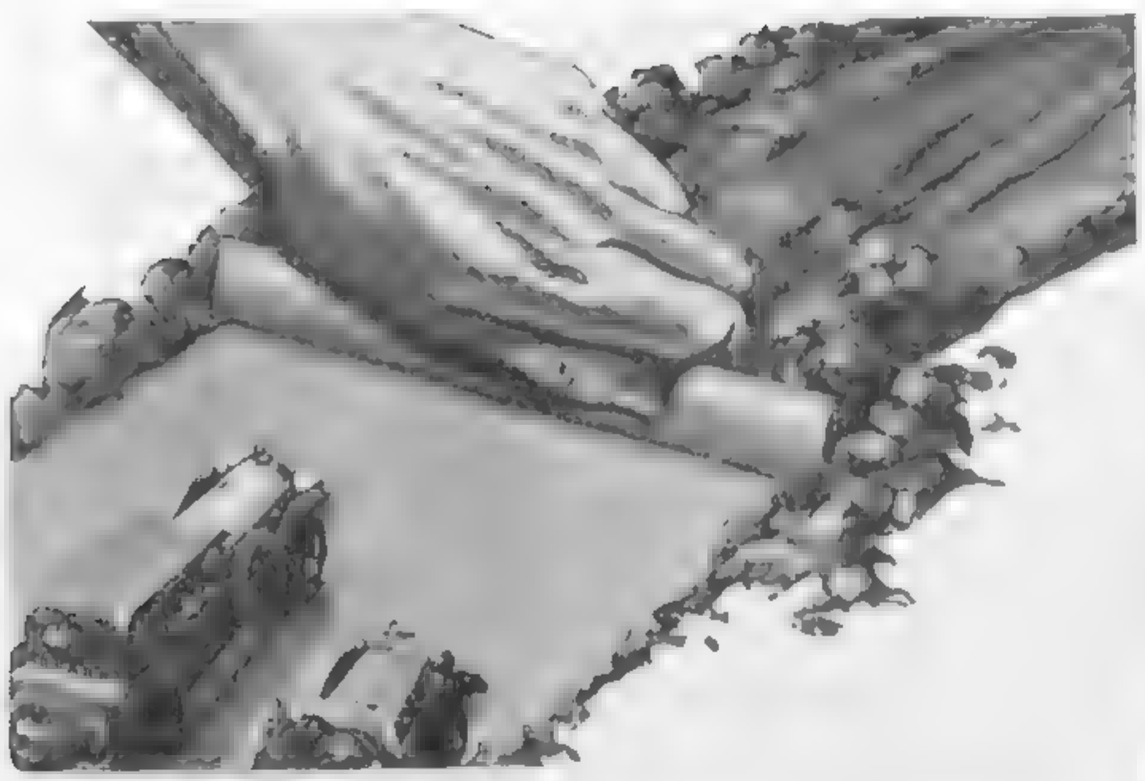
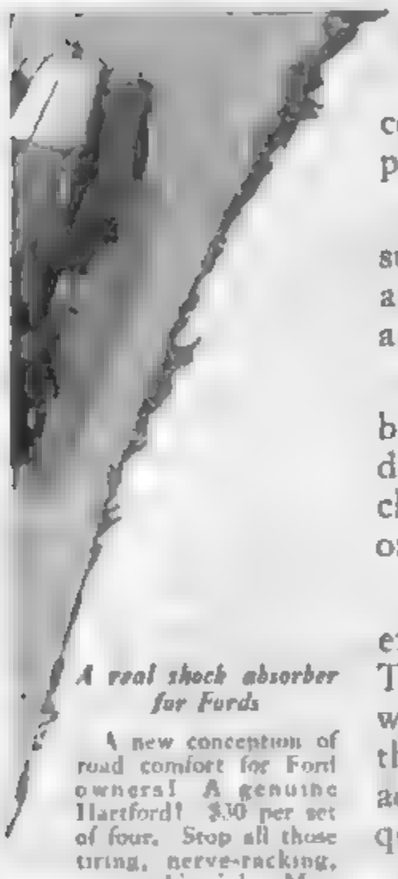


—as though a giant hand had smoothed the way



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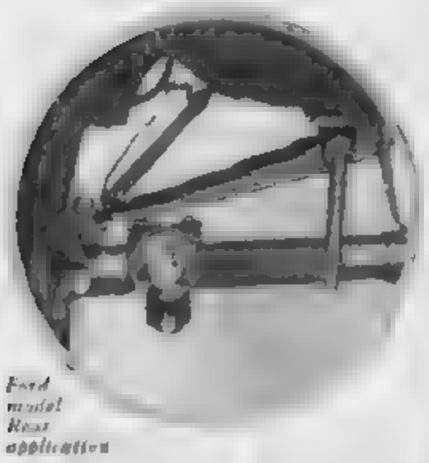

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SHOCK ABSORBER

"Makes every road a boulevard"

things in that room where he had lived most of his days for ten years.

Halfway up Fleet Street he stopped the car and hailed a newspaper boy. The light from a street lamp fell on the contents bill, and the words caused him something like a physical shock:

GRAVE NEWS!
IS IT WAR?
RESERVISTS TO BE CALLED UP

He struck a match in his closed car the electric light did not work—and read five or six blurred lines in the Stop Press:

Germany and Russia attack Poland. French Prime Minister in interview says, "Grave situation. Six classes will be called to colors." On inquiry at Downing Street official confirms possibility of impending war. May be necessary to call up army reserves. Advises public to remain calm, pending further information.

Dalton laughed harshly in his car. It looked as though the forces he had been watching for three years past had moved to the great collision. The smoldering flames had broken through the crust of false security.

If this were true, Europe would be a blazing furnace again, into which youth would be hurled by the leaders who had betrayed it—for the second time—by their ignorance, their lies, their fanning up of passion, their incurable corruption. Brockham was one of them, and Dalton, his bond slave, was another.

The office was deserted on this Saturday night. Only the cleaners and the firemen were about; the firemen who could never put out that fire in the heart of civilization.

Dalton turned on the lights in his room. A tape machine in the corner was busy in its uncanny way, unwinding strips of paper on which came the messages of fate. He read one of them:

Later inquiries suggest many officers on reserve already notified hold themselves in readiness. Great excitement in London clubs.

That meant that Frank would be called up. He would not long enjoy his liberty in that cottage at Leatherhead. Young Brockham too! All those who had escaped "the war to end war".

For an hour Dalton sat at his desk in the lonely room, staring at the brass inkpot whose shining goblet had been like a crystal in which he had seen these forces gathering.

The telephone bell rang, and mechanically he raised the receiver. It was Brockham who spoke in an apoplectic voice.

"That you, Dalton? My God, this news! It can't be true! I refuse to believe it! Harold tells me he's had a wire from the War Office."

The man was whimpering. Brockham, who said that he liked a man to take a knock without a whimper!

"My boy in another war! No, I couldn't bear it! We've got to stop it, Dalton—at all costs!"

Dalton laughed down the telephone.

"It's your war, Brockham. You asked for it. You helped to make it. I hope you'll like it!"

Brockham was breathing hard down the telephone. The bully in his soul had collapsed into quaking cowardice, sniveling fear.

"Dalton! For the love of God! We've got to rally England against those madmen! Write a leader telling them to smash the government to hell if it dares to call for any more sacrifice of blood and treasure! Throw the whole weight of The Record against this homicidal mania!"

Dalton answered him again with that laugh in his throat.

"You forget, Brockham. Pinney is your editor now. I'm no longer your paid man, thank God!"

"Wash all that out!" Brockham's deep voice whimpered again. "Pinney's contract is unsigned. He's no damn good for this crisis. The mind of a drill sergeant. We want fire, idealism, spirituality—your touch, Dalton!"

Dalton grinned savagely at the celluloid mouthpiece. Fear had put this man at his mercy—groveling fear. With cold sarcastic words he dictated to him. He was willing to resume his position on different conditions. Utterly different!

"I shall want a new contract Monday morning; absolute editorial control; no right of interference in the policy of the paper by you or any of your gang, as long as the contract runs—and that will be for ten years. . . . Yes, I said ten years. Otherwise I walk out of this office in five minutes. You agree?"

Brockham gasped and gurgled at his end of the telephone. He pleaded and almost wept for less severity.

"Four minutes have gone," said Dalton. "You agree?"

Brockham agreed on the tick of the fifth minute. Dalton was the only man who could change the policy of the paper overnight. It would have a terrific effect in England. It might save his boy's life.

"Another thing," said Dalton: "This afternoon I said I'd rather my daughter married a chimney sweep than your son. That's true! But if she likes the boy, it's her affair and his. Will you leave it to them if I do my best to keep the country out of war? . . . That's settled then, when I have it in writing."

He thrust the receiver down, and going to the window opened it and listened to the murmurous noise of London as it came up from the streets, and looked at the glow of its myriad lights, touching the high fleecy clouds above Fleet Street and its alleys.

"Pray God it's not too late!" said Dalton, and then he gave a loud, harsh laugh because of his freedom to tell the truth at last, and the weakness of one man in the presence of world forces stirring towards conflict.

He had his new contract on Monday morning. But there was no war just then, after all. The Stop Press news was rather premature.

Clouds Banked Up on Heaven's Peak, Glacier National Park, Montana

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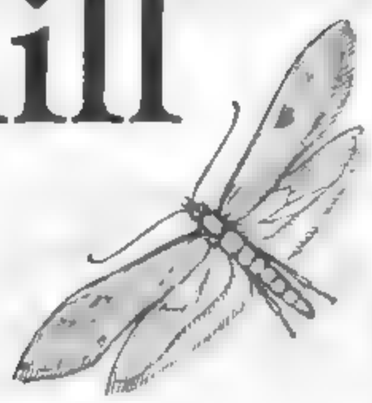

these

sneak thieves

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Spray Flyosan into a closet full of clothes.

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FLYOSAN, which quickly kills every insect pest, is a clear liquid you apply with an ordinary inexpensive sprayer. Odor, pleasantly aromatic. Absolutely non-staining. Absolutely non-poisonous.

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My dealer's name and address is

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Address May 12

BARBRY

(Continued from Page 5)

A face, vaguely white, came near. It showed the hook nose of Deacon Savory. Barbara felt herself lifted out from the buffalo and set on her feet.

"Now," growled Bion, "we'll go git ye warm. Le's run!"

The barn door rumbled shut behind them. The dusk, after that cavern, seemed brighter than before, as though daylight were trying to return. Barbara hung back.

"I don't want to!" she wailed.

Her legs doubled under her from long cramping in the cold, but still more from fear, the great fear of unknown things that lay ahead.

"Come, run, I tell ye!" cried the bear man, and pulled her by the hand.

She stumbled after him at arm's length, now falling to her knees in the snow, now being dragged upright. All her life she was to remember this moment, this wabbling rush toward new terrors. The whole world glimmered a strange blue, as she had seen it once through a piece of broken bottle; the very shadows dyed the snowdrift hollows blue; to run through this dark color was like running through the bottom of the sea.

A door opened, closed, and left her standing in a big room at one end of which roared a hearthful of fire. That and the warmth and a smell of ginger and molasses told her she was in a magnificent house. She cowered behind the deacon's fur coat and longed to fly into the winter night again.

What kind of magnificence could this be? She peeped and wondered. What kind of place? Did Gunjerboo lurk here also, or was it the awful house where the great Hills lived?

Savory's hand groped after her.

"Well, Jen," he drawled, in a voice louder but less hearty than before—"well, Jen, what s'pose I brought ye home for Chris'mas?"

Barbara dodged his hand and listened.

"What s'pose?" he repeated with the same dubious courage.

A stout woman passed before the fire.

"What? Bion," she said in a deep, angry voice, "you hevn't! How? You gone and signed the papers for that worthless girl?"

"Guess I hev," admitted Bion. "There! Now don't run away, pet."

The stout woman strode forward.

"Run away?" she cried. "She won't run fur ontil I've looked her over. Come here, stan' still, quit your fidgin'."

Barbara struggled, but to no purpose, for off came her hood and her small threadbare jacket in the grasp of Bion Savory's wife.

"My! What a sleazy, tawdry piece o' dress goods!" that lady cried. "So turrible red too! And her so pindlin'!"

Thus peeled, in fact, the child could make no boast of either beauty or finery. Thin arms and thin legs were ill set off by a bright-scarlet cotton gown.

"Ye look like somethin' the cat brought in," observed Mrs. Savory. "Who pranked ye out in that dress? Your father did? Well, your father deserves him a lutther medal!" She beckoned her husband. "You come right here, Bion. I want to talk to you." And frowning over her shoulder, the stout woman opened a door near the fireplace. "You come right stret here, Bion. I guess your feelin's run away with your headpiece this winter."

When the door had been shut, Barbara stood alone by the hearth. She knew not what to think. At first the kitchen appeared solemn and still. But it was not really so, indeed, as time passed, it became filled with a strange delight. A clock ticked on a shelf. The broad fire roared hot and hearty up in the chimney in wreathing flames. Along the floor, across the walls, giddily overhead among yellow ears of Indian corn and necklaces of dried apple that hung on rafters, tall shadows went jumping and jigging. From a sink in the far corner sounded the modest running accompaniment of water that fell upon iron, now tinkling high and variable, now plashing in a low note.

These made a good game for anyone who had eyes and ears. They called out, desiring to be joined. Very ancient spirits they were, at play—the fire burning logs of maple older than the house, the water running down day and night, winter and summer, from a rock under the hills. Barbara, though ignorant, knew them as powerful bright things making music.

So, from the hearth toward the sink, she crept out, listened, crept farther, listened, and in the middle of the room fell all at once to dancing. It was a funny, quiet dance, full of skips and pauses without rule, breaking off as though ended, yet beginning again. The fire, the water and the little girl dressed in cheap scarlet cotton did as they pleased together. She failed to hear the door opening.

"Why, Jen!" cried Bion Savory to his wife. "Look-a-here at our little red cricket, would ye?"

Barbara stood there, caught.

"H'm! Dancin'?" said the stout woman in her deep, disapproving voice. "She'll haf to learn more than dancin' if she stays in this house. I'll take a good deal of that nonsense out of her before she's much older."

***

JEN SAVORY had not become a scold. She was a grave, broad, pug-nosed woman with cold blue eyes, puckered lids, and roan hair drawn back smooth as glass to a painfully tight knot behind. Comfortable, round-bodied, slow to anger, she spoke always heavily, with her hands folded at her belt. As old Captain Pagan, of Pagan's Meadow, once declared, she had "a tongue rougher'n a scythe rifle." Her words came without effort; but perhaps on that account they grated all the more and made the more lasting rebuke. They gave an impression that whatever you had been doing was done wrong, and even if done right, signified little. Bion's wife seldom needed action to enforce a threat.

Barbara would never dance again in the kitchen. Flame and running water might play music all night, but she dared not be their companion any more.

"Looka here, my j'gamabob," the deacon's wife proclaimed after supper, "you're a-goin' to bed and sleep. Tomorrow I'll cut ye out someth'n' fit to wear, to cover your bones, place of that red Bab'lon robe your father blazoned onto ye."

With a long homemade candle in her hand, she led Barbara up some narrow stairs into a bedroom with a slant ceiling.

"Undress quick," she commanded, her breath flowing white over the candle, "and h'ist into your good clean bed. Cleaner than you've laid down in many's the night, I'll be pounded! My, the skinny little shadow you be! And the black bruises! Can ye say you any prayer first? I doubt ye never was taught one."

Barbara knelt on a smooth deerskin rug to recite the old rime her mother had left with her:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

With that she hopped up and slid between the sheets, which were ice-cold, but indeed very clean. She felt cheerful and safe enough, having put her soul where it belonged in the dark, as usual.

"H'm!" The stout woman cleared her throat. "That's a gloomy, orth'dox way o' prayin', I must say! Ain't you got nothin' to add?"

"No'm," said Barbara, shaking her black head on the pillow.

"H'm!" repeated Mrs. Savory, and snuffed the candle with determined fingers. "So you don't ask for grace descendin' on others? All for your own self? And you feel good enough to die 'fore mornin' breaks?"

"Yes'm," said Barbara.

Mrs. Savory turned away and carried her light to the stairhead.

"Well!" she meditated. "'Tis poor humern bein's has a lot to learn."

The striped shadow of bannisters wheeled over Barbara's bed, covered the low ceiling and ran into a peak as darkness came. The child lay wondering for a while, because it seemed to her that she had done wrong, first by dancing, now by praying, under this roof. She missed her father, and felt sorry; but only a little sorry, because her father often disappeared for days or weeks and left her with strangers. Then she began to shiver, then to burrow and kick, busy as a mole, till she had chafed the bed quite warm. At last, watching a pale light stream gradually through the dormer window, she became aware that the loveliness of a winter moon was trying to reach her, was creeping silver-white from the bedposts upward, brightening square by square the patchwork quilt. Before it came to her feet she knew no more except a great contentment.

So began her life at Savorys' farm. The deacon's bound girl, as his neighbors called her, was in no way conscious of bondage. That first winter passed like a flight of wonders, day after gleaming day of sunshine and snow. Work, scoldings, tired or lonely moments did not count or made no picture in her memory. The little house and vast barn, infolded on their hill by an arctic solitude, created no illusion of monotony. Such was her fortune that she found time itself too short for seeing and hearing and trying to understand a multitude of changes.

"You can't wash them things with my house water," Jen Savory might cry out. "It's harder'n flint. Go fetch a pail o' good soft water from outdoor."

The path to the well was very short, yet Barbara could not go and return quickly. First, there was the tilting of the well sweep, a monstrous old gray cedar rail that groaned and squealed, frost-bound, as it rose against the morning sky; then, far down among glossy rocks in the well, after a clash of unseen ice breaking, the bucket gurgled and drank deep; then slowly up quivered a circle of bright water, which Barbara always halted below the curb until it grew still as a mirror, so that she might see her own face looking from below, laughing, because the sun burned like fire through her two thin blood-red ears. The water—Bion's soft-water well was famous—gave out a summerlike breath as of rain and sodden leaves.

"Gone to sleep, or froze to death out there?" The stout woman's voice brought this play time to an end. "Barbry, stir your stumps!"

"Yes'm," was Barbara's answer.

But before she had carried her bucket halfway to the kitchen door some other noble object caught the eye and called the mind abroad. A three-pronged icicle might hang, corrugated with diamond ripples, down the full height of the house; a bush of last summer's bleeding heart by the corner might rattle its dry stalks, or at the same gust a little whirlwind of snow dart off the roof and spin down hill in glittering mist. Nobody could mark these without pausing to look beyond them at the dreamy black river, motionless like a chain of lakes, broken, snowbound, forest-barred by the headlands of the border.

"Barbry! You come right stret here!" cried her mistress, more than once. "Standin' there gappin', your two feet under a snow bank!"

Errands to the barn were likewise full of joy and trouble.

"Go tell Bion his dinner'll git stone cold," a standing order sounded.

In the dusky barn, perfumed with sharp animal steam and sweet hay, Barbara found the deacon tending his pet horse. With a foul broom he scrubbed all the snow from under shaggy fetlocks.

"Why do you sweep a horse?" inquired Barbara.

The deacon rose and laid his broom aside.

"Because why," he grumbled, "because to keep him from gittin' the scratches."

That was, of course, no answer.

"What are the scratches?"

So Mr. Bion Savory, lumbering round from stall to stall, discoursed of lordly diseases he might handle if they came in his way—bots, proud flesh, the heaves, blind staggers and stringhalt; of diet, crack' corn, middlin's and shorts, of points in genealogy, why McCatherine mares were thin-legged and why Hambletonian blood was "powerful onlikely to git or foald clever hosses, let 'em brag their hearts out." Barbara dogged the lecturer to heel, asking ten questions for every new word he spoke. Though bodily she traveled but from harness pegs to haymow, her mind ran over strange fields of thought. If the deacon paused in a dark place to fling back the cover of the grain box with a boom like that of some great drum, then all the horses whinnied, and there came galloping an old black dog with two yellow spots above his eyes, who barked and tried to leap among the bins where his master bent with a half peck measure.

"Why does he do that?" said Barbara.

"Who, Bose?" replied Mr. Savory, pushing the dog away with his elbow. "Bose Four-Eyes? Down, y'old numskull! Oh,

(Continued on Page 83)

Klearflax rugs were chosen for the bedrooms in the Ford Hotel at Buffalo, because their rich linen colors and sturdy texture give an effect of "hominess" unusual in a hotel room

"HOMEY" BEDROOMS AT THE FORD HOTEL SHOW EFFECTIVE USE OF KLEARFLAX

GUESTS at the Ford Hotel in Buffalo find in the rooms a quiet "hominess" that comes from a refined sense of decoration and wisely chosen furnishings.

Every room has the interest which French windows always lend. The furniture is of elegant but simple design. And on the floors are rugs of Klearflax.

Because Klearflax is made of pure linen, it adds just the qualities of decoration which linen always means—beauty of color and texture and substantial comfort.

Of all fabrics linen has the greatest affinity for color and so you find in Klearflax all the lovely linen solid colors of sand, chestnut, green, blue, gray, rose, mole, taupe, mulberry and beige. The Picwick mixtures are charming combinations of two colors, quite artistic and very practical. End borders provide a handsome variation also, if you prefer.

Then, too, linen is the strongest of textiles—and so Klearflax has its strength. Woven alike on both sides, its wear resistance is double and truly remarkable.

You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all new linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use, and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough outer fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor and wears indefinitely. You can clean it easily, for, being linen, it is moth proof and does not readily absorb dirt; you can re-dye it and rebind it and have a perennially new rug that daily grows more beautiful and seems never to wear out.

Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $49; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular. In the wide loom widths it gives a pleasing effect of spaciousness.

The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpets and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

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If you ever want to sell your house ARCOLA is a salesman

"I WISH to inquire how long it would take to get another ARCOLA, similar to the one you sold me last year, as I have sold my house," writes E. D. Saunders of Alton, Ill.

"Possibly you will be interested in knowing how the ARCOLA entered in the deal," he continues. "My neighbor and I owned houses adjoining, that were built by a housing company and *exactly alike;* both of us were trying to sell and a prospective buyer after looking both houses over, paid me six hundred dollars more than my neighbor was asking, because my house was hot-water heated by an ARCOLA and American Radiators."

ARCOLA is an investment on which it is *impossible* to lose. If you want to sell your home you discover that buyers are glad to pay more for a house with an American Radiator in each room. If you keep the house several winters ARCOLA's cost is entirely absorbed. It pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

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CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 80)

Bose, he ain't give up the idee to ketch him a rat in the feed box yit afore he dies."

"What does Bose mean?"

"Mean?" The deacon stood puzzled, then gave a laugh. "Why, Nubbins, it don't mean much of anything: jest an ancient kind of old barn-dog name, fur's I know. Jest old."

"As old as you are?"

Bion laughed again, and tried to spill a few kernels of corn down the child's neck.

"Old as I be? Land o' mud, yes—more too! Old as Isaac's ram. Older'n the hills, I suspect."

Later, watching a horse eat, Barbara might suddenly propound, "How old are the hills? And why do they chase people?"

Deacon Savory frowned and shook his head.

"Now you're a-talkin' silly again," he complained. "Little girls hedn't ought to talk silly."

Thus their friendly hour broke off in mutual displeasure, and—for Barbara—in a mystery of hope deferred. Before they ever could really understand each other, Mrs. Bion rushed in at the barn door and hailed them, a black figure of wrath against the glaring snow.

"Where's that girl woolgetherin' to now? Oh, there ye be, the pair of ye! Ain't you never comin' int' the house any more?"

They followed her meekly to dinner, treading Indian file through the snowdrifts.

Delay and mooning gossip were not Barbara's worst faults, as Jen Savory came to learn. The child had a trick of disappearing. When late-winter rain drummed on the roof, when circles of bare grass under the elm trees began melting into brown roadways down the hill, and all human life seemed a dark, wet, indoor thing, Barbara suddenly would be gone. Never before work had ceased; in work she was faithful to the end; only by mid-afternoon she vanished without a word. One moment she might be knitting or sewing by the kitchen fire like a little grandmother; next moment—not to be found.

"The child's worse'n a witch!" declared Mrs. Savory. "I'd ruther have a straw-b'ry box full o' fleas to hull, she hops out o' sight so!"

In the twilight she returned, her eyes large and brilliant. She had been, like Kilmeny, she could not tell where.

It was Bion who accounted for this phenomenon. Chancing to cut his ankle with an ax in the woods, he spent a fortnight housed; and one day as he moved about, quiet and slow in stocking feet, he heard a tiny sound of weeping. The sound came, he thought, from the front hall, a cold passageway deserted and shut up in winter. He went limping toward the door, opened it softly, and put his hawk nose round the edge.

The hall contained a narrow flight of stairs, a mahogany console, and a strip of gray light reflected along the oilcloth gangway.

Down on that oilcloth waved a slim pair of legs, twining and untwining as though in agony. Barbara lay there face downward and sobbed, with half her body in a small triangular closet under the stairs.

"Judah's priest!" cried the deacon. "What on top of earth have ye done?"

She remained flat, kicking her heels aloft. Bion came into the hall, closed the kitchen door behind him and bent his head under the stairs with her.

"What ails ye?"

The closet, a hold-all for clothing seldom worn, was dark, cold and crowded; the floor a litter of discarded boots, larrigans and shoepacks, which filled it with the oily smell of Indian tanning. Among this rubbish Barbara's face lay hidden, while her hands gripped a bundle of loose pages, the abandoned wreck of some great book.

"What ye rootin' after, Nubbins, down there 'mong the ar'tics? How did ye hurt ye so?"

Her head turned suddenly, her eyes flashed at him. The child was looking up, not from that untidy lumber hole but from the bottom of a tragic world, a strange half-lighted theater of pity and terror.

"He's killed her! Oh, the black man!" wailed Barbara with passionate remorse. "The black man's killing the white lady!"

She buried her face again. Bion stooped there until by long effort he divined some portion of the truth.

"Be'n readin'?" he asked in bewilderment. "Only readin', that all, to upset your mind?"

Receiving no answer, he quietly took one of the torn pages that Barbara had let fall and carried it to the front windows, or deadlights, by the storm door. A time-gnawed sheet it was, printed in double columns of villainous type. His eyes made out the words with difficulty:

DES.: Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight!
OTH.: Nay, if you strive
DES.: But half an hour!
OTH.: Being done, there is no pause.
DES.: But while I say one prayer!
OTH.: It is too late. [*He stifles her.*]

Deacon Savory turned toward the closet.

"Why, this ain't nothin'!" he chuckled. "A play book, but good readin', I always heard tell. Complete Works of William Shakspere. I don't objeck to them."

Barbara had curled herself under the stairs and lay altogether in darkness.

"Come, come!" said Bion. "No need to cry. What makes ye?"

He got no reply at first but a grievous moan.

"What makes ye?"

"The Moor! The Moor!" cried Barbara, her voice among the moccasins, her heart in the poet's Isle of Cyprus. "He's killed the white lady! The white lady's dead!"

Deacon Savory compared this statement with the paper in his hand.

"What if she is?" he retorted. "What's that to you, Barbry?"

After supper he put the same riddle to his wife.

"Jen," he declared, as they two lingered by the kitchen hearth, "our little maid upstair in bed yonder, she's a queer hand. To think of her porin' on such a rickety old book, has kicked underfoot for wrappin's ever sence we boarded the schoolmaster; him the ruddy, jokin' feller that failt to give satisfaction, went to war and got killed—what's name. You nor me don't remember him properly, least I don't. And this afternoon Barbry laid a-bawlin' for somebody never even lived here, much less was ever set eyes on. What s'pose the cause of it?"

Jen coughed. She sat calmly sprouting potatoes, a tin pan wedged between her feet.

"Barbry?" she replied. "'Twas you selected the child and drove your own bargain. Barbry's a poor wiltin' weed, my opinion."

"No, she hain't," growled Bion, crumpling his sad brown mustache together in his fist. "Barbry's all growth and ginger. She's built some other ways, I don' know how, but drew different from you and me. I can't cipher it; can't no more see inside the pattren of her than what I can a last-year cobweb lo'ded down with dust. But the pattren's there."

He nursed his lame foot in silence for a while.

"She'd ought to have her some good learnin'," he concluded. "Good learnin'. I see that fur. The filly's got warm blood and sperrit. Don't you scare her away from no books, Jen. The's Bible Hist'ry 'Lustrated, and Twenty Year to Congress right here in this house. I'll borry Mr. Hill's book of Æsop Fables, his you' ones relish so. Her mind's a full set o' teeth ready for bitin', and got to find bon's."

The deacon's wife snatched another potato, and with a vicious thumb cleared away its pale cellar-grown tendrils.

"May be," she admitted. The flame of birch logs pouring up the chimney could light but not warm her broad serious face. "I said before 'twas your bargain." Casting a glum look into the fire, she added. "Barbry'll grow too handsome for plain folks, and I wouldn't wonder. That's all you men ever spy in 'em. Your filly won't break to common harness lutther. She'll kick up flighty. Her eyes wan't put in her head for the good of her soul."

IV

DAYS came when the river was no longer black, but gleamed like the sky in cove after cove, reach by land-barred reach down the valley; no more ice cakes drifted; no more wild ducks flew low with quivering whistle along the midstream current. Brown fields on shore lay warming in the sun, curving down to meadow banks which here and there caught an early tinge of grayish green, a mixed color of dead and living grass blades, not yet so bright as their amphibious neighbor the eel grass. In fir woods and cedar groves along the river some last breath of winter underlay the darkest shadows; a chill, a sense of numb wet things which almost made perfume and was in fact a memory of the snow. But where Savory's Brook tumbled in freshet the alders were budding, and willow switches hung thick with yellow catkins full-burst and powdery. Spring filled the open air. A brown vapor smoldered on the horizon, as if the hills had languidly taken fire.

One morning of this weather Bion and his wife drove away in a muddy wagon to see a cousin buried and afterward do shopping in the town. Perched above wheels instead of runners, and dressed in their strange black Sunday clothes, they looked perilously high, magnificent and grim. Barbara watched them with awe as they went rattling slowly down the triple-furrowed lane, swung northward on the main road and disappeared behind alder screens. A hollow rumble of planking told her when they crossed the brook.

"Now you're all alone. Nobody home but you and the dumb critters."

It had grown a habit with her to talk inwardly, holding long silent dialogues—often in the grandest words—between herself and another person older, wiser than herself, who lived or pretended to live somewhere behind the back of her head. This person would play games with her, take the losing side, even allow her to win by cheating, but never would come round into sight.

"Now you'll stay alone all day," said Barbara; then presently added a phrase she had learned from Bion—"as lonesome as a lame crow."

Unwittingly she had spoken aloud. The sound made her start and wonder. It might have been the voice of that unseen companion, heard for the first time. And while she stood there dreaming, with one hand on the warm gray scales of the crab-apple tree, a queer fancy pervaded her.

"Suppose," thought the child, "a thing like fairies was going to happen. Now she's gone, suppose the dumb critters began to talk."

The longer she thought the more likely it became to suppose so. Bion's departure with his wife had lifted a spell, uncrowded the farm, cleared the day from an undergrowth of common obstacles and interruptions. Barbara had never felt such room or liberty, even out-of-doors. Savory's Hill gave her a wide prospect, acres of undulating field and wood; roosters crowed at one another across the river, over the whole countryside, in fits of throaty falsetto cheering; bonfire smoke that mounted in glistening white pillars, like a signal of peace relayed from farm to farm, began already to spread through the morning stillness its fine sharp evergreen smell of burning spruce and fir branches. It was a boundless kind of day, when almost any wish might come true.

"Suppose they would talk?"

The question took only vague form in Barbara's mind, and with only vague hope she turned away to look for some answer. Perhaps an Æsop fable would happen in the barnyard. She began her rounds with caution, treading softly.

Bose Four-Eyes the dog had nothing whatever to say. Under the warm southern bank behind the barn he was curled in a dry hollow, usurping the dust bath of the hens. Barbara called him. He blinked his aged brown eyes, wrinkled his yellow false pair, pushed out his paws rigidly, sighed, let his head fall again, and snored.

"You lazy thing!" said Barbara.

Bose beat up a little dust with his tail, then snored away into some deeper dream.

The pigs had a brand-new pen, and were busy tearing up fresh green sods. They wasted no time in gossip. A grunt or two, a scramble of hoofs against the bars, a twitching of pale waxy nostrils, a brief stare glazed with dullness, twinkling with human greed; these told a visitor everything the pigs could tell.

"Grumps! Grumps!" cried Barbara, and retreated, railing. "Dirty grumps!"

The duck pond made a prettier place to see, bordered with the earliest dandelion greens and floored with deep reflections of the sky; but as for the ducks themselves, and the colored drakes, they merely floated, now and then digging bill under wing or neck under water.

The barn, when she returned to that, yawned empty and silent, with both doors open, sunlight and a spring breeze drawing through. Cattle and horses had gone to pasture up the long high lane which climbed the southern ridge.

(Continued on Page 85)

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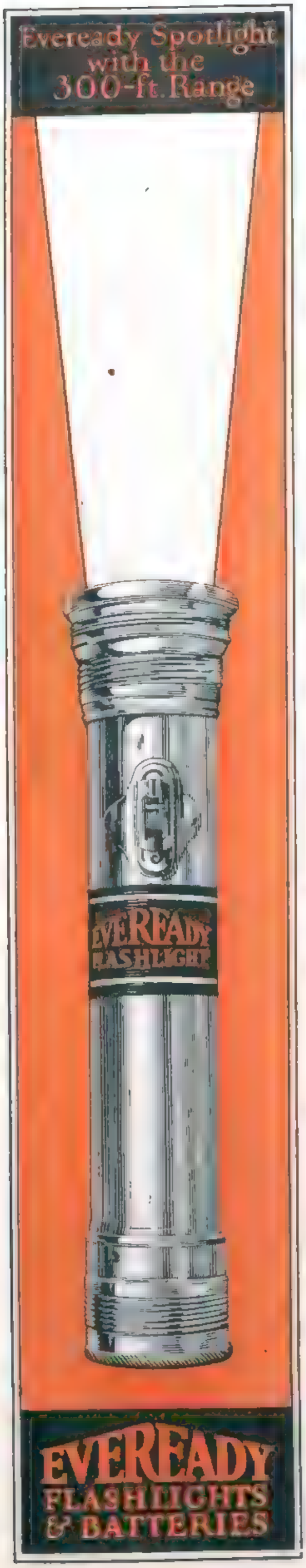

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(Continued from Page 83)

So Barbara dismissed her fine stratagem. Crept she never so carefully, those beasts were too cunning, after all; they would not let her overhear a word. She ran down to the kitchen, therefore, and finished her morning work indoors.

It was not until afternoon that the thing happened.

Barbara was then sitting in the sun, close by the trunk of the crab tree. She had played out every game she knew; tried one or two favorites twice over, but found them stale; and for a last resort was making believe to be the Princess on that Glass Hill where no people ever came because their horses' hoofs were slippery. Now and then she thought their voices murmured below. Yet nobody appeared, nothing moved along the river road. The whole valley lay so quiet that she could hear frogs trilling in Pagan's Meadow, more than a mile away southward over the ridge—trilling and ringing like silver, a misty confusion of little bells. The sound, the spring warmth and the effort of being a princess all alone combined to make Barbara drowsy. In fact she had almost fallen asleep, when her eyes caught sight of ——

"What?"

She sat up with a bound, staringly awake and frightened.

Twelve or thirteen rods below her, beyond a stone wall and the road, a broad gray maple tree spread athwart the downward curving fields and partly hid the river with its uppermost haze of reddish buds. Bion had tapped that maple for sugar a few weeks ago. Barbara had watched him boring the auger holes, putting in his troughs; had helped him carry home his pails of crystal sap; and afterward, when there were no more night frosts, had seen him drive two solid whittled hardwood plugs flush with the rugged bark. But now—she could not believe what she now saw.

In the maple trunk, about a yard above ground as they ought to be, the two auger holes were opening wide and shutting, winking like a pair of black eyes.

"No!" cried Barbara, and stood up. "They can't!"

The black eyes opened again to contradict her. One shut, then the other. Right and left, sleepily, then both together, these impossible eyes winked at her from the body of a tree.

"No! What are they?"

Her heart beat so fast as to shake her. Plays, fancies, make-believe signs and wonders might all be well enough in fun; but this, when trees came to life unbidden, was a terror pouncing in earnest. She had wild thoughts of scrambling to the house and bolting the door. Instead, next moment, she found herself running downhill as fast as her legs could fly.

"It will disappear!" she thought. "It can't be so!"

The stone wall and tangled raspberry hedge brought her suddenly to halt. She rubbed the hair from her eyes and strained forward. There the prodigy remained in full sunlight. It was no mistake. Beyond the road, the two auger holes in the maple bark were still opening larger and clearer than ever, not as round spots but as formless patches of velvety black. They widened and shrank with a perceptible flutter, in a rhythm like breathing.

Barbara stole through the raspberries, over the rock wall, down the bank; and so, drawn in a bee line by thrilling fascination, crept inch by inch across the wheel ruts of the road.

"Ah! Beauties!" Clasping her arms, hugging herself with joy, she saw at last and understood. "Ah, the beauties!"

On the scars which Bion's auger had left, there clung a pair of black butterflies.

"Oh, I'm glad! Oh, I'm glad!" cried Barbara.

The butterflies, each drinking sweetness from a wet hardwood plug, opened and shut the drowsy hinges of their wings. Earliest of their kind, they had ventured far in advance of summer, blown by a warm gale into this land where the spring was barely waking. Yet here they found a basking place on the southern flank of the maple, and a liquor fine as that in any flower.

Barbara knew or guessed what a rare sight had been granted her. She could find no words for it, and therefore presently began skipping and dancing in the road. Her shadow danced before her. It crossed the tree trunk, recrossed and touched the blinking wings. Off dropped the butterflies in alarm, off through the wiry bushes and down the field, two flickering black dots in the sunshine, till some vagary of their flight concealed them by the river.

"Good-by!" shrilled Barbara, on tiptoe. "Good-by!" And she remembered her father's name for them. "Good-by, Papillons!"

If one surprise were gone, another had come. From near at hand a strange voice quietly spoke.

"Child o' grace!" it called. "Child o' grace, that your feet never lose their lightness now!"

She turned quickly, more startled than her butterflies.

The road wound on its way through the valley. Up and down the length of it nobody appeared. Barbara might have run home with all her former terror had she not spied something human and reassuring—namely, on the bridge that covered the brook near by, a row of old boots. Ponderous old boots they were, lumpy, worn, caked with dry mud, split and cracked worse even than her father's boots had been. Some of them were soled with wood an inch thick. Two by two, they stood there under the rail of the bridge as if waiting for magic feet to step into them.

"Darlin', you may well stare! The leather that holds them will never be seen fetchin' a jump so high and lovely as your own. For certain the grass wouldn't acknowledge you walkin' over it."

The voice came from below.

Where Savory's Brook ran gurgling the road not only crossed it by the bridge but sent a little rocky wheel track down to ford its brown water, that horses might splash through and drink. There, beyond it, underneath budding alders, lounged a group of ragged people—three men, four women and half a dozen children. They sat dabbling their bare feet in the brook. For them the worn boots waited. Their talk it was which Barbara had heard from the hill. A withered old woman sat on a rock and continued speaking:

"Come near, my jewel."

Barbara went willingly down the wheel tracks below the bridge, to meet the first person who had ever praised her. They looked at each other across the running brook. This old woman wore over her head a threadbare shawl of no color, and shook in one hand a burnt clay pipe. Her eyes were sunken, glassy black, but keen.

"A dark lovely girl you are," she said; then turning to a weary white-haired man who lay half asleep on the bank, "Ephraim, see the darlin'."

The old man raised himself, muttered something and lay back feebly.

"Don't ye find us the ugly ones to see, though?" inquired the gray woman.

Barbara shook her head. These wayfarers were dirty and tired, but had one and all the kindest faces imaginable. The boys were black-haired, dark-eyed, serious, watchful as birds; the girls all dark, too, in sad clothes but for a stained yellow petticoat here and there.

"No," said Barbara. "Where'd you come from?"

The old woman waved her pipe easterly toward the river.

"Across the sea, dear, and him angry in winter. We sailed on a ship, the Lewd Annie, all the way to the Over Scoshy; and so with our lame feet to a town Sintandas; and so by your leave to wash the aches off them in your brook; and so on we go limpin' to glory, to great cities in the West. Maybe you know a loose barn or two, dear, we could favor our bones in the hay in through a night?"

"Yes, up there's ours," began Barbara, gladly enough.

A sturdy frowning man rose amid the group and pointed straight down the river road with his gray-green stick of ash.

"No!" he cried. "We have the ten miles yet in our face to go. We did not sail on a Lewd Annie, but the name of that ship was Loodianah, a great fightin' man's name from Injia, so I hear. Enemygrants they term us. No wonder, when every second soul aboard, take out us, was named Ahear-r-rn. Where we caught ship it signifies nothing. Tramps, no, nor Irish neither. The man who calls one o' mine so, he lies. Wash your feet, mother dear, and have done; for till the sun comes down flat we're goin' forward."

At these words the queer family gathered themselves up along the brookside, and after grubbing out a quantity of cloth bundles from under the bridge climbed to the top of it, where they began pulling on their aged boots. From her own side of the stream Barbara went racing up to join them there.

"Child o' grace, are ye come again?" exclaimed the old woman, tucking her pipe away in her bosom. She leaned against the rail and took Barbara's two hands with her own, which were hard but warm. "Child that can play to your lonesome jumpin', let a weak mother of men see you between the broad black eyes and tell what lays in your face."

Her own face, gray and wrinkled as an old turnip skin, seemed to fade, alter and grow solemn while she spoke. Her own glassy black eyes wandered far over Barbara's head, a long way off, clear against the sun without winking.

"Child," she mumbled in a slow, sleepy voice, "there's what the feel of your hands do put into mine. There's blood about it. Ye have the two ways in you, and a touch of the crossroads. Blood I can see running athwart, when ye most need to be happy. It will come so, poor thing. 'Twill begin to come before a piece of silver."

She let Barbara's hands go, seized the rail behind her as if weary, and coughed. The running water of the brook lapped underneath the planks, being high in spring.

"Trot away home, dear," advised the angry-looking man with the stick. "Mother's failin' old too fast, so that the words come out of her from where I can't tell nowadays."

His mother drew herself up and shook a lean grimy fist at him.

"Oh, Mark John boy," she cried, "will you never believe what's true, though I'm tellin'? James, the poorest son there"—she pointed down to a pale tired little boy who sat struggling with his boots among the rest—"your own son there alive will be lord governin' a tall high city when you and me stretch dead, praise Him in splendor, and yet the towers not founded on that city of an island!"

Turning, she spat into the brook and pulled her sad-colored shawl over her white hair.

The frowning Mark John took her by the arm.

"Come now, mother," he said lightly and kindly, "try if you can walk, so we'll make a step or two, and reach among your cities before they crumble down again. Come now, easy and proud. The life of an old hat is to cock it."

His mother laughed outright and suddenly became very cheerful.

"It's true!" she said. "Come on with us. Good-by, my child o' grace."

And patting Barbara on the head, away she hobbled. Her family trooped after her from the bridge, all footsore and shamble-jointed. As they went limping down the road their dusty clothes and bundles and the girls' yellow petticoats caught a strange gilding from the afternoon sun. Barbara longed to follow, but dared not. With deep admiration she watched their dwindling figures mount the next hill and disappear where the highway turned sharply in a tunnel mouth of black firs.

For some time the child remained there, pleased and bewildered, while the brook ran darkly below like an undercurrent of her thought. Plodding hoofs and rattling wheels drew near, behind her. She turned.

"So there ye be! W'oa!"

Bion Savory and his wife sat looking down at her from their high wagon.

"Git aboard, Nubbins. If ye can't git aboard, git a plank. What ye be'n a-doin' all day?"

Barbara clasped her hands and shook them for joy at having so great news to tell.

"Oh, a lot!" she began. "Lots and lots! They told my fortune—blood and a piece of silver. And they talked so comical! First, I saw the sugar holes open and shut on your maple tree; but they were two butterflies, and flew away ——"

Jen Savory rapped all this nonsense on the head.

"I don't doubt," she snapped. "And toads may fly, but they're an unlikely bird. Climb in behind, unless ye want to walk. Did you remember to black that oven door?"

"Yes'm," replied Barbara, and meekly swung herself up on the tailboard of the wagon.

"We'll hear the rest when we git home," said Mrs. Savory.

They would never hear the rest of that day; for Barbara, swinging her legs behind

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WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

the rear axle as Bion's wagon jounced up through the orchard, perceived herself to have learned a lesson, if not a rule of life; which was, that she must never tell anything she cared about.

"The child," Mrs. Savory was grumbling—"the child'll come to be as false as two folks. Her fancy runs away with the whole apple cart."

When they had put up the horse and come silently to the back door in the L, Bion made a discovery.

"Why, who's be'n here, Barbry?" he inquired. "Whose pitcher's that in the winder?"

On the kitchen window sill there stood a light-blue jug of some glazed ware like majolica. Bion took it up. The design of a grape arbor covered the sides of it in crude relief, with vines and tendrils, under which appeared two lumpy figures—a sleeping girl and a boy who tickled her cheek with a bunch of grapes. Inside it something jingled.

"Money?" said Bion. "Why, 'tis so money! I guess maybe a sailor from a ship come up to buy milk and found nobody to home. So he's left his pitcher."

Mrs. Savory sniffed and peeled off her best black gloves.

"I guess they'd kerry off the house without this girl's ever knowin'," she retorted. "Makin' up butterflies, then chasin' 'em to Beersheby! When the country's full of them Irish trampers, too, passin' through from the provinces!"

Bion crammed his big fist into the blue jug.

"Spanish or Portagee piece, I cal'late," he pronounced. "Milreis, it says on the tail. Who left it, s'pose? Look here."

He held out on his palm a small silver coin.

Barbara looked, but said nothing whatever.

THE blue jug remained a mystery, for no one came to get it that evening, or next day, or the next.

"Sailors are terrible loose-handed men," said Bion; "prob'ly some old shellback rowed clean aboard his vessel, made sail and dropped below the Narrers 'fore he rec'lected there was a thing on his mind, ashore, pooty nigh resemblin' a pitcher o' milk. He wouldn't 'a' showed such heels, I bate ye, towards a kag of West Injy rum!"

However that might be, in course of time the blue jug became household property, Jen using it on table at first with scruple and proviso, then without.

"Don't believe the owner's goin' to claim it," she declared. "We might's well call it ours, fault of knowin' who."

For Barbara, the piece of glossy earthenware never grew quite common or familiar. A sort of legend clung about it, fresh at every breakfast time. What sort she could not determine; nor did she contrive a satisfactory legend of her own, though she tried very hard to, more than once. The jug, she told herself, had been forgotten by a young prince, who would remember it some day and come riding an immense dapple-grim horse, with a mane like a thundercloud; he would have curls and a steel cap, lace and a sword; he would hop down from his horse and run to meet her; for really he would be a brother of hers, because now she had no brother. They would play games that nobody else knew how to play.

And there Barbara's invention always broke down.

The silver coin Bion put honestly away beside his wooden clock on the kitchen mantelshelf, where the jug, when not in use, stood and covered it.

So the incident passed and faded from week to week.

Another came to fill its place. One fine summer morning the deacon drove off to see a neighbor, and took Barbara with him. The neighbor was Mr. Hill. Barbara had outgrown her terror of the name, for she knew that the farmer himself was a lean, kindly, meditative man with a white chin beard, who had lent her Æsop's Fables; that he had no power upon the other hills, the everlasting heights above the river; and that as for them, when one looked backward from a traveling wagon, they moved, indeed, and followed strangely out of the blue distance, but with a motion calm, wide and consoling. So they followed her today northward along the dusty road.

In Mr. Hill's barnyard the deacon lifted her down.

"Now, while we transack business," he ordered, "you run play with Ransom."

Barbara obeyed, though she did not love Ransom. He seemed a pale, sly boy, wit pale-brown freckles and pale-green eyes that slid away from her face when he talked.

But all his brothers and sisters being gone elsewhere this morning, Barbara tried to strike friendship with him as well as she could.

First, they found some midsummer men in a flower bed and made moneybags. This proved a very glum entertainment; to suck a stonecrop leaf till it opened as a little green pouch left almost no room in the mouth for talking. Then they smacked lilacs a while. Barbara's went off every one like a pistol, but Ransom's lips were too flabby to accomplish much in that art. So, after pulling and squawking grass blades till they were tired, the children cast about for something livelier.

"I know a game," said Barbara, "we could play here."

They stood under the lee of a granite knoll behind the barn, where among plantain and milkweed rose old dry mullein like a cluster of brittle spears.

"It's a wicked game, though."

Ransom squinted craftily.

"What is it?" he asked. "Le's try."

Barbara rooted up a mullein stalk in each hand.

"These will be my darts, and I'm the fiend of the pit," she declared. "You can be Christian, Ransom, because he licks and conquers in the valley of the shadow. Now my name's Apollyon, and I straddle over the whole breadth of the way." She ran up the knoll and spread her feet wide apart on two nubbles of granite, so that she made a menacing form, though clad in skimpy gray seersucker. "You must draw your sword, Ransom. You'd ought to have you a weapon called an all-prayer, too, but I don't know what an all-prayer looks like. There's an edgin' will do for your sword. You draw that, so. Now I'll yell at you like the devil."

Brandishing her mullein shafts, Barbara let forth such a roar that her playmate grew paler than ever and drew back.

"Cuss you and damn you!" cried Barbara, her red cheeks flaming. "I swear by my infernal den, here will I spill thy soul!"

Whizzing sped the mullein darts, plump into Ransom's breast, where they broke and dashed his face full of sagelike powder.

"Come on," she invited him, "draw your edgin' and come up to fight me!"

Ransom Hill found he had no stomach for that combat. His green eyes watered against the sun as he looked up at Barbara from below. He faltered, shuffled, then like a craven threw away his good spruce-edging blade.

"I don't think much o' this game," he stammered. "It don't mean hardly a thing. All in your head. I know what we c'd do, lots wickeder."

Barbara stared.

"There ain't anything wickeder," she retorted with indignation. "Being a fiend is the wickedest thing any man or woman can do. I used awful bad language."

The Hill boy stubbornly wagged his head.

"What I know is forty hunderd times worse," he mumbled. "'Tain't jest girl's talk, neither."

His manner, so dogged and mysterious, provoked her. She cast Apollyon to the winds and jumped down from that bad eminence of granite.

"What is it? I stump you!"

Ransom squinted at her as before doubtfully.

"Ye won't go tell?" he stipulated. "Cut your throat and hope God split ye dead with lightnin'!"

Barbara took this tremendous oath at one snap.

"With lightnin' what is it?" she cried.

He looked roundabout, cautious and guilty.

"Smokin'!" he whispered. "Smokin', that's what I do. I kin smoke like—like a chimbley!"

"Oh!" said Barbara, round-eyed. "Tobacca?"

At once Ransom grew lofty and grand.

"Tobacca?" he replied carelessly. "I guesso! More too. I smoked hayseed and willer bark, cat-o'-nine-tails, cotton battin', tea grounds and part of a baby kerridge once."

Barbara knew inwardly that she had met a greater than herself. Here was a long roll of sin. She regarded Ransom as though, under his pale freckles, he secretly might be a cannibal.

(Continued on Page 88)

Pleasure Island
Romance in Chocolates

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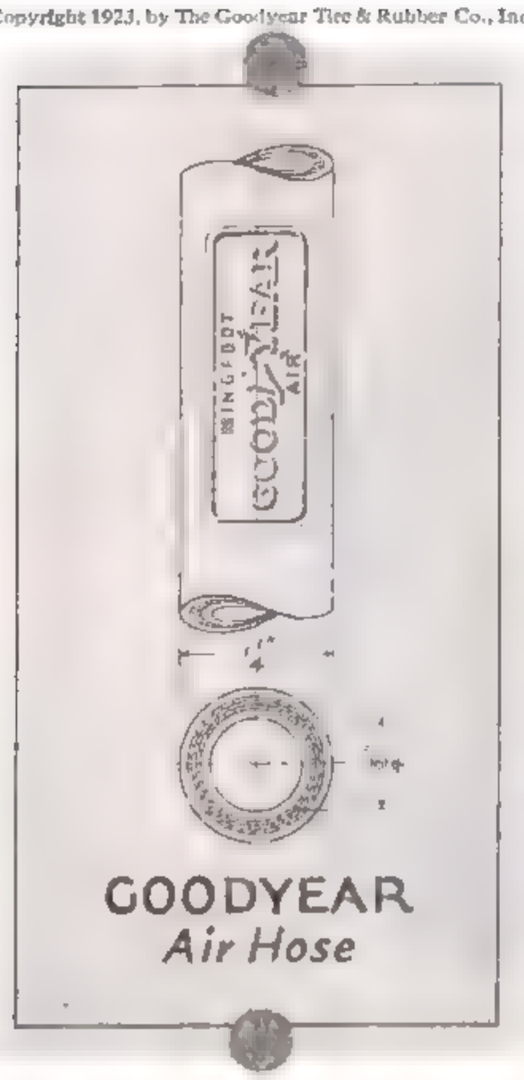

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BELTS · HOSE · VALVES · PACKING

(Continued from Page 86)

"Let's see you do some now," she begged. "Go ahead."

He made another guilty survey. Their one living witness, an old White Leghorn cock, was trying to fly up from a dunghill to a small square hole in the barn wall.

"Darsn't here," said Ransom. "Father'd ketch us. But you come along—quiet." He led the way, Barbara following, to the back door of the barn; thence in through the cow stalls to a far corner where a ladder mounted toward a hole fringed with hay. Up they climbed at full speed. The barn loft reared in a huge vault, obscure, and fit for the wildest midnight doings. Darkness filled it, but a darkness pierced here and there aslant by round rays swimming with gold dust, which darted down each through some knothole, to make a brown-rimmed circle of sunshine on the floor.

By their light Barbara perceived that half the place yawned empty. Her feet sank at first in a hayseed carpet. Then a gray mountain of remainder hay sloped before her tumultuously toward the rafters.

"Come on!" whispered Ransom. "You'll see w'ether I kin smoke or not!"

He climbed the hay, shinned an iron stanchion, and gaining a long beam above reached down to help her. Barbara could shin, however; she quickly stood beside him.

"Now up them cleats," he commanded.

A set of rickety cleated boards groaned under them as they crawled steeply up into the peak of the barn. Here it was dark, hot, airless, with acrid dust floating thick. Barbara sneezed. Everywhere mud-colored lace cobwebs hung bellying like hammocks.

"Wait a jiff."

She heard Ransom fumble at an iron catch. Then a door on the topmost beams came open. They crawled through it, and in a low, musty gable shed sat panting, blind with sunlight, dazed amid a beating storm of wings.

"Nobody won't connive to look for us up inside o' the pigeon pen," said Ransom.

The frightened birds, white fantails, chocolates and glistering leadies, crowded through a row of pointed wicket holes, jostled along their outer shelves and fell whirling into the bright upper air. When the last pigeon had escaped, their young owner went methodically about his evil-doing.

The floor in this pen—loose boards laid across the beams and strewn very thinly with old hay—formed such a latticework of cracks and gaps that by kneeling and bending the forehead one could peer down into the vast gloomy loft below, as a man on a raft might stare toward the bottom of a pond. Ransom knelt and stared thus cunningly.

"Ro'd's all clear," he reported; then crawled into a corner, dug there, and presently returned bringing a salt box full of hayseed, two cards of matches, and half a book of Mrs. Felicia Hemans' poetry. "Now jest you watch!"

Tearing a leaf from the half book, he sowed in a handful of brown seed, and after much twisting, scowling and lapping achieved a fat, mangled sort of curl paper or ram's horn.

Before this product would catch fire nearly a card of matches had been struck, and filled the pigeon pen with brimstone fumes.

"There!" grunted Ransom, puffing away at last.

His ram's-horn cheroot spilled a little avalanche of sparks now and then, but in the main sputtered bravely.

"What d'ye think o' that?" he asked with a cough. "I made a reg'lar Long Nine."

"It's—it's awful pretty," said Barbara. She paid this compliment to the smoke, which went weaving and curling, blue-gray as the leady pigeons, out through the pointed holes into open sunshine. "Awful handsome."

He corrected her.

"Awful wicked, ye mean. It's just grand, though, ain't it?"

Barbara could not honestly reply. Wickedness did not improve Ransom one mite, she was thinking. He squatted there, pale, squash-nosed, freckled as ever, and if anything greener about the eyes.

Could wickedness look so uncomfortable, puny and dull? She felt a singular disappointment.

"It's—kind of—hot up here," she ventured.

"Hot?" sneered the smoker. "'Course it's hot, sun beatin' on shingles right over your head. Hotter'n tarnation. You darsn't smoke. You're a girl."

He flourished like a bay tree, more or less. Barbara tried her best to admire him; but what with the smoke and sultry dust, the somnolent cooing of pigeons on the roof overhead and a pleasant sound of their little claws pattering there like hail, she found that her attention began to wander. She picked up what was left of Mrs. Hemans.

It seemed a vague, fussy book, the words trying to convey some faded, far-off excitement that she could not understand. She went on reading tamely, while Ransom smoked. All at once, in their hot den of vice, a shout alarmed them:

"Hoy! Come down, ye idiot! Jump, quick!"

The words rang up from the loft like a bugle.

"Barn's afire! Save your hide! Barn's afire! Jump!"

Barbara came first to the door. She felt Ransom trying to shove her aside, and heard him whimpering as she thrust her head out among the cobweb hammocks, the rafters and the great darkness. Below her, across the loft, a white face stared up at her as from a pool.

"Jump! Jump!"

Straight underfoot, far down, she saw a long, thin scarlet tongue of flame licking the iron stanchion. The base of that flame glowed in a small circle among the hay. Ransom's Long Nine had spilled one spark too many.

"Down! Down! Jump, I tell you!"

She foresaw the whole mow flashing up like tinder; herself and Ransom caught there, roasted and shriveled among the spiders; horses burning and screaming in their stalls when the roof should fall in. To leap was vertigo; but leap she must, and so leap as to cover the scarlet tongue.

The beams flew past, the breath left her. She had dared. She found her boots tramping among red, wiry cinders and tasted fire in her mouth. Then someone caught her bodily and pitched her halfway up the haymow.

"Clear out, you fool!"

She struggled in the hay and sat upright, with an old bull thistle in her hair. A small man, quick as lightning on his feet, was dashing a bucket of water round the base of the stanchion.

"Fire's out," he said curtly.

He was not a man at all, Barbara discovered, but a large boy clad in grown-up trousers and a dark-blue shirt. His eyes were a still darker blue, and angry.

"Did you start this fire?" he asked her. "Lucky for you I saw smoke pouring out those pigeon holes in the peak of the barn. What kind of a girl are you?"

Barbara could only weep. The bull thistle pricked her forehead and her hands were burnt.

The big boy flung away his water bucket with a quick, dexterous jerk, so that it fell on its bottom alongside another bucket, five feet away, as neatly as if he had gone there to set it down. All his movements appeared swift and accurate. He had a broad sunburnt face and tousled yellow hair.

His flannel shirt, torn open, showed a throat broader than his face. He laughed scornfully.

"My hands smart worse'n yours," he said, holding toward her a pair of blackened fists. "Cry baby, lost your sugar teat?" He looked upward suddenly. "Oh, 'tis you, is it, Ranse, that sets your father's place afire?"

Ransom the Wicked, blubbering, slid down the stanchion.

"Ye won't tell father, Andy?" he implored with tears. "Ye won't go tell? I didn't mean to."

The stranger—he of the broad throat and blue eyes—laughed again.

"Don't you fret," said he. "I ain't a tattletale. I can spank you myself, right now."

Ransom dodged and bolted, squealing like a rat, for the ladder hole. It was of no use.

At amazing speed the big boy ran after him, caught him round the waist, doubled him over one knee and laid on till the barn resounded with his roars for pity.

"Aw, do-wunt! Ow, Andy, leggo me! Aw, do-wunt!"

"There!" panted the avenger, dropping him headlong on the hayseed carpet. "You, to smoke! Wait till you can tackle a man's tobacca without pukin', Spotty-Face! And then go smoke under your father's nose way I did."

His blue eyes turned on Barbara once more.

"You girl, whatever your name is," he continued, "you might have some grains of sense, the way you tried to jump atop the fire."

"But smokin' in a haymow, Lord Christopher! You're a fool!"

And with that their rescuer turned his broad back on them, stalked away and descended the ladder.

As before, the loft yawned like a midnight cavern. The knot-hole rays of sunlight swam with golden motes, now somewhat blue and clouded near the roof.

Barbara disentangled the bull thistle from her hair. It was very prickly.

"I hate that Andrew Pagan," sniveled Ransom on the floor. "Thinks because old Cap'n Pagan the strong man's his father he can go do anything! I hate him! Don't you?"

Barbara sat considering, with the odor of burnt hay in her nostrils.

"Yes," was her answer. "No—yes, I guess I do. What was his name? He's an awful proud boy."

Andrew Pagan, the strong man's son with the broad brown throat, had called her a fool twice.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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CHIN-CHIN

(Continued from Page 9)

lot better engineer than you ever will a manufacturer; but all the same, I see your father's point of view, and I want you to see it."

"But seeing both sides doesn't get me anywhere," said Junior with brutal directness. "And one thing's flat—I'm not going into the factory this summer, nor next year, nor never. The main reason father doesn't want me to go this summer is because he hates the Lawrences so. Mother, why does he? He's always sneering at them; says they're affected and put on airs. They don't. They just live nicely and have good manners, and Mr. Lawrence is a college man. Father's always throwing a slur at college men."

"There's probably a little envy at the bottom of it," said Mrs. Kalness. "Maybe your father would have liked to go to college, too, when he was young. He never had half a chance. You don't appreciate the struggle your father's had, Junior."

But Junior was bitter from disappointment.

"If I don't it's not because I don't hear him tell about it often enough." He looked at his mother in intense partisanship. "It's you who's had the struggle, mums."

Mrs. Kalness disregarded this.

"I want you to promise me, Junior, that you won't say anything to your father. It's three months before the end of school, and anything can happen in that time."

"Yeah; couple of earthquakes and a cyclone—that's what father needs."

"But do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise; only—what'll I do if he asks me?"

"I don't think he'll ask you."

"Well, what'll I do if Mr. Lawrence asks me?"

Mrs. Kalness burst out laughing, not very mirthfully.

"You can think of more objections! Why, simply tell him the truth—that your father doesn't want you to go, but you're hoping he'll change his mind."

"Fat chance he'll change his mind!"

"There's no harm in hoping though."

Junior came precipitately around to her and infolded her in a bear hug.

"You're the best sport, mums! You're the whole bag of gumdrops, and then some."

Mrs. Kalness received this encomium gratefully, but found it opportune to say, "And remember! Don't think of your father as if he was a tyrant or unreasonable. We poor grown-ups have some rights, you know."

She watched him swing down the street a little later, even as she had watched his father earlier in the day. She hoped she had kept the thing in the right key, made it seem not too serious. Perhaps it was wrong to urge him to temporize, but it seemed the best way. She wanted to keep things moving tranquilly and not let Junior lose such affection as he might have for his father. The boy was at the age when he would judge harshly. Youth is unmerciful.

If Herbert would only be reasonable—if Junior would only understand! At all events, there was nothing to do now but mark time, and try, try, try her very best to find a way out for both of them. Herbert might give in if he could do it so that it would look like a victory for him. She must rack her brains to contrive something. Yet she felt an immense weariness of contriving, evading, soothing and prolonged tactfulness.

"But then I'm not very clever," she reminded herself, "except with my fingers. And I don't believe anyone beats me much there. Those dingy old white roses I painted pink for Aline's evening dress ——" She smiled at her little triumphant moment. "When Saint Peter asks me for my good works I'll just refer him to those roses, and if he's any sort of a saint at all he'll appreciate me."

All this was but whistling to keep up her spirits. She was aware that she stood—that the whole family stood—at a decisive crossroads, and that on her it devolved to lead the way, to be sure, to the right turning. And like King Agag, she must tread delicately.

It was a real relief to her worried mind and heart that nothing of the least moment happened for the next few days. Junior kept his promise nobly. Mr. Kalness, as was his custom, did not reopen a subject on which he considered that he had said the final word. Therefore there was peace in the house, and no matters of greater excitement than the late arrival of the Sunday papers, the unexpected burning out of a couple of electric bulbs, and the high success of a new recipe for boiled salad dressing—Mr. Kalness did not approve of mayonnaise, holding it as an evilly new fashion in cookery.

Aline therefore returned to a quiet home, and her mother was exceedingly glad to see her. She told her nothing of the late concealed fracas, and presently it was evident that Aline, starry eyed and flushed with shy pleasure, had considerable news of her own that was of a far pleasanter nature than such revelations as her mother might have made.

"I had the most wonderful time, mother! You can't imagine! Aunt Esmee had some friends. Their name was Goodrich, and there was a son ——"

The tale went on. Andrew Goodrich had devoted himself to Aline. They had danced, driven and walked together, and—— "I like him better than any man I ever met, mother. He's—fine. Not like the boys I've known—older, more responsible, somehow, and yet he's full of fun. And he's so handsome. Wait till you see the snaps Aunt Esmee took!"

A little depressed, yet with a warm vicarious happiness, Elizabeth Kalness read the signs truly. Aline was in love; yes, really in love.

Swift though it was, this was no young girl's silly crush or light flirtation. She asked motherly questions.

Yes, the Goodriches seemed to be well off. And Andrew was in business. . . . Yes, he was a college man—Princeton, '18. They lived in Philadelphia, and —— "Mother—mother, they're leaving the Springs next week and they're going to motor through here on their way home and stop to see me, and—and I do wish we could entertain them."

"Why, of course we will!" said Elizabeth Kalness. "For luncheon, if that's convenient for them. I mean, they'll probably plan their trip for certain hours, and if they come through here in the middle of the day —— Or I suppose we could have them for dinner."

"I'd rather they'd come for luncheon," said Aline thoughtfully, "for then father won't be home, and we could take down that awful crayon picture of grandpa and hide the cuspidor. Mother, I'd just die to have Andrew Goodrich see that we had a brass monstrosity like that in our living room!"

"We won't let him see it. We'll put it out of sight. Of course, if they do come for luncheon it will be easy."

"The only reason father keeps it there is to emphasize his being a plain man. I wish to heaven he wasn't so set on being a plain man! What virtue there is in it, I can't imagine. It's his shibboleth."

"Now, Aline!"

"Now, mother, you don't need to pretend that you like it any more than I do; or that hideosity of Grandpa Kalness either. First impressions are so important. Oh, mother, I know the Goodriches are coming just to see my people, and my home, and I want I want them very much—to like it." She caught the look in her mother's eye and hurried on: "I'm not a horrid, snobbish thing either, mother. I don't want them to think we're grander than we are, or have more money, or anything like that. But I do want them to see that we're quite as good as they are, and you know if father gets rubbed the wrong way he's so impossible, and makes people think something quite different from the real truth."

"Aline, your father is a perfectly upright, honest man, respected all through the town, and ——"

"But he can be very eccentric at times, and it's growing on him, and that's the flat truth; and I don't want him to take a dislike to the Goodriches and behave queerly to them."

So there was the second problem added to Elizabeth Kalness' life. Not so serious as Junior's, but still a problem, for the fact that the Goodriches were old friends of the Lawrences would not enhance their charm to the head of the house.

"We'll have a nice luncheon, dear," she assured Aline. "And I'll get in Martha to wait on table. I'm so glad I've finished those filet doilies."

Presently, when Aline had gone upstairs, she ran out and over to the Lawrences'. The comfort and luxury of the house wrapped her in a garment of delight from the moment of her entrance. No makeshifts here, no eyesores. And Esmee Lawrence, graceful, serene, with her white hair crowning with beauty her fresh complexion, came affectionately to meet her.

"I don't know what you'll say to me, Elizabeth," she began after the first greetings. "I'm afraid I've practically married off Aline. The two dear, serious, foolish young things—they fell in love the minute they set eyes on each other, and didn't know at all what ailed them; at least Aline didn't. I had the feeling all the time that I was assisting in some beautiful staged romance, a fairy-tale sort of thing, or Romeo and Juliet without the awful puns. I do hope you don't mind. You ought to have seen it instead of me."

"Tell me about Andrew," said Elizabeth Kalness. "I could see Aline was mightily taken with him."

There seemed to be nothing but good to tell. And Elizabeth Kalness listened thankfully, yet with the pang that all mothers know at such a moment.

"He sounds perfection," she said at last. "I don't know how I'm ever going to live up to such a son-in-law. Heavens, it's queer to think of Aline grown up and contemplating marriage! It's only yesterday she was a roly-poly in rompers. Did you know, Esmee, that the Goodriches are planning to motor through here at the end of the week—to make the acquaintance, officially, of Aline's family?"

"Yes, I know. I meant to come over a little later in the day and tell you."

"Aline's all of a twitter, poor babe, and I don't blame her. But I've promised her we'll do our best."

"You don't need to do anything," Esmee Lawrence assured her, smiling. "Andy Goodrich won't see anything or anybody but Aline. You could feed him ashes, and seat him on a picket fence—he'd never know it."

"His parents are not similarly affected though."

"Not so much; but they were enormously pleased with Aline. But there, Elizabeth, who wouldn't be? She's so pretty—takes after her mother—and she's got such engaging ways; and more than that, she's got character and sweetness and goodness. Oh, I wish she was mine! You've been awfully generous in sharing your children with us. If my boy had lived ——"

She stopped. Even after twenty-five years Esmee Lawrence could not speak with calmness about her dead child.

"You've been very generous to the children, Esmee. You know how they all love you. Whatever Aline has of all the nice qualities you name comes largely from association with you. Oh, yes, I know what you've done for her; you've given her much that I couldn't. And I'm everlastingly grateful to you, dear."

The two women exchanged looks of affectionate understanding. Then Mrs. Lawrence spoke, wiping her eyes:

"Now, to be practical. When the Goodriches come you must let me entertain for them and for Aline."

"No, that's up to us, Esmee. I want them to see Aline at home. We're planning to have them for luncheon or dinner, whichever is convenient for the hours of their trip. And if it's luncheon, I want you to come too. Will you?"

"Of course; but I wish you'd let me ——"

"No, again; but thank you just as much."

As she went home Mrs. Kalness reflected that Esmee knew why she had not asked her if the proposed luncheon became a dinner—there was always a chill in the air from Herbert when the Lawrences were present. Good heavens, how she hoped it would be a luncheon!

It was not to be, however. A letter from Andrew Goodrich gave the information that they would reach town about six o'clock and leave early the next morning. The function must therefore be a dinner, and Mrs. Kalness bent her wits earnestly to ways and means. It would not be so easy as a luncheon, but it might be done.

It seemed too bad to eliminate the Lawrences; they would help to make things

(Continued on Page 93)

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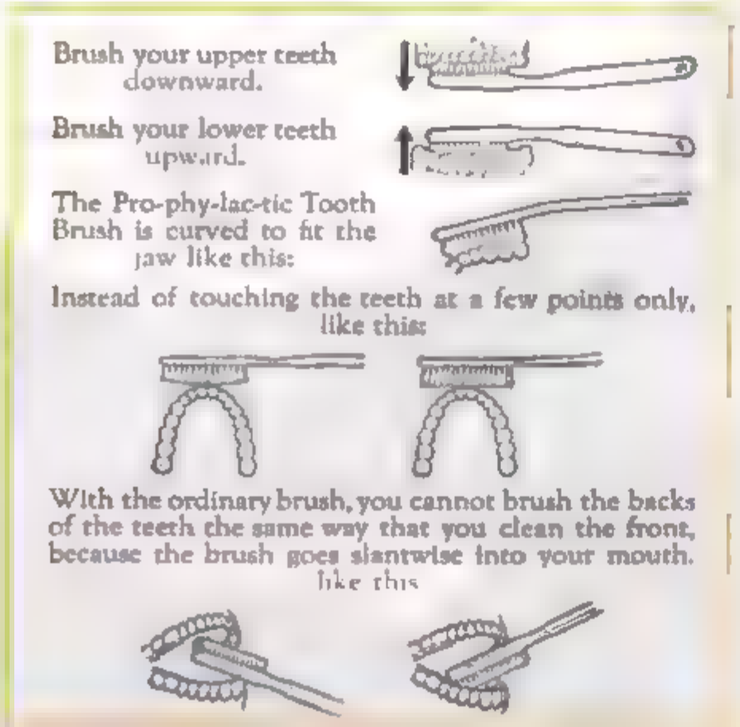
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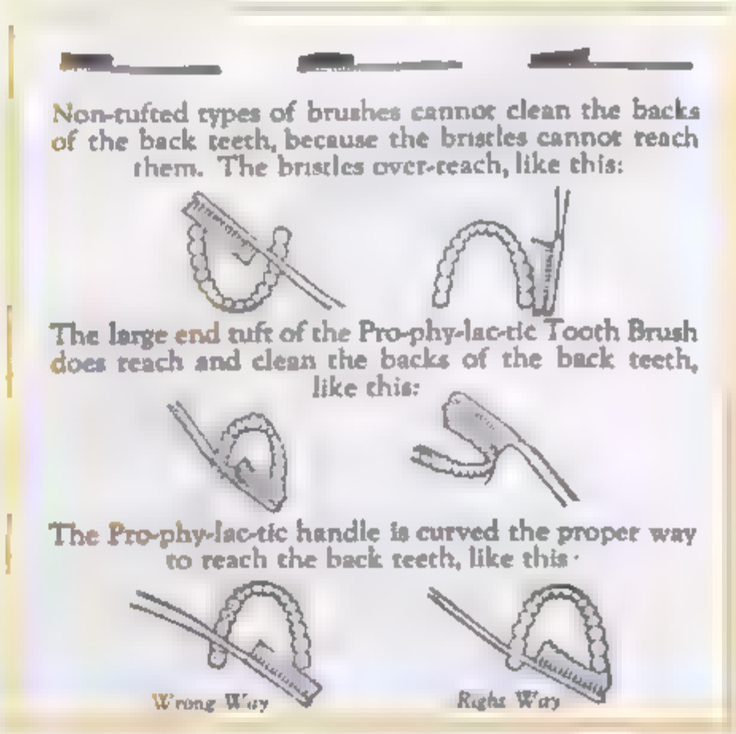
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(Continued from Page 90)

easy. And wouldn't the Goodriches think it odd, since these were their old friends and such close neighbors of Aline's family? Mrs. Kalness puzzled over this a great deal. In the end, against her better judgment, she invited them.

"If Herbert's in a good humor it will be all right. He isn't rude, anyway—just a little distant and stand-offish."

She said nothing of her uncertainties to Aline. Aline was radiantly happy, living in a rose-colored haze, with her dreams and her hopes, and Andrew's daily, sometimes twice-daily letters. What use to talk to her of extra knives and forks, of the respective merits of chicken against turkey, of the merits of soup or oysters for a first course? Not that Aline did not take an interest in the coming party—but it was intermittent, and not wholly practical.

Mrs. Kalness had to consider the limitations of her china and silver, the powers of her impromptu waitress and her slender household allowance. She sensibly concluded that the Goodriches would be hungry after driving all day and would appreciate a good home meal—a cream soup, roast chicken and mashed potatoes and asparagus, a simple salad and ice cream and cake. These were all things she could prepare herself, well beforehand, and keep hot or cold as they required, without spoiling. She wouldn't trust any of the cooking to Martha-By-The-Day.

Aline urged canapes, salted nuts, bonbons, an extra course. But her mother vetoed everything except the salted nuts.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, though," she said. "We won't have the carving done at table. We'll have everything served from the side. And we won't have a tablecloth; we'll use my new doilies. That'll make us look up to date and smart enough, dear. If you would like to you can make some fudge and put little dishes of it on the table for bonbons. We simply can't afford bonbons."

She hesitated.

"Aline," she asked seriously, "have you told your father anything about Andrew?"

"Why no, mother! I thought you would. . . . Mother, you are going to take down Grandpa Kalness' picture, aren't you? Mother, it would kill me to have the Goodriches see that thing."

Mrs. Kalness looked up at the ugly lowering daub in its wide, cheap, gilt frame of Victorian vintage, and she looked at Aline's pleading, despairing face. With a little flicker of humor for the cause of this potential tragedy, she promised, "Yes, dear, we'll take it down."

If her mind had not been so engaged with the problem of how much and by what method to break the news of this impending hospitality to her husband, she might have argued the point of grandpa's banishment with Aline, pointing out that it would be better to let the Goodriches know the worst at once, and conceal nothing.

Yet Mr. Kalness, when she spoke of the dinner party, said little—far less than she anticipated. As a matter of fact, he, too, was engrossed by worries of his own; the possible loss of one of his best customers, who was in town yet was behaving very coyly; also a controversy with the Government of these United States over certain income-tax payments of three years before, concerning which the aforesaid Government was behaving in a way to drive a respectable citizen into anarchy and treason. Under these circumstances he made but small protest, though when Mrs. Kalness intimated that young Andrew Goodrich was of more than passing interest to Aline, he managed to state firmly as was his wont when giving a domestic decree: "Boy and girl nonsense! Aline is not to think of marriage before she's twenty-five!"

This seemed such a comparatively slight protest that Mrs. Kalness did not even counter by the statement that she herself was younger than Aline when she became a wife. She merely went ahead with her preparations and hoped for the best.

It is a well-known fact, an observation confirmed by thousands of women—mostly women—that when any really important domestic event is at hand the Fates usually take a hand to confuse, confound and ruin. Elizabeth Kalness, dressing with care for the appearance of the Goodriches, was congratulating herself that she had apparently evaded the malice of the three. She reviewed everything. The house was clean and shining and homelike. Daffodils and fern decked the dining-room table, and a pot or two of brilliant geraniums made color in the living room and had not the fixed-up-for-company look that cut flowers sometimes have.

The dinner was ready to the last item and Martha had been punctual and intelligent under instruction. Junior and Robert were washed and brushed and dressed with attention to collars, ties and finger nails. Aline was rose-cheeked and lovely in her best blue crêpe. Lastly, Grandpa Kalness and the brass cuspidor were safely out of sight. Mrs. Kalness gave her hair the last satisfying pat, her nose the last shine-removing touch of powder, and descended peacefully to the living room.

Mr. Kalness would be thirty minutes late. His stenographer had telephoned from the factory to say so. But that didn't really matter, for when he said thirty minutes he meant exactly that, and could be trusted not to lag behind for two hours and a half and then say excusingly, "But I telephoned."

Alas that Mr. Kalness' stenographer had not explained the cause of Mr. Kalness' dereliction! It was a final interview with a representative of the Treasury Department, and the final decision had been given that the Kalness Implement Company must pay some two thousand five hundred and seventeen dollars, with accrued interest, of back taxes—and without delay.

Fresh from this decision, hoarse with argument and execration, tired, rasping with hot irritation that he had been unable to vent, Mr. Kalness returned to the bosom of his family and surveyed the festive scene with amazement.

"What in time are you all dressed up for?" he demanded in the tone of one to whom this was the last straw of the burden of outrage. His chin poked out ominously as he asked the question.

"The Goodriches and Lawrences are coming to dinner—the Goodriches—Aline's friends—don't you remember?" Elizabeth Kalness' soul sank like a plummet of lead. In the moment she visioned the rest of the evening. "Your clean things are all ready for you," she went on tactfully. "You'll just have time, without hurrying."

"Time for what? If you think I'm going to change my clothes for a pack of foolish people I care nothing about, and who care nothing about me—well, they're darned lucky if I wash my hands and brush my hair." He stalked off upstairs on the word. Junior and Aline exchanged furious glances. Robert giggled—his father always seemed droll to him. Mrs. Kalness tried to preserve an unmoved countenance, but she was assailed by a thousand terrors. With Mr. Kalness in this mood—the deluge!

The doorbell rang. It was the Lawrences: Mrs. Lawrence, gracious and lovely; Mr. Lawrence his genial, rotund self. They brought an atmosphere of ease and serenity.

The doorbell rang again. The Goodriches.

Mrs. Goodrich was tiny and birdlike and bright-eyed. Mr. Goodrich was tall and lean and kindly. Andrew had struck a mean between his two parents, for he had his father's height and kindness, his mother's dark, quick eyes. As Mrs. Kalness came forward to greet them she saw how desperately eager Andrew was that she should like him, like all of them. He was as nervous as Aline; engagingly, endearingly nervous.

Everyone shook hands, talked at once. Mrs. Goodrich kissed Mrs. Lawrence and Aline, and Andrew very palpably wanted to kiss Aline too. Junior and Robert remained in the background, but not too awkwardly. And then they heard Mr. Kalness' steps on the stairs.

It had not struck Mrs. Kalness until that moment that the other men were wearing dinner coats, a form of affectation that Mr. Kalness, as a plain man, despised. To be sure, he owned a dinner coat, bought for the time he went up to the big banquet of implement manufacturers in Chicago; but save for that once he had never worn it, and had greatly bewailed the impulse, strengthened by his wife, that had led him to buy it. It had now become so obsolete that Mrs. Kalness was keeping an eye on it for Junior, who in another year would certainly require such a garment.

So here was Mr. Kalness, still scowling and stern from the day's fray, a little crumpled and untidy in his business suit, and obviously prepared to be displeased with all that he saw or heard. Even so, introductions were got through without any untoward incident, and Mrs. Kalness at once marshaled everyone to the table. But after they were seated there occurred one of those awkward little pauses that often happen at such moments, when people are together with tremendous undeclared interest rioting beneath a surface of conventional ease and unconcern. It was at this juncture that kindly Mr. Lawrence, who from the placidity of his busy life and tolerant spirit had never perceived his host's dislike of him, precipitated the first bad moment of the evening.

"I'm mighty glad I'm going to have this boy of yours with me this summer, Kalness," he said, beaming at Mr. Kalness' severe countenance. "And you'll not be disappointed in what he'll get. Three months' practical work will be worth six months at college."

Perhaps it was Mr. Lawrence's immaculate tailoring, the cheery redness of his round face, the assurance of his tone and the carefree way he was enjoying his soup that riled Mr. Kalness, who unconsciously felt the contrast with his own harassed, untidy appearance.

He answered snappily: "You're mistaken. Junior isn't going with you. He's to enter the factory as soon as school is over and learn the business from the ground up. And"—raising his voice a trifle—"he's not going to college."

Mr. Lawrence mildly stared at him.

"Why—why, I thought—I understood ——"

He became aware of his wife's slipper bearing down painfully on his foot.

"I don't know what Junior has been telling you," went on Mr. Kalness disagreeably, but with a feeling that he would repudiate this Lawrence patronage once and for all, "but he knows perfectly well what I decided. Didn't you, Junior? Answer me, sir!"

"I don't think we need to go into this now," said Mrs. Kalness, hoping to give pause to Mr. Kalness' wrath. "It will hardly interest our guests."

Ordinarily Mr. Kalness would have desisted, for, in spite of his chin, he was no boor by intention. But the accumulations of the day were riding him hard.

"It is of interest to one of our guests," he replied acridly. "Mr. Lawrence evidently has been misled by some statement of Junior's. What did you tell Mr. Lawrence, Junior?"

The Goodriches and Aline were sitting by with the pained and helpless expressions of those who are involuntary witnesses of a useless scene. At this second question of his father, Junior, who had turned first brick red with embarrassment, became white with the outrage of the attack. He lifted his head and looked at his father squarely.

"I told Mr. Lawrence that I was going with him this summer, father, and I am. I'm not going into the factory now or at any other time."

Even Mr. Kalness realized that he had gone too far. With a steely "I'll talk to you later, young man," he returned to his dinner, ominous with righteous wrath.

Mrs. Lawrence flung herself into the breach with trivial questions to Mrs. Goodrich concerning the trip, and Mrs. Goodrich answered animatedly. Mrs. Kalness, with what composure she could muster, joined in this conversation. Andrew and Aline began to talk quietly together, oblivious of the others. Mr. Goodrich remarked to Mr. Lawrence on the scandalous charges at service stations, and, until the soup was done, the table presented a scene of normal friendly chatter. Only Mr. Kalness sat, poking out his chin, his hate of the world growing with every minute.

His second outburst came with the roast chicken. Mr. Kalness would have enjoyed a tussle with the carving knife and fork; it would have worked off some of his venom and restored his sense of power. When Martha appeared, therefore, with the chicken already carved, and offered it to him at the side, his sense of wrong became deeper. Had he not been defied and made a mock of at his own table by his son? And why was he, at the end of a nerve-racking, disappointing day, instead of dining in peace and comfort and quiet, entirely surrounded by strangers for whom he cared not tuppence ha'penny? Strangers, moreover, who were obviously not plain, self-made men with high principles, but fops in sulky dinner coats. He began to be further aware of his surroundings. Confound it, there was no cloth on the table! Footless little doilies instead! And these flowers! And the salted nuts! And Aline's candies! Why, it must have cost a fortune! This was

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the way the money went that he slaved to get—in such trumpery superfluities! And his wife and daughter, dressed up like fashion plates!

Mr. Kalness' wrath overcame him and he verbally ran amuck.

"We're putting on a great deal of style tonight, it seems to me," he declaimed loudly, speaking to Mrs. Kalness. "Flowers and candy and what not. I don't understand"—he was addressing Mr. Goodrich now—"why women get so carried away with all this nonsense of doodads and fiddle-faddles for the table. I like my food before me, so I can see what I'm eating. This business of having stuff handed round doesn't appeal to me. I'm a plain man, and I like to live in a plain way."

It was no use. His voice dominated. From that moment the dinner was a total loss. Mr. Kalness, in a monologue that could not be stopped by anything short of a gag, proceeded to inform the Goodrich family of his humble origin, to vaunt his early struggles and to sing a paean of praise for that rugged temperament that despises the refinements and elaborations of existence. Also he inveighed against the ridiculous custom of assuming a veneer of elegance for guests.

"Take me as I am—that's my motto," he declaimed.

"Now, we don't even keep a servant," he boasted. "This woman who's waiting on table is merely hired for the evening. My wife cooked this dinner." And so on and so forth.

The dinner became a wreck—a debacle. Aline's eyes were shining with tears, and her mother was not far from them. Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich listened to their host with an expression of restrained distaste, which only inflamed him to further excesses of speech. Mrs. Lawrence was divided between sympathy for Mrs. Kalness and a desire to murder Mr. Kalness. Determinedly, she kept up some small talk of her own at the other end of the table, and when he could, Mr. Lawrence aided her. The two boys sat silent, Junior biting his lips, young Robert puzzled. Mrs. Kalness made an effort to second Mrs. Lawrence, but she was afraid to go too far lest Mr. Kalness be driven to worse behavior. He was like a bad child on the rampage, reveling in his own exhibition of bad taste and bad temper. He couldn't have stopped if he had tried, and he did not try.

His masterpiece came inevitably with the return to the living room, where Mrs. Kalness had planned to serve the coffee. First, Mr. Kalness held up to ridicule the custom of having a thimbleful of coffee after dinner. What he liked was a full man's-size cup right along with his meal! He intimated that those who did not agree with him were stuck-up nincompoops of the more la-de-dah sort.

Then he saw that Grandpa Kalness' picture was not in its accustomed place. Looking about him for further perfidy, he missed the cuspidor. Mrs. Kalness watched his pouncing eyes and knew just what he was thinking, just knew what he was going to say.

"I wonder," she said swiftly, turning to Mrs. Goodrich, "if you wouldn't like to go out to a movie. There's a splendid little theater just two blocks down the avenue, and they've got a really wonderful film on tonight."

Alas, it was no avail. Mr. Kalness' voice rang out with fatal clearness: "Why have you taken down the portrait of my father, Elizabeth? And what has become of my cuspidor? The only two things in the house that I can really call my own, and"—he opened the closet door, produced them in triumph—"and you stick them away as if you were ashamed of them. I want my own things in their accustomed places."

He banged the cuspidor beside his chair and replaced Grandpa Kalness on the wall, taking down with a snort of distaste the modest framed print that had been hung there. He did this with an air of determination so pronounced that he seemed to hang the picture and handle the cuspidor with his chin. He held the company and his family spellbound, hypnotized by the impact of his will.

It was Mrs. Lawrence who finally spoke, as one who can bear no more.

"Yes," she said; "yes, let's go to the movies."

There was a massed movement for hats and coats, and presently Mr. Kalness was left alone, his cuspidor by his side, Grandpa Kalness' distorted features leering above him.

Elizabeth Kalness saw a very little of the film that unwound its celluloid length before her, though the story it told was absorbing and the photography and acting were alike excellent. She was engrossed in the tumult of her mind, appalled by the effect of her husband's behavior, not on their guests or their own children, but on herself. She had not—she could not have believed him capable of such stupidity, of such shameful vulgarity, for what is it but vulgarity that stoops to humiliate and hurt the sensitiveness of others? And the utter stupidity of it, for she knew that Junior and Aline would never forgive him; that he had made a breach between himself and them that nothing could ever close. With expert common sense she discounted any possible bad effect on the Goodrich family. If Andrew was driven from Aline because her father was bad-mannered and rude, why, he'd better go, and go at once. But Andrew was not driven away. The droop of his head toward her, solicitous, protective, as they sat in the dim light of the theater, showed plainly what Andrew felt. And the elder Goodriches might dislike Mr. Kalness—might laugh at him—but they would not be really offended.

No, the real problem was Mrs. Kalness herself. In all these years she had lived with him Elizabeth Kalness had not suspected him of such degeneration of heart or character that he would deliberately seek to wound, to humiliate his own family in such petty ways. It revealed an essential smallness in himself she had not dreamed of.

He had always scoffed at the refinements, the small beauties of life that she had insisted on and had worked so hard to make for the children's sake and for herself; but she had paid scant attention, thinking it more of a pose than reality, a habit of speech and thought induced by his cramped and mean childhood, his harsh restricted youth. She asked herself sincerely if she overestimated these refinements; if they were worth more to her than those rugged virtues that Mr. Kalness was so fond of vaunting. Again her basic common sense came to her rescue.

"There is no possible reason why we should not have both. Honesty isn't enhanced by bad manners, and small virtues are quite in tune with large ones."

Junior was sitting straight and still as herself beside her, and she became aware that he, too, was not seeing the movie. He was absorbed, even as she, in the drama of the dinner and his own tragic part in it. His mother's heart ached for him. She slipped her hand out in the darkness and laid it for a moment on his arm. He clutched at it fumblingly, gratefully, appealingly.

The touch of his fingers seemed to ask her not to fail him, too, but to help and guide him through his hard place.

"Don't worry, Junior," she whispered. "It'll work out all right."

"Fat chance!" he muttered hopelessly.

In a surprisingly short time the film was done and they were home again. Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich went to their hotel, but Andrew walked home with Aline, and they lingered on the porch after Mrs. Kalness and the two boys had gone in. She would not bring him in, her mother realized, to see once more the baleful brass cuspidor and the serio-comic likeness of Grandpa Kalness. Robert and Junior went on to bed, but Elizabeth Kalness lingered in the hall.

Presently she heard Aline come in and lock the door, ascend the stairs. Her face was rapt in dreams, but at sight of her mother it changed, darkened.

"I'll never forgive father as long as I live," she said. "It was abominable of him."

Mrs. Kalness kissed her. Her reply had nothing to do with Mr. Kalness, or forgiveness, or the evening's failure.

"Andrew's a dear," she whispered. "I like him ever so much."

Aline's anger gave way to rapture.

"He liked you too. He is nice, isn't he? Oh, mother, he's—he's ——" She could find no words.

"Yes, he is," answered Mrs. Kalness. They kissed, and the girl went on.

It was now necessary to face the dragon. Mrs. Kalness entered her own room with a sort of dread. The day had been too long and disturbing; she was still too enmeshed in uncertainties to feel equal to any conflict. She came in on tiptoe. Praise be to Allah, Mr. Kalness was asleep, his chin pointed toward the ceiling as if he had hurled defiance at Morpheus himself.

(Continued on Page 96)

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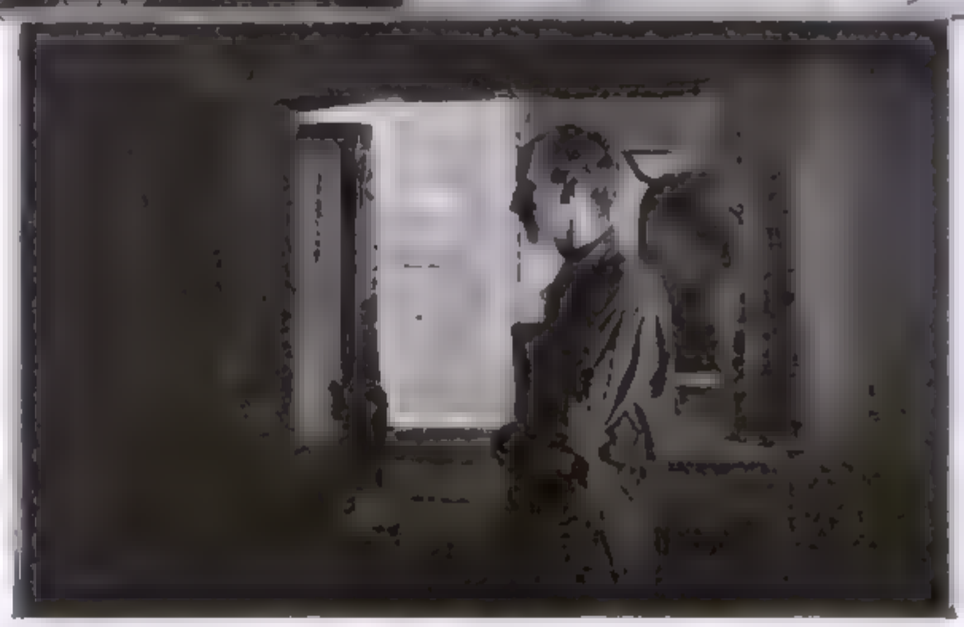

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WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

(Continued from Page 94)

For a long time Mrs. Kalness lay awake, thinking—thinking. She had never thought so hard in all her life before. She saw the edifice of family unity that she had striven to build crumbling about her, torn down, devastated by her husband's unwisdom and unrestraint. The children did not understand, they would not try to build it up again. Their father had turned alien to them.

Nor would Herbert Kalness help her to replace what he had destroyed unless he could be made to see, very clearly, very exactly, what he had done to himself, to her, to all of them. Perhaps he had hurt himself most of all, and did not know it.

Exhausted nature claimed its toll of Mr. Kalness. By some blessed miracle he overslept and had no time at breakfast to do more than say to Junior, "I'll talk to you this evening." And he had no time to utter his intended rebuke to his wife and daughter for the display of meaningless costly extravagance of the night before. He simply bolted his food and ran, for he was perfectly certain that if he was not on hand when the factory got going it would fall into dust without a struggle.

Mrs. Kalness therefore went to her day's work in the shadow of impending disturbance, but she sent Junior off to school as cheerfully as she could. There was a little farewell note to Aline from Andrew, and a box of flowers, which fully engaged the girl's attention. So Mrs. Kalness was free to think again. Yet try as she would she could form no definite plan of action. It seemed hopeless to try to reform Herbert; so utterly hopeless. Her determination sank farther and farther. Perhaps if she left it all alone it would work out, even as she had said to Junior. Oh, how she hated a row! And if there was a row what benefit was it? It would only make everything worse, more intolerable.

Justice told her that Mr. Kalness had no right to go unpunished for his behavior of the night before, any more than Robert, had he done something equally culpable. But she couldn't spank him, she couldn't deprive him of his allowance, because all allowances came from him originally.

All day long she mulled over these things, turned and twisted them, lost in a maze of indecision and impulses.

It was late afternoon, and dinner well under way, when the telephone rang. Robert went to the phone. He came back with a message.

"It's father. He says he's bringing Mr. Havens and his wife home to dinner. He says he's that big customer from Cleveland he's been sort of uncertain about. But he said, mother"—Robert's round face crinkled with laughter—"he says we needn't put on company airs for them, that they're plain people, just like we are."

So Mr. Kalness' anger was not abated. Mrs. Kalness stared at her son and pondered. Robert laughed again.

"Don't you think father's kind of funny, mother? Didn't you think he was kind of ridiculous last night, acting so? I wanted to laugh all the time—I couldn't help it. I don't believe if he knew how funny he was he'd go on like that."

Out of the mouths of—but you could hardly call Robert a babe or a suckling. It went through Mrs. Kalness' vision—last night, with Mr. Kalness berserk, Mrs. Lawrence's pity, the Goodriches' well-bred amazement and disgust, Junior's white face, Aline's tears, her own bitterness. If he knew how funny he was! And now he had delivered himself into her hands! Mrs. Kalness stiffened. Beneath the pleasant roundness of her chin she felt a squared determination as powerful as ever her husband's had been. She turned slowly and looked about her. Then she began to give commands.

"Junior, you and Aline go into the living room and take all the covers off the furniture and fold them up and put them in the closet. Then go upstairs and change your clothes. Junior, you put on your old baseball shirt and your overalls. Aline, you put on that gingham you use for housecleaning."

"But, mother—mother —"

"Don't argue! Do as I say! Robert, you help me."

While they dazedly did her bidding she and Robert stripped the dinner table, already set. She brought out an old red-and-white cloth, faded and patched, kitchen dishes, ancient bone-handled knives and forks that had been Grandma Kalness'. She hurried upstairs and slipped off her afternoon dress of challis and donned a dilapidated, faded calico and an apron of ticking. While she was about it she twisted her hair back tight and plain, and pinned her collar with a safety pin. She marshaled Robert out of his school suit into overalls and khaki shirt to match Junior's.

Presently she came downstairs and beheld the living room in all its primitive hideosity of golden oak and plush. It went beyond her hopes of it.

"Plain!" she exclaimed. "Plain! If he wants it plain, he'll have it plain! Take down the curtains too!"

"Doesn't it look awful?" said Aline, gazing about her with shocked eyes. "I didn't realize how terrible the furniture is till I've seen it like this."

But Mrs. Kalness did not hear her. She was running upstairs to the attic, opening a trunk. She brought down a pair of vases painted with magenta roses, an album in embossed blue leather, a clock of rococo gilt. These she added to the living-room adornments.

"If I'd known about it earlier I'd have had pork and beans for dinner," she said, intoxicated by her madness. "As it is, I'll get out that old set of casters, and cut the bread in chunks. Plain? It'll be plain!"

The three children looked at her in awe, but they were silent in the presence of such revolution. Their mother—their own sweet gentle little mother to go suddenly mad like this—it was more than they could understand. Only Robert stifled a giggle. Tonight, he foresaw, was going to be even funnier than last night.

Mrs. Kalness snatched off the linen napkins and rummaged in her box of picnic supplies for gaudy paper ones. Then, just as the bell rang for the arrival of Mr. Kalness and his friends, she hurried into the living room, with one majestic gesture cleared the most prominent table and on it placed, in solitary splendor, the high and bulging brass cuspidor.

"There!" she said, and turned to meet her husband.

To Mr. Kalness' unsuspecting eyes was revealed his family, looking like a group of hobos; his home, qualified as leading exhibit of a museum of bad taste. The one thing good that might have been said was that everything was clean.

"Elizabeth," he began feebly, "what ——"

But Mrs. Kalness had advanced and snatched the leading rôle, even as he had done the night before.

"So glad to meet you," she said, seizing Mrs. Havens' hand. "And you too." This to Mr. Havens. "Come right in and sit down. Dinner'll be on the table in a few minutes. We've got no cook, you know. I do all my own work. We're plain people, as Mr. Kalness no doubt told you."

Mr. and Mrs. Havens were revealed as inoffensive and colorless. Never having seen Mr. Kalness' home before, they were not overwhelmed, though plainly amused and surprised. Mrs. Havens looked about her, eyed the cuspidor questioningly, shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly; but she was not a snobbish soul, and this loquacious, poorly dressed woman rather intrigued her fancy.

Mr. Havens registered a little wonder that a man with such an apparently prosperous business should live so meanly, but who was he to judge?

The one person who struggled with emotions too big to express, too amazing to shape into utterance, was Mr. Kalness. From rage to rage he went, even as Dante descended into various levels of the inferno. But for once he kept it to himself. Before James Havens he could not speak what was on his mind, choking in his throat.

Not that he had much chance. Mrs. Kalness was preeminent. She talked on and on, blithely, shamelessly, exposingly. She brought her guests out to that terrible dinner table without a quiver of excitement, though for a moment she was afraid that Mr. Kalness would be stricken with apoplexy when he beheld it.

All through the meal she talked on—and on. Mostly of how costly everything was; of how she utilized the cheapest cuts of meat, and saved the drippings and the bread crumbs; of how fortunate it was that her family was fond of stew. From this she went on to other economies! Told of how she had painted the woodwork and papered the walls of the room they were in; of doing her own sewing; gave Mrs. Havens her method of dyeing lace in detail; and then, seeing revolt in Mr. Kalness' face, switched blandly to his own story and retold it, word for word, as he had vaunted himself the night before—his childhood, boyhood and youth, evolving into Mr. Kalness the plain man, sitting now at the head of his table and looking as if he had been smitten with some swift and destroying disease, so pale and drawn were his features, so uncomfortable his manner. Mrs. Kalness did not spare him. She held the mirror up to him relentlessly. Such efforts as he made to break in or stop her she overrode.

At dessert time she did not change the plates or offer clean forks, but served the excellent pie—which had been on the table during the entire meal—on the plates from which they had been eating, with the remark: "It saves so much dishwashing, not changing plates. We don't go in for doodads and fiddle-faddles. We're plain people, as I said."

They returned, after the meal, to the living room, and Mrs. Kalness placed chairs around the table whereon the cuspidor shone in solitary splendor. Mr. Kalness snatched it off, thrust it into obscurity beneath his chair. By that act it was evident that his nerve was broken. This unexpected and complete revolt of Mrs. Kalness, the dutiful, the peaceful, the submissive, had him, in sporting parlance, on the ropes.

But when the Havens, murmuring excuses, had left—which they did very shortly—Mrs. Kalness was aware that the real battle was on. She did not flinch.

"Children," she said, "go on up to bed."

Then she faced her husband. She had never studied tactics, but something warned her that her part was to attack first, attack quickly and attack with all her strength.

"How do you like it, Herbert?" she began. "How do you like plainness, now you've got it in full measure? How do you think it looks when all of us go in for it, and cram it down the throats of strangers, and make it our sole topic of conversation, our sole motif of life?"

Mr. Kalness sat looking at her, as one who does not credit his sight or hearing. And his long, aggressive, decisive chin drooped weakly, as weakly as if it was neither long nor aggressive nor decisive. For it is not much use having such a chin unless it is hooked up smartly and firmly to the rest of one's face. It loses its character and its strength when it sags.

"Elizabeth," he said at last, "I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

Mrs. Kalness' chin, meanwhile, showed additional lines of squareness and firmness through its hitherto deceiving roundness. If this was to be the battle of the chins, any observer with a wager in prospect would have put his money on hers.

"I wouldn't have believed it of myself, Herbert. But something had to be done. After that disgraceful exhibition of yours last night, when you intentionally humiliated and hurt every member of your family, I couldn't help showing you just how small and mean and cruel and selfish and unreasonable and ridiculous you are. You don't really want plainness, or to live the way your father and mother lived. But you want to annoy and shame your family, to make us feel small ——"

"Elizabeth! How can you say such things?"

"Because they're true! And I'm tired of it! I'm sick and tired of it! I'm going to put the choice before you. Shall we live like plain people—like tonight—or shall we live as we usually live, observing the decencies of life and enjoying the ordinary refinements and conventions? You can make your choice—now!"

There was a long and bitter pause. Mr. Kalness, for all his autocracy and narrow-mindedness, was nobody's fool. He had been in too many close business deals not to know when his opponent had him. But habit was too strong for him. He tried to gather together the pieces of his shattered authority.

"Well, really, Elizabeth, your tone —— "

"Make your choice—and do it quickly! Do we live as usual, or are we going to be plain people—like tonight?"

He capitulated. He was not dealing with a dutiful, submissive wife now, but with a strong nature, goaded to extremes.

"I'd rather live like we always do," he said meekly.

"You mean that?"

"Ye-es."

Mrs. Kalness went about the room gathering up the album, the gilt clock, the vases with magenta roses. She carried them out and put them in the hall at the foot of the stairs. She went back and took down Grandpa Kalness' portrait. With the other hand she picked up the cuspidor.

"You'll never see these again," she said to Mr. Kalness, and added them to the other decorative horrors.

Then she went to the closet, took out the hidden covers and curtains and slowly and carefully replaced them. Mr. Kalness sat watching her and saying nothing. When the living room had resumed its normal aspect she sat down.

"Now," she said, "we'll talk over Aline and Junior. Aline is going to marry that nice young Goodrich, if he isn't afraid there is insanity in the family after what you did last night. And as for Junior, Herbert—as for Junior, he's going to be an engineer, and he's going with Mr. Lawrence this summer; and Robert, when he's old enough, will probably go into the factory. You and he will get along better than you and Junior could. Robert will never take you too seriously."

"Elizabeth!" said Mr. Kalness, waving a protesting hand.

"Now that's all settled," said Mrs. Kalness, lifting her voice a trifle. "And as I'm a bit tired, we'd better go to bed. Just help me carry up these things to the attic, will you?"

Mr. Kalness helped her carry the things up to the attic and stow them away in obscurity. Returned to their own room, he said, a note of complaint in his voice, "I'm tired, too, Elizabeth. I don't feel very well. I feel—I feel sort of dazed, as if—as if I'd been—struck—someway ——"

He seemed so beaten and defenseless that Mrs. Kalness' pity and humor were alike aroused.

She did not wish to gloat over her victory. Indeed, she knew that it was only partially won; that she would have to stand firm and undaunted through many, many more conflicts before she would have achieved all that she claimed as hers tonight. But she knew, also, that Mr. Kalness had indeed been struck—with permanent effect—on the chin.

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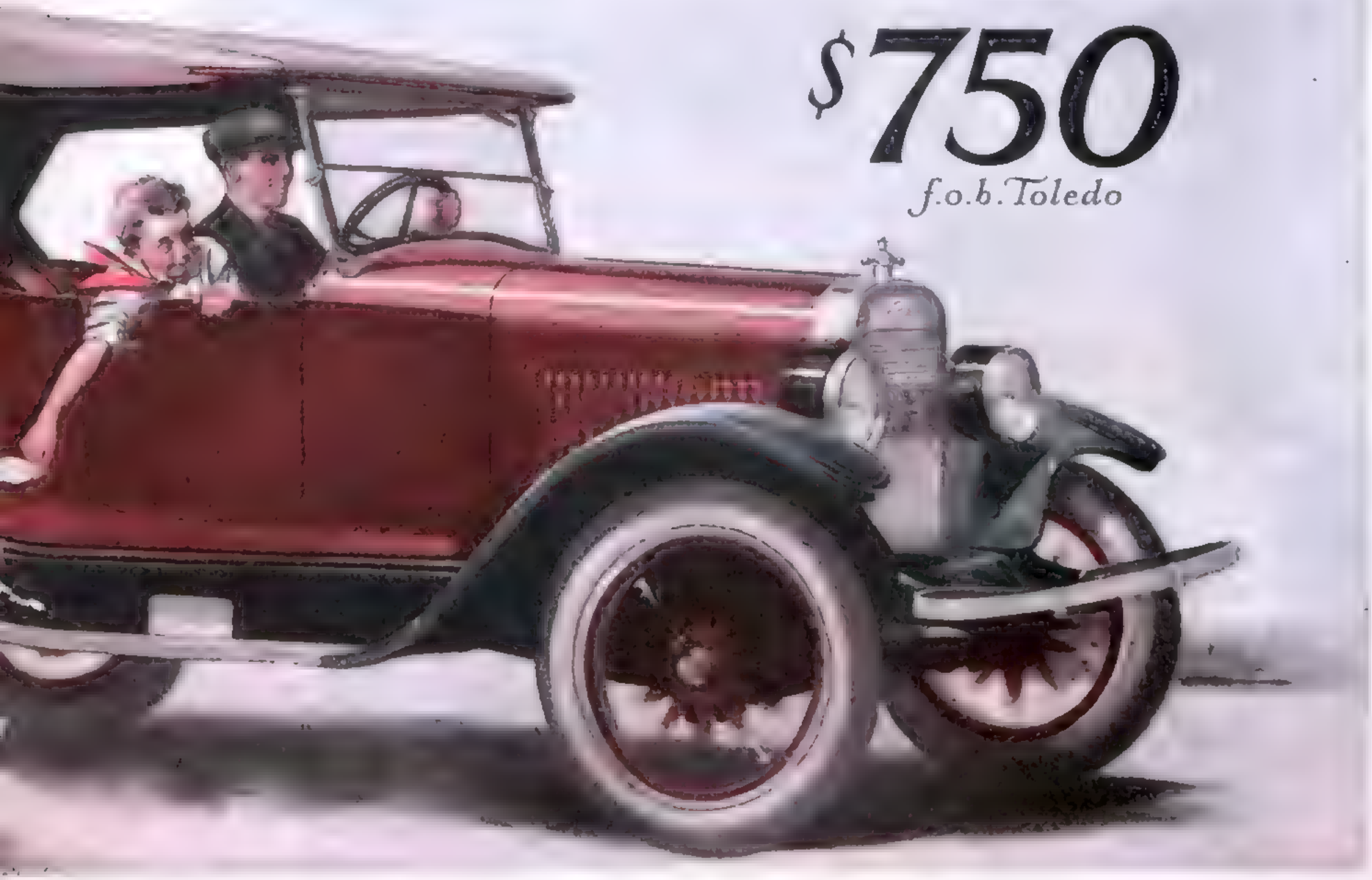

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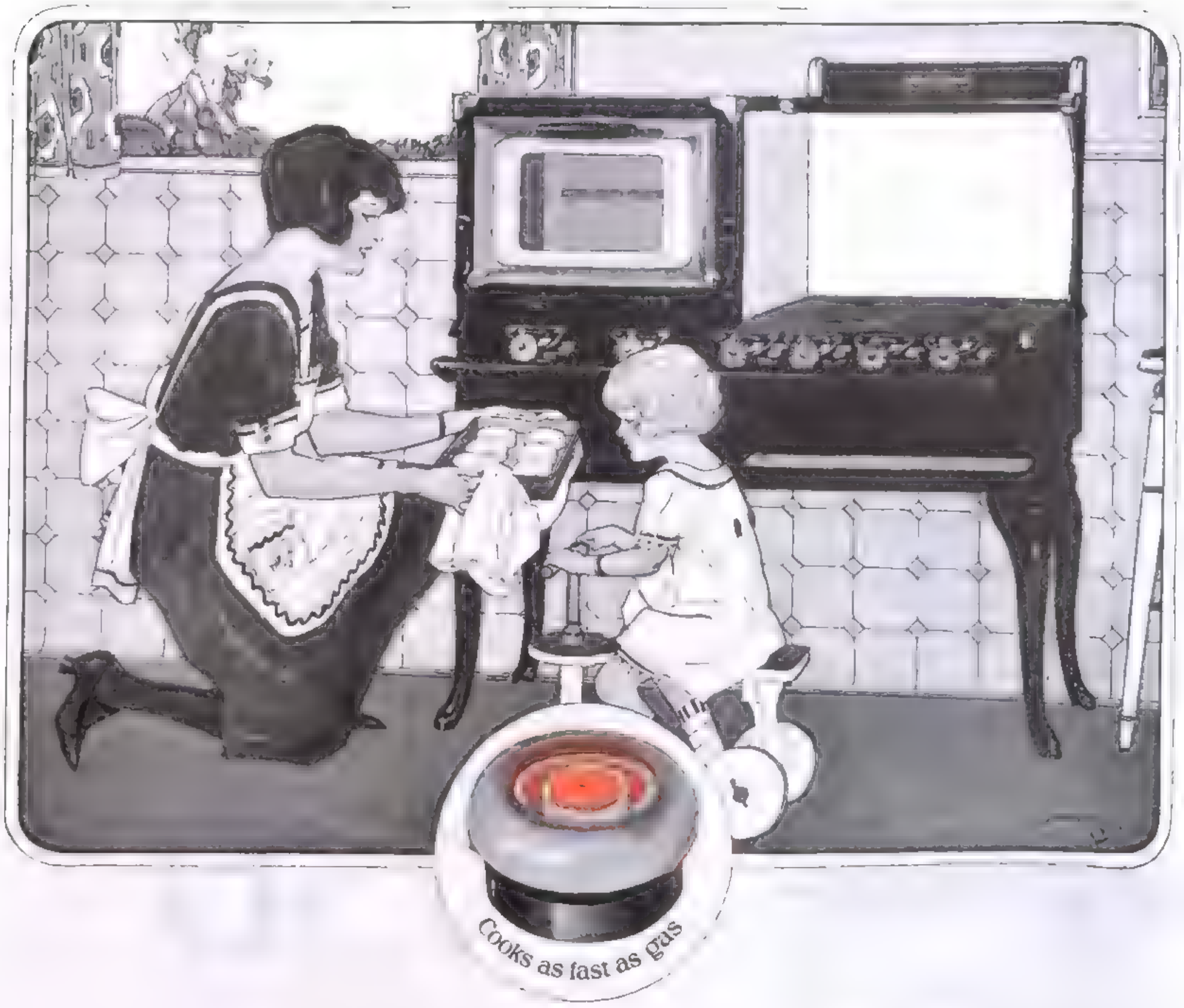

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THE FUTURE OF THE RAILROADS

(Continued from Page 33)

service. Although many other provisions are included, the three that I have enumerated figure mainly in any popular discussion of the railroad problem.

Once more in the case of the roads you have the baffling factors of self-interest and sectionalism. The attitude of executives in the East, for example, is more stiff-necked than in the West. This is due to an interesting cause. The roads that traverse the anthracite coal regions were accustomed, in the old unregulated days, to exercise powerful political control and were the overlords of their constituencies. In the West, on the other hand, management had to deal with a more aggressive and outspoken clientele and was forced to bow to it. Hence reaction's stronghold is still the East.

Appraising American sentiment about it as a whole, you find that it is influenced by the same fundamentals that distort the European perspective. They are fear and suspicion. The railway executives suspect the motives of most legislators; the labor group distrusts the managers, while the general public has come to hold a grouch against both. As one well-known railroad official put it to me:

"The railroad shopmen's strike was caused by suspicion rather than through any well-founded objection to pay reduction, because without such suspicion it was clearly manifest that the rates paid by the railroads were in excess of those in other industries for the same class of labor. You find this suspicion everywhere. Before rebating was made a statutory offense it was the distrust that one road had for another that led to special favors for large volumes of traffic. Now that rebating has ceased, the same suspicion and jealousy are indicated in a lack of coöperation. It is expressed today in the growing hostility between the automobile and the railroad. Each suspects the purpose of the other. The railroad fears the inroads of the motor truck as a freight carrier and the automobile interests suspect the railroads of seeking restrictive legislation against them."

Chronic Car Shortage

Just as the discussion of the alien question had to be prefaced by the premise that immigration is a matter of biology, so must this analysis of the railroad situation have a prelude stating the elements of the present crisis. It is best put in the words of an eminent American, keenly alive to all public questions, whose view is disinterested. In discussing the railroads he said:

"Our transportation facilities have lagged behind the needs of the country. Progress has been made in their restoration from the demoralization of war, but our rolling stock, our trackage and many of our terminals are unequal to our needs. Some increases in equipment have been made during the past year; yet as the result of long-continued financial starvation they are entirely insufficient.

"The deficiency in transportation finds its visible expression in car shortage; and though the shopmen's strike temporarily aggravated the situation, the trouble is far more deep-seated. Except during periods of business depression or strikes there has to some degree been continuous car shortage for the last six years. Furthermore, car shortage reaches its most acute stage during the four or five months of peak load in the fall and early winter.

"The situation has, of course, been influenced by the war; but fundamentally by the cumulation of experiments in public relations to the railways, both national and state. We have tried uncontrolled operation; we have attempted negative regulation in the prevention of discrimination; we have essayed nationalization; we are now trying positive regulation. Nationalization would be a social and economic disaster; free operation would reconstruct the vicious practices of thirty years ago. Regulation in some form is necessary, but constructive development of this regulation—to preserve the initiative and responsibility of our railway executives, to secure the fine values of private operation, and at the same time to secure public protection and assure adequate service—is absolutely vital and not necessarily incompatible."

You cannot get far into discussion of the railroads without discovering that the great body of complaints—and complaint is the middle name of the whole business—come from four groups. They are the shippers, who want lower rates and better facilities; the labor unions, which demand higher wages and a larger part in the operation and government of the railroads; the railway executives, who maintain that they are required to operate under impossible conditions; and finally the general public, which is the most important factor of all, because it supplies the financial lifeblood of operation. Each of these groups will now have its day in court, so to speak.

What might be called the railroad point of view differs only in the temper of attitude toward regulation. As in most things in life, there are two extremes. The out-and-out reactionary position is expressed in the following composite utterance gathered from many Eastern sources:

"Regulation makes it impossible for the roads to be managed in accordance with sound business principles and realize a satisfactory return on the investment. The railroads are like a horse that has been starved, hobbled and beaten.

"The railroads are starved because they cannot secure necessary revenue. What revenues they obtain are depleted by frequent reductions ordered by government authorities. Expenses are increased by Federal and state laws, including wage awards, restrictions and working conditions. A railroad is not free to adjust its sales prices along commercial lines as any other successful business must, and it is not permitted to earn a maximum return on investment as an annual income. This gives no opportunity for accumulating a surplus in good years to carry over bad years.

"Notwithstanding the fact that there has been an actual investment of more than $7,000,000,000 in road and equipment since 1908, the net railway operating income realized is little higher than in 1908. This is due to higher wages, taxes and other costs largely resulting from legislative regulation. This situation is largely responsible for deficiencies that now exist.

"The inevitable result of inflexible commission rate making is to deal with analogies and comparative earning per ton mile instead of a commercial adjustment suited to localities and conditions of each specific traffic. In a word, rates are too rigid.

"Private capital is practically on strike against making any new investment in American railroads that does not involve virtually a lien on the property. No new money has been raised by the issuance of common stock since 1915, and practically none in the last ten years. With existing rates and costs, railroad managers as a whole cannot make the business earn a return satisfactory to the existing investors or attractive to new investors."

Results of Excessive Interference

"What the critics of American railroads do not understand is that there is a fundamental difference between the British and the American situation. In England the problem is settled. Existing mileage is adequate; there is a fixed income; heavy new expenditures are eliminated. The lines are merged in four great groups. In the United States not only are our lines depleted but immense new construction is needed. All this requires money. Regulation does not raise money. The public confidence in the railroads must be restored if we are to revive our credit, and this can only be done through an unthrottled operation that shows returns.

"Regulative legislation has stifled initiative and made the average official a routineer. It deprives responsible managers of the exercise of authority and business discretion and transfers it to regulating boards. The present theory of regulation is that the railroad is a wild animal that needs to be caged, when in reality it is a useful beast of burden that should be encouraged, well fed, well treated and regarded as a friend.

"The Railroad Labor Board invites rather than repels strife. As a matter of fact, railroad employes are rapidly promoting the cause of government ownership through friction and inefficiency. Excessive interference has impaired employe loyalty. Summed up, the only two possible alternatives ahead of the railroads are out-and-out government ownership or a return to wider latitude under private ownership."

As you travel west from the Atlantic seaboard you encounter a more liberal state of mind among high-placed railroad executives. At Chicago, which marks the dividing line between the reaction of the East and the more acquiescent attitude of the West, the head of a system declared himself to me in this fashion:

"Before the World War, regulation was so intense that it meant strangulation and confiscation. The public was not satisfied with the values placed upon the railroads, and believed that the securities represented a large amount of water and determined not to pay rates that would give a return on such watered value. The result was the Valuation Act, which required the Interstate Commerce Commission to determine the value of the roads. This valuation—$18,900,000,000—demonstrated that most of the roads are not overcapitalized.

"No one need be told at this late day that the extravagance and concessions of Federal control contributed largely to the disintegration of the American railroad. I say this in no sense of criticism, because the war had to be won, and there could be no suspension of traffic. But the public must keep in mind that the present extraordinary cost of operation, especially in the labor end, grew out of an emergency over which the railroads as such had no control."

Meddle, Meddle, Toil and Trouble

"What most people do not realize is that during the war period practically every business in the country made some money, and the money so made helped to meet the heavy losses that came in the liquidation period. The railroad corporations were not allowed to make any war profits, because the Government took them and paid in rental only the average earnings for the three years preceding, thus allowing no return for the usual increase in business. In the face of this the roads were required to pay the war increase in taxes.

"One handicap of the railroads is the crushing weight of taxation. In 1911 the total of Federal and State taxes paid by the roads was $98,626,848. In 1922 they had risen to $305,000,000. Remembering that a railroad has no resources except receipts from its rates, these taxes are a heavy and rapidly increasing charge laid on the railroads that must be passed on to the public. In the end, every dollar of these taxes must be paid by the shipper. There is no other place from which the money can come. Such economy as would enable public authorities either to reduce railroad taxation, or at worst prevent it from advancing, is necessary to the general prosperity.

"After the war the country began to get restless under transportation conditions. People missed the ordinary courtesy to which they were accustomed; they grew alarmed over the growing cost to the Government of the railroad machine; they became convinced that the old system gave better results than the new one. The result was the Transportation Act, changing the function of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which had formerly been charged mainly with protecting the rights of the public, and making it for the first time the protector of the roads as well. It is the only comprehensive and constructive piece of legislation yet enacted by Congress to cover the whole railroad situation.

"The big problem of the American railroads today is financial. The country is growing and the railroads must grow with it. Some years ago, when James J. Hill said that the roads should spend $500,000,000 a year, people thought he was insane. Three times this sum is necessary today for double track, motive power and equipment. The roads must not only spend but they must earn. If we cannot earn more than 4 5 per cent on an average we cannot live. Failure to earn this means government ownership with the public paying still larger taxes to meet the deficit.

"The Transportation Act gives us some degree of elbow room. I am convinced that it should be given a fair chance. But we cannot have this fair chance if there is continual meddling before the measure has been given an opportunity to prove its efficacy. What the American railroads need more than anything else is to be let alone for a time."

Now let us get the liberal sentiment as expressed to me by the head of one of the

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They use them like nut meats in candy making or as garnish on ice cream.

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Steam exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size.

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Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements, including the vital minerals.

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most powerful systems operating in the Northwest. He said:

"Though most railroad executives believe that improvements could be made in the present Transportation Act, very few, and they are confined to the East, want to return to the days of unrestricted railroad operation. Whether they want to or not, the majority believe it futile even to talk of such a thing. Any attempt to obtain modifications of the act that would make it more favorable to the railroads would probably result in a law less satisfactory than the present one. The law should be permitted to operate without any change for at least two years longer.

"In reality there is no railroad problem. Like every other business, it is working out its own salvation. Many details will have to be settled by adjustment rather than regulation, and many others by the slower process of cut-and-fit experience. The essential thing now and for some years to come is to secure stability. Let the troubled waters settle before we try to look too far into the depths. This is the view of the railroads of the Northwest, and I believe it to be the view of most of the managements the country over.

"Any wholesome and final adjustment of the general railroad situation on the basis of equal justice to all presents three aspects—legislation, finance, and wages and working conditions of employes. The railroads and the public interest may be ruined or conserved as these three factors are adjusted.

"There is no need of rehearsing the past troubles of the railroads. It is worth stating, however, that the whole development of the East and the Northwest is the creation of railroad expansion. The great accumulation of values represented by railroad property is a trifle when compared with the value of the land improvements, mineral and timber wealth, and the products of the soil that would still be useless to man or nonexistent had the railroads not come. The clash between the railroads and the public, as more revenue for extensions was demanded on one side and better terms for the farmers and business men on the other, was inevitable.

"The principal task of the railroads today is to make the best of existing conditions, and this means that we must give the Transportation Act a fair chance. It is founded on the just principle that railroad rates must return a fair rate of profit on the ascertained value of the property. If this is denied, rail transportation must eventually cease. The Transportation Act fixed the rate of return at 6 per cent for the two years ending March 1, 1922. At the present time the rate is 5.75 per cent. It remains to be proved if, under excessive cost of operation, including increasing labor cost and the crushing burden of taxation, this can be earned."

Cold-Shouldered by Investors

"In view of the widespread complaint, especially among farmers, that rates are excessive, let me point out that the average freight rate for the whole country, the lowest in the world, is now 50 per cent higher than the average rate during the period from 1900 to 1910. In July, 1922, the average increase of the wholesale price of all commodities as compared with the same period was 79 per cent. Most of the staples of life increased much more than this. The rise in the cost of coal, due to the coal strike, alone cost the railroads $17,500,000 additional in one month. The cost of railroad service to the public has advanced less since the prewar period than that of any other commodity.

"A declining rate of return on railroad capital—and the railroads today are $1,000,000,000 short of what the Interstate Commerce Commission designated a fair return—is more serious than most people suppose. Extensions and betterments aggregating $1,000,000,000 a year are needed all over the country. If this new capital is not put in, the railroad machine will go to pieces. The new money must be met by increased capitalization, for the present system of financing entirely by bond issues cannot continue.

"If the roads are to sell stock they must make returns attractive to the investor. It is undesirable that railroad capitalization should increase continually, because it continues fixed charges, and these fixed charges can only be met by increased rates. Thus no matter how you start in a railroad discussion you always land up at the rate, which has been called the insoluble problem. If the roads were permitted a larger degree of elasticity in making rates, subject of course to supervision, the most serious handicap upon income would be removed.

"The primary concern of railroad management is the present high cost of producing transportation. This should also be the concern of the public, because ultimately the public foots the transportation bill. If the high cost of transportation production could be reduced all other railroad problems would disappear. Most legislation increases the cost and stirs up further agitation. The most desirable plan to cut down the overhead is through consolidation of various roads under a single management. This would make a much more effective use of equipment, institute great savings and improve the service generally.

"The emphatic desire of railroads of the Northwest is to try out the present Transportation Act without making any effort to amend or to repeal. It has not yet had time to demonstrate its excellence or to prove a failure. The worst feature of the railroad situation has been the piling up of a multitude of laws frequently inconsistent with or nullifying each other. The inevitable consequence of further unfavorable and inelastic legislation is government ownership, for which every radical element is working."

Statistics Versus Humanity

Now let us turn from the railroad manager to the other extreme, which is the public, as expressed in the state of mind of the average man, who, when all is said and done, literally pays the freight. Despite the widespread but more or less inarticulate dissatisfaction over the railroad situation, such an investigation as I made cannot fail to disclose the fact that there is a friendlier feeling for the railroads than has existed for some time. Save among radicals, a section of the labor element, and professional railroad baiters, the sentiment is against drastic regulation and government ownership.

Indicative of a considerable body of public opinion throughout the United States is this statement, which represents the composite views of business men:

"The trouble with the railroads is that most officials are apparently unable to understand the psychology of the public. In some cases they are too reactionary; in others they make the mistake of regarding the properties as personal possessions. There should be no standpat idea in a corporation that is owned by the public and that serves the public. In short, many railroad managers do not read the public mind. They irritate rather than placate it.

"There is too much inertia in railroad management. Instead of keeping pace with progress, a fetish is made of precedent, and that precedent is not always progressive.

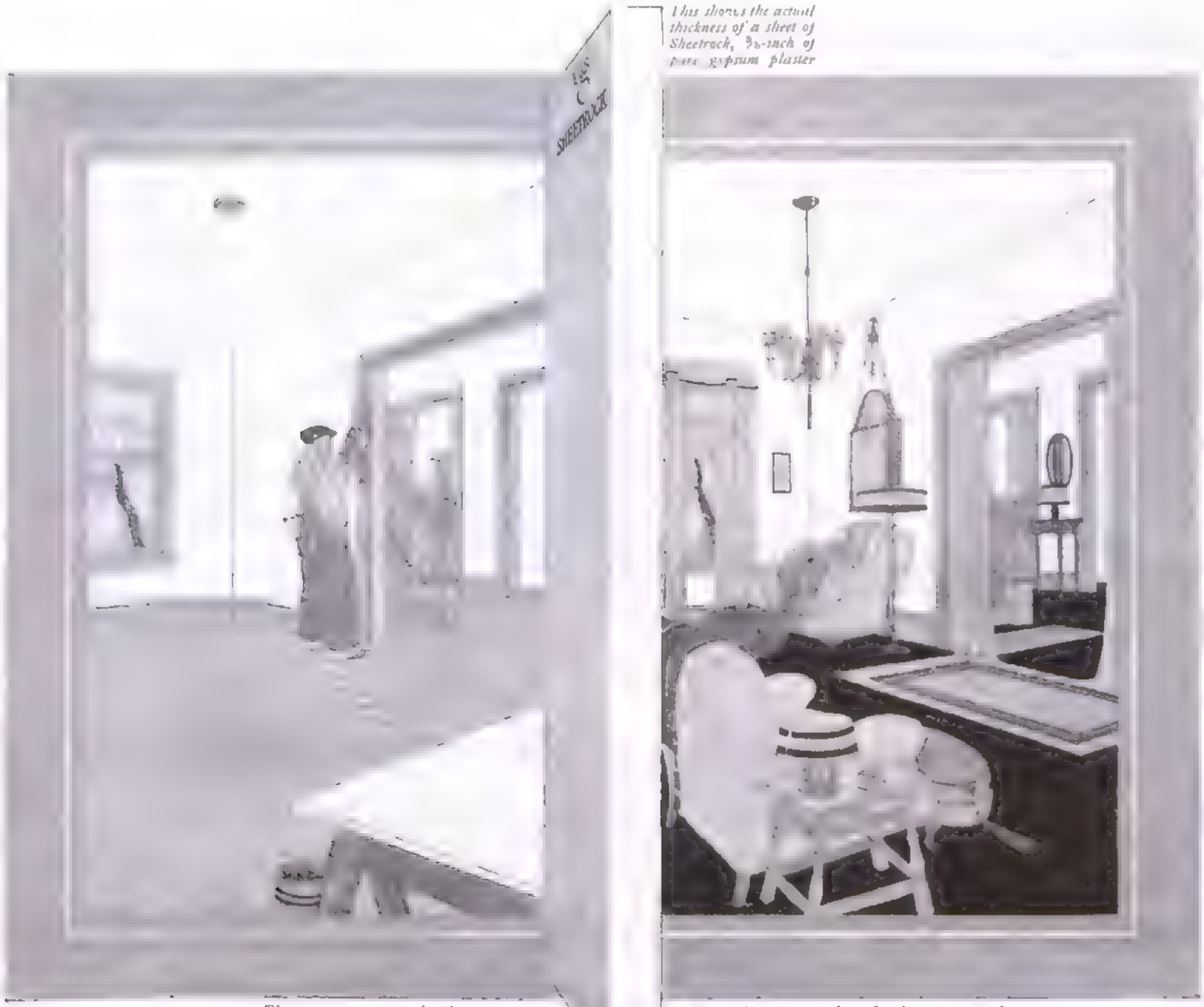
"Coördination is lacking among the railroads. Although they have a common cause, they seem to be at variance in the methods employed, first, to relieve themselves of the burden of excessive regulation; second, to secure the good will of the consumer. Teamwork should be the first essential.

"We have too many systems. The whole problem could be solved if all the lines were merged into twelve or fifteen great groups in the interest of economy and efficiency. Through such a process of widespread consolidation, the weaker roads could come under the wing of the stronger.

"The average American shipper does not object to high rates, but he wants good service. With the exception of the demagogues, the public mind in the United States is perfectly sane. It must be shown, however. The railroads rely too much on statistics and too little on the human element to get their case over.

"The railroads are up against too many bosses, and the result is friction and misunderstanding. The interest of the roads is the interest of the public, and no one wants them handicapped. They should be permitted wider freedom in making rates and in making a proper adjustment between income and expenditure, to the end that railway securities may once more come within the range of the American investor. The interests of the railroads and the public are identical, and there can be no permanent prosperity until there is harmony between them. This harmony can be based only on mutual confidence."

(Continued on Page 104)



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(Continued from Page 102)

So much for the general attitude. Now let us see what representative individuals have to say. Here is the point of view of a big manufacturer in New England, which expresses what thousands of other Americans feel:

"There are three partners in the railroad business—the public, the shareholder and the worker. I put the public first, because up to this time it has been last. The Government is the trustee of these three, because railroads are built on the public domain and are entirely in the public service. Any formula that is applied to the condition of any railroad or all railroads must necessarily be based on equal consideration for the three partners.

"For many years the shareholder wanted it all, and with the Wall Street speculator he got it all. Lately the workers have wanted it all, and with the war emergency they got everything. The public is more modest than these. It wants only its third. It is now able to analyze legislation and manipulation in transportation matters. It trusts the Interstate Commerce Commission and some railroad presidents, but it fears the political influence of the railroad workers on the Government. Its hope is in transportation executives who understand the public, and in legislators who put the public interest above selfish political ambitions."

From a Southern business man who has large agricultural interests I got this constructive suggestion, which was echoed in many quarters:

"Poor management is responsible for a large percentage of railroad failures; but, on the other hand, the roads have been hampered to such an extent by adverse legislation that they are caught between the devil and the deep sea. They should have more initiative so as to give an opportunity for the exercise of individualism. The present drastic regulation is a hindranee rather than a help.

"My theory is that the railroads should be supervised by the United States Government in very much the same way as national banks are supervised. Such control is constructive and not confiscatory. Legitimate return is encouraged and no ban placed upon initiative. The result is that national banks have the confidence of the public."

Still another suggestion of deep and far-reaching significance is this one, which, I might add, is the view of many bankers and progressive merchants in the East and West:

"To make the operation of our railroads successful, new financing for extensions, rolling stock and other improvements is becoming increasingly vital. Until the fear of radical legislation on the part of Congress is removed, and the policy of noninterference beyond certain well defined and perhaps necessary regulation is adopted, this new financing will be extremely difficult, as railroad investment today offers nothing attractive to the public."

Sane Public Ownership

"That the public is interested in the railroads is evidenced by the large number of shareholders in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for example. This investment by the public should go further and include investment by railroad employes in the securities of the company they serve. This plan has been exceedingly successful in the United States Steel Corporation. It gives the worker a concrete interest in the corporation's affairs.

"Furthermore, the railroads may well profit by the system adopted by the many public-service corporations that sell stock to their customers, which provides insurance against radical and unfair legislation. If the railroads would encourage the purchase of their stocks and bonds throughout the local communities they serve they would institute a sane public ownership that would result in good service on the one hand and a fair profit on the other. In these circumstances there would be a change in public sentiment for the benefit of all concerned."

That there is a widespread sympathy with the railroads' financial plight is shown by the following comment, which is likewise the Wall Street state of mind:

"The principal difficulty with the railroads is lack of profit. Under supervision but not regulation, there must be restored to railroad managers the right to fix rates and control costs, including the all-important item of labor. Competition between systems would take care of the rate, and the general market supply and demand would take care of costs. Thus afforded the possibility of profit, the roads could themselves solve their credit difficulties and once more attract men of first-class ability, which they are not now doing in their younger employes."

A characteristic comment that reflects widespread sentiment is this one from a man conspicuous in public life:

"There are worse interferences with the railroads than the butting in of politicians. There is, for one thing, the interference of the banker who wants his rake-off regardless of public service or the treatment of the men who operate the railroads. Then you have the protests of manufacturers' organizations or groups of interests, which fight any raise in rates or the adoption of a new rule that affects their business. The plain truth is that everybody wants the railroads to succeed at somebody else's expense. They are willing to have everybody's rates increased but their own."

The real sore spot in the situation, however, is in the relation between the railroads and the farmer. To this friction is attributable a considerable degree of the hostility towards the carriers. The agriculturists' grievance—again the composite view—is best expressed in this fashion:

"Agriculture has always borne the larger part of the essential cost of transportation; first because the farmer cannot always select his location entirely with respect to market; and second because he is required to pay freight both coming and going. Reliable and cheap transportation is essential to agriculture, since it is only through the easy flow of products that consumption is encouraged and the market expanded."

A Bad System

"Railroad service to the farmer means car supply, facilities at his local station and quick schedules, especially on perishable freight. These services have been maintained very much better by some lines than by others; but in the main service as the farmer knows and realizes it has depreciated very rapidly in recent years. It was depreciating before the war; it depreciated more during the war; and but little advance in service improvements has since been made. It is unfortunate that as the service depreciated freight tariffs went up and the farmer's prices went down.

"It will probably never be known how large a part our freight rates have played in the agricultural depression, because the increase in rates occurred almost simultaneously with the decline in prices. The whole rate-making system is wrong. A new program must be evolved that will adjust rates to the general business conditions.

"Not only are rates too high but there is a shortage of cars that works serious hardship with the farmer. This shortage, combined with inefficient operating methods, causes almost incalculable loss on livestock and perishable products. If the roads made any pretense towards fairness in their settlements for such losses the attitude of the shipper would be materially better than it is. But when the farmer is met with indifference on the part of the carrier his attitude becomes the more antagonistic.

"We farmers do not advocate government ownership, because we do not believe it would remedy the situation. We have not forgotten the almost $1,500,000,000 deficit accruing from government operation during the war. We have no reason to believe that a government-directed service would be better than the present system. In fact there is every reason to believe that it would be worse, because there is now no impelling patriotic motive for service such as existed during the war.

"Farmers, by and large, are not unreasonable when they understand conditions. We know that the roads have been badly throttled and have struggled against many handicaps. It is now squarely up to the railroads to render service at a reasonable rate, which does not mean a confiscatory rate. Every farmer will admit that the carriers must have cost of transportation plus a reasonable profit. This granted, a policy of public enlightenment will correct any misapprehension on the part of the farmer towards the railroad."

Now let us see how the railroads answer the complaint of the farmer in the words of the head of a great Northwest system:

"No one can dispute the fact that our heaviest complaints on rates and service come from agricultural communities. The reason, however, does not lie in high freight rates but in low prices for farm products. The fundamental cause of the farmer's trouble in 1921 was not railroad tariffs, but overproduction and inflation.

"Farming has probably suffered more from deflation than any other American interest. In the mad boom after the war the price of farm land doubled and in some cases quadrupled. The farm owner can no more expect to make a profit calculated on this artificial figure than a munition factory could anticipate wartime dividends in a period of peace. The agricultural situation is improving. The wheat, corn, rye and potato crops for 1922 had a market value of $500,000,000 in excess of that of 1913. Present rail rates on farm products are relatively reasonable. With the ample rural credit now provided, and with coöperative marketing organizations under way, the farmer should not find existing rates a heavy burden. A crippled transportation system would cost him much more."

The preceding reference to government ownership leads to a phase that cannot be ignored. Everywhere the radical agitator and the disgruntled labor leader point to public ownership as the panacea for transportation ills. Ask the railroad executive and he at once maintains that it would mean bankruptcy of the national Treasury and the transfer of government by a democracy to government by a bureaucracy.

The important point of view, however, is that of the average man, who, let it be emphasized again, owns the railroads, and who has the ultimate interest and responsibility. Out of a census of opinion taken in practically every section of the United States it is evident that the great mass of the American public is opposed to government ownership. A coördinated point of view reads:

"Government ownership is unthinkable. The United States has not yet recovered from the effects of the short but disastrous experiment with Federal operation during the war. It led to a carnival of waste and inefficiency on the one hand, and ruinous exploitation of labor by labor on the other. Most of the evils from which the railroads are suffering today may be traced back to the wartime operation, which increased overhead cost to a degree that would well-nigh overwhelm any ordinary industry.

"Government ownership would mean the organization of railroad labor into one big union that could walk out on a moment's notice, paralyze traffic, and with it the industry of the nation. Equally destructive would be the building up of the political machine that might become strong enough to menace our form of government. With the creation of this political organ would come an orgy of extravagance as expressed in reckless expenditures for stations, branch lines and other unnecessary construction. The slogan The Government Will Pay has never offered any incentive to economy. It is much worse than the inducement for waste held out to the indiscriminate issue of tax-exempt securities.

"Equally important is the additional burden that government ownership would place upon the taxpayer, who is already mulcted nearly to economic extinction. The deficit of about $1,500,000,000 during the twenty-six months of Federal operation is a hint of what is likely to happen if it had become permanent."

Unregulated Labor

"Finally, government ownership of the railroads would inevitably lead to nationalization of coal mines and public utilities; and almost before the nation would realize it we would be in the midst of a disastrous adventure in socialization as fatal to America as it has been to Russia."

Turn to labor and another acute angle of the railroad problem is exposed. Every interest affected expresses dissatisfaction over the machinery of wage control and strike prevention. To reproduce opinion about the Railroad Labor Board would fill a book. Perhaps the best definition of the general attitude is in these words from a disinterested source:

"The principal difficulties arise from the tripartite structure of the board, from its detachment from the rate-making body, and especially from the fact that the Transportation Act did not originally contemplate that the Government would be a universal wage fixer. It was the assumption that the Labor Board would only function in case of a major threat of stoppage in service. The failure of the local adjustment boards for direct contact between employes and employers has thrust all disputes on the Labor Board, and in result we have practically governmental fixing of all wages and conditions of labor, with a large destruction of personal contacts."

A widespread criticism of railroad labor—and it is echoed by many operating executives—takes this form:

"Railway regulation is one-sided. While there has been a constant demand for the regulation of railway management, there has been very little demand for the equally necessary regulation of the combinations of railway labor. Those who manage the railroads have been overregulated. They can neither get the capital for adequate development nor enforce the rules for earnest and effective work on the part of the employes. Railroad labor organizations assume the right to enforce their own demands without regard to the public interest. This interest includes that of the unions, which are part of the public. In the long run the unions will destroy themselves if they fail to realize their public obligations. This is the real danger that confronts labor unions. These two fundamental weaknesses—overregulation of management and failure to require government regulation of the combinations of labor—are at the bottom of all the railway difficulties."

Employe Representation

Ask the average railway consumer, so to speak, what he thinks about railroad labor, and his invariable reply is summed up in a few sentences:

"Most of the friction is due to the fact that many of the roads seem to have lost personal contact with their employes. Federal control encouraged loyalty to the national labor unions rather than to the companies that employ them. If transportation is to be restored to its old efficiency there must be coöperation and—what is more important—personal relationships between employer and employe."

That something like one-time coöperation is being established among the more liberal roads is shown by a tendency to secure adjustment of wages by conference between managements and employes rather than by hearings and decisions of any outside tribunal. The president of an important Western system stated the case to me as he sees and practices it thus:

"Neither a Railway Labor Board nor an Interstate Commerce Commission can know the particular local conditions or have the same personal touch in any specific case as the actual manager of the business. The attempt to fix wages by one supreme authority is just as injurious on the one side as one big union would be on the other. On well-managed roads today there are shop committees and union officials, who take up every question of wages and working conditions likely to lead to dispute and thresh it out with the officials. It is the natural human and effective manner of dealing with differences."

In this connection it may be well to refer in passing to the plan of employe representation, as it is called, adopted by the Pennsylvania system, which has done much towards restoring the loyalty once a prize asset of the American railways. The fundamentals are:

An opportunity for all employes to have a voice in the management in matters in which they are directly concerned through employe representatives elected by themselves, regardless of whether they are union or nonunion members.

Establishment of a mutually satisfactory method of promptly settling all controversial questions arising between management and men.

Establishment of a joint tribunal for each class of employes equally representative of employes and management, which is the final arbiter in the disposition of disputes.

The net results have been the formulation of mutually satisfactory rules covering working conditions; wage agreements affecting 150,000 employes without resort to the Railroad Labor Board or other tribunals outside the Pennsylvania system; a relationship between employer and employe that in spite of the calling of the shopmen's strike made it possible for the road to operate both passenger and freight services without unusual interruption and to perform a larger measure of service than before the strike; an agreement with engine and train service employes to prevent

(Continued on Page 109)

Making it easy to buy the forms that get work done

A BUSINESS of only moderate size will use a dozen different printed forms. Every business requires letterheads, billheads, package shipping labels, memo forms, order blanks, and so on.

A great big business will use several hundred forms. And so you see on different kinds of forms a tiny line reading

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That's an important form, probably a pending file or memo form. Another may read

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That is some other form just as important but not so frequently used. A cancellation notice, for instance.

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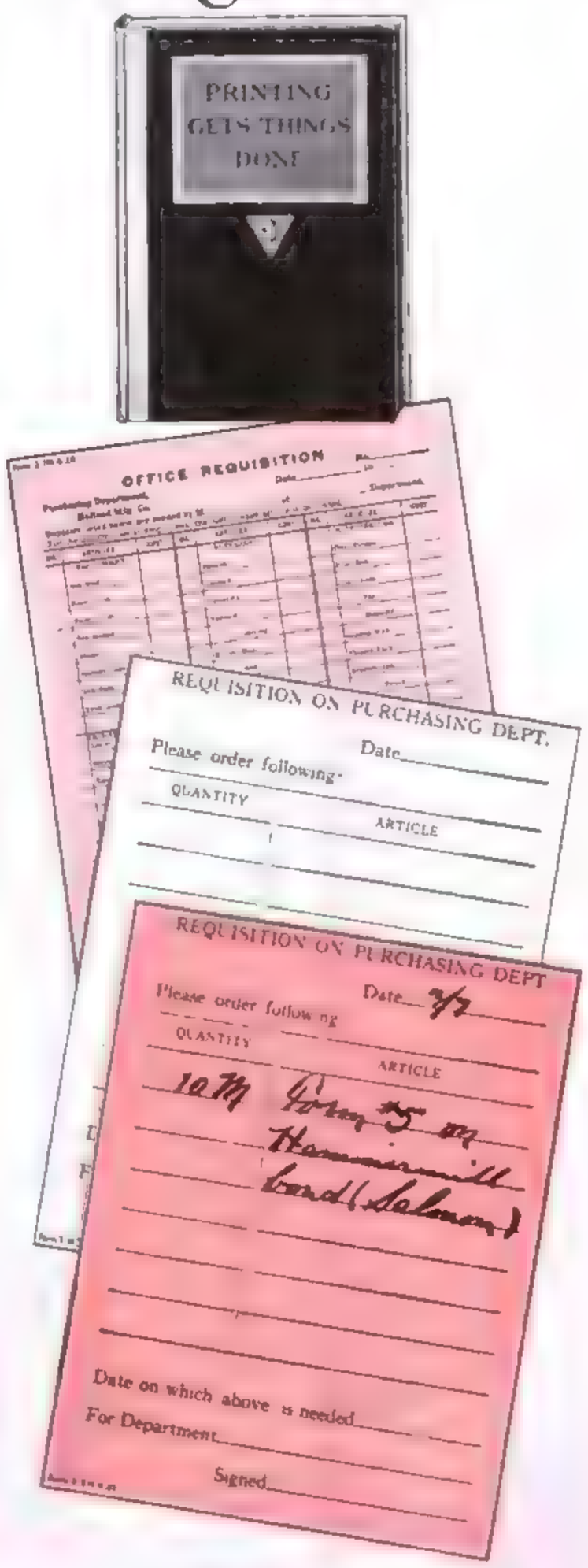


THE requisition-for-purchase form shown here helps department heads to order in advance of their needs. It would be very simple to order on this form either of the forms shown below it, printed on Hammermill Bond. These are typical of the forms shown in our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done." Write for a copy.

How a roofing mistake cost Charlie Benson his home

By DON R. RANSBURG

It was only yesterday that I met Benson. I hadn't seen him in years. After a few minutes' chat, I asked him about that old-style roof I once put on his house.

"Well, sir," said he, "I have long wanted to tell you about that roof. You see, I have learned a good deal about roofing since then. It has been an expensive lesson, too, for it cost me my home.

"It happened like this: One night during a nearby fire, a burning ember was blown on my roof. Our home was in ruins before the blaze could be put out. We escaped with our lives—that was about all.

"As for my two next-door neighbors' homes, the flying sparks had no effect on those asphalt shingled roofs. They proved a better protection than our fire department.

"But that is not all I have learned," said Benson. "I have learned that there are many qualities of asphalt shingles. Neighbor Brown's roof, for example, was a complete disappointment. It quickly developed leaks, ruined their interior decorations, and required endless repairing.

"Now I know," said Benson, "that you are wondering about the Vulcanite Roof you put on John Baker's house. That asphalt shingle roof is surely a wonder! The shingles have stayed flat and resisted all kinds of weather. Besides, they make a fine looking roof and are still good today."

* * *

I was sorry to hear of Benson's bad luck; however, I was glad to know about Baker's Vulcanite Roof. For this again confirmed my long-standing belief in this wonderful roofing.

Today, when my customers want a *real* roof, I always recommend Vulcanite. I know it is heavy, rigid, tough and strong—the kind that gives service.

I understand that one of the big reasons back of Vulcanite quality is the Glendinning Saturation Process.* According to this process, I am told, the felt base is run THREE TIMES through a hot asphalt saturating bath. Then huge, steam-heated rollers literally "drive" the excess asphalt into the felt. No soft or porous spots remain to let in moisture and cause rotting.

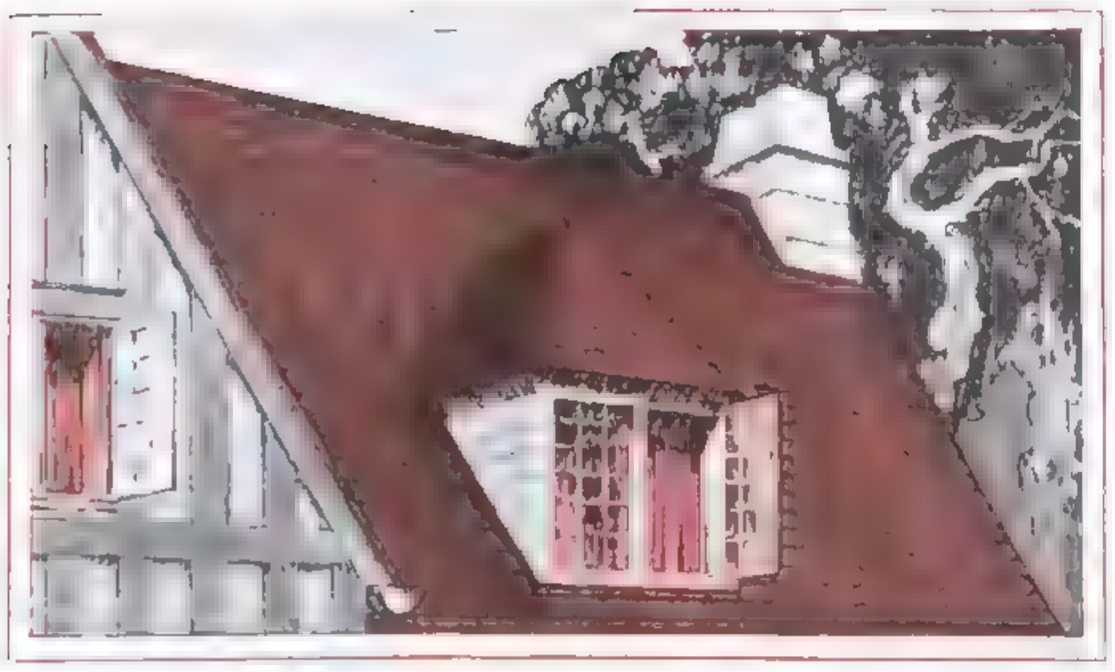
VULCANITE ROOFING.

I have often wondered if my experiences with Vulcanite have been exceptional. I am told that thousands of other builders and users have given similar reports—and that it is today one of the oldest and most widely used of all roofings. Moreover, it is *even better* today than ever before.

I usually buy Vulcanite Roofing from local lumber or building material dealers. Or, if I want special information, I write the Vulcanite Division, The Beaver Products Company, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

BEAVER

VULCANITE ROOFING, WALL



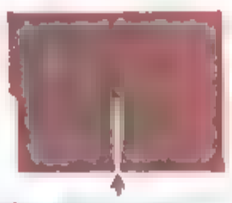
The Vulcanite Roof shown above is made of "Self-Spacing" Individual Shingles. Patented "shoulder" automatically regulates the space between shingles. Also seals the roof above the notch. Shingles lay easily and economically—produce an extra thick roof that combines beauty with long wear.

Vulcanite "Hexagon" Slab Shingles produce a beautiful, durable roof of extra thickness and unusual fire-resisting qualities. Easy and economical to lay in the usual way or over old shingles. Patented design gives a deep, tile effect.

Vulcanite "Doubletite" Slab Shingles make a distinctively individual roof, not unlike Italian tile. Economical to lay. Triangular projections underlie each slot and assure extra wear and weather protection.

Vulcanite Roofings are also made in roll and ordinary shingle styles—for homes, commercial and industrial buildings—in jumbo and standard weights—in smooth finishes, surfaced with mica, talc and sand; also in red and green crushed slate finishes.

You can always identify Genuine Vulcanite Roofing by the well-known Vulcanite name on the label.



No room for rain or snow to blow in here

Vulcanite "Hexagon" Slab Shingles

Vulcanite "Doubletite" Slab Shingles

*Glendinning Saturation Process

Why it insures roofing satisfaction and economy

This process was named after Robert Glendinning, who many years ago founded the Vulcanite Roofing Business in Belfast, Ireland, and who is considered one of the creators of the asphalt roofing industry in this country.

The Glendinning Saturation Process is based upon the continuous method. Only genuine Mexican asphalt and our own make of tough, long fibre, pure felt are used. No imitations, adulterants or other cheapening materials. By means of this process, every tiny niche, crevice and pore of the felt base is thoroughly and permanently impregnated. This process is today one of the biggest reasons why Vulcanite Roofing never softens, dries or curls under summer's hot sun, why it avoids brittle hardness and cracking in freezing weather, why it retains its beauty and weather-proof properties even after years of exposure. In fact, this time-tested process is the foundation upon which the world-wide prestige of Vulcanite Roofing has been built.

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101 *Uses for Beaver Wall Board*

Have you a wall or ceiling that needs repairing? Have you some remodeling to do? Do you need additional rooms? Are you building a new garage or summer home? Have you an idle attic? Do you need new partitions in factory, office or store? For these purposes and scores of others where a smooth and easily handled sheet of tough, durable, heat, cold and moisture-proof board is required, use Genuine Beaver Wall Board.

By insisting upon the *genuine*, you gain the advantages of [1] Virgin Spruce Fibre Through and Through. [2] 26-Layer Laminated Construction. [3] Patented "Sealtite" Moisture-Proofing Formula. [4] Kiln-Dried and Seasoned. [5] "Dead-Air" Insulation against cold and heat and sound. [6] Art Mat Surface. Genuine Beaver Wall Board is plainly marked for your guidance and protection. Insist upon seeing the Red Beaver Border and Beaver Trade Mark on the margins of the back face of each panel.

Your lumber or building supply dealer can furnish genuine Beaver Wall Board in panels 32 or 48 inches wide and from 6 to 16 feet long.

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Beaver Gypsum Wall

Beaver Gypsum Wall comes in large, wide panels of stone-like gypsum plaster, sandwiched between two facings of tough fibre board. These panels are nailed to the studding or over old walls. You can saw them just like lumber.

Beaver Gypsum Walls can be painted, papered or paneled immediately. Will not warp—burn—crack—or crumble. Permanent as a stone wall. Save much labor, time and "muss."

Millions of feet of Beaver Gypsum Wall are used annually in new building construction. It is sold by leading dealers in lumber and building supplies. Upon request we will send you a sample of Beaver Gypsum Wall with complete information on "how to use."

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PRODUCTS

BOARD AND GYPSUM WALL

Will you repeat on your car?

Velie owners do—

Every mile you drive your car brings you nearer to the day when you will want a new one.

What will that car be?—another like the one you are driving—or will you try some other make?

Sixty per cent of the men and women who own Velie cars buy another Velie.

That means Velie owners are satisfied owners. You owe it to yourself to investigate the Velie before you buy.

There is no question but that the buying trend is more and more toward the closed car for constant year round use.

And in that regard, among the better cars, this Velie Touring Sedan is widening its circle of popularity every day—as much because of its unlimited touring ability as because of its beauty, completeness and moderate price.

Its handsome lines, its choice finish, its rich interior are matched by the ready response, speed and flexibility of the vibrationless, automatically lubricated Velie-built motor—an engine whose features are duplicated only in a few of the highest-priced cars.

Its equipment includes disc wheels, two extra cord tires with covers, trunk at rear containing two full-size suitcases and hat box, individual aluminum steps, mirror, flower-vase, vanity-case, smoking set and other interesting items.

VELIE MOTORS CORP
Moline, Illinois

VELIE

EVERY TIME
WE SELL A CAR
WE MAKE A FRIEND

Velie's most outstanding superiority is its wonderful valve-in-head Velie-built motor, giving an average of 20-25 miles to the gallon, automatically lubricated, even to the piston-pins, vibrationless at all speeds, its equal cannot be found in any car within $1000 of its price

VELIE

V A L U E

(Continued from Page 104)

the possibility of interruption of service that might arise on account of miners' or shopmen's strikes.

In discussing the railroad labor situation with the operating head of one of America's greatest systems he made the following suggestion, which was approved by many of his colleagues:

"Abolish the United States Railroad Labor Board and provide that whenever, in the judgment of the President of the United States, a dispute between the carrier and its employes threatens to interrupt the movement of the mails, the performance of the civil or military functions of the United States, or the free and lawful movement of commerce, he is authorized to investigate and make public report upon the facts and circumstances of such controversy through a commission of five eminently qualified persons representing the public, and appointed by him for that purpose. During the conduct of the investigation, and until the publication of the report of such a commission, and for a reasonable time thereafter, it is declared that any combination, agreement or conspiracy by or between either or both of the parties to the controversy to interrupt such service is unlawful."

The principal objection to the abolition of the Labor Board comes from the more liberal executives, who feel that the Transportation Act as a whole should be given an ample opportunity to prove its merit. Said one:

"If the Railroad Board is abolished it will open the way to other amendments to the act and its usefulness would be impaired. Better take it as a whole and give it a good tryout despite the obvious menace to coordination that lies in the fact that two important functions of management—control of rates and control of wages—rest with agencies having no connection."

A recommendation aimed at the solution of the twin problems of harmonizing labor and placating the public came from one of the most eminent of railroad lawyers, who has also had large experience in operation. After pointing out what he termed the ineptitude of the railroads in dealing with the fundamental issues, he said:

"One reason why the railroad situation is tangled is that the roads wait until either labor or the public has a grievance and is antagonistic. The proper task is to anticipate trouble. To this end I suggest the creation of two organs. One could take the form of the councils such as prevail in industry, which would make for a real industrial democracy. The other is a board of disinterested citizens through which the roads could function with the public. This body could act as a sort of sounding board of popular needs and demands."

Essential Initiative

On the part of both executives and the public the idea persists that railroad initiative is a lost art. On this highly important point a man whose knowledge of transportation conditions is not exceeded by that of any of his contemporaries made an illuminating observation that may well be taken to heart by every person in and out of the railroads. It is:

"Above everything else, the situation should be relieved of the benumbing influence of the doctrine that railroad managers no longer have any initiative or opportunity. It requires only the continued preaching of this doctrine to make private operating an utter failure. The fact is that for every opportunity lost a new one has come into existence. Both in the relations with the public and in the relations with the employes, opportunity arises for developing new and successful methods of contact and for creating a growing appreciation of community of interest and a growing sentiment of support. As to railroad operation in general, there is a large field for the development of new initiative and ingenuity in the adaptation of operation to the changed conditions. During the era when the railroads were built and their present operating policies were shaped the great railroad men were those who found ways to overcome the numerous obstacles, and not those who dwelt upon the insuperable character of the obstacles. In the present day success calls for a similar spirit applied to new sorts of difficulties."

What then is the future of the railroads? Various remedies for their stabilization have already been indicated, but they are merely a patch on an almost boundless area of suggestions. With transportation, as with practically every other agency that touches the public purse or service, everybody has his own particular brand of panacea.

On the railroad side it ranges from a demand for full and final power to make rates, wages and securities to a restriction of the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission over tariffs so that in a general way the functions shall be limited to enforcement of rules to prevent rebates, discrimination and unduly burdensome measures regarding rates. The average business man feels that there can be no solution and no future for the railroads without the establishment of a proper relation of service between railroads, waterways and motor transport; but first of all, the creation of a definite line of policy among railroad executives themselves.

Upon three procedures most forward-looking people agree. The first is that the Transportation Act, with whatever virtues or defects it embodies, should be given an ample opportunity to prove itself to be the Magna Charta of the railroads, or otherwise. No one can doubt that the destiny of the roads is bound up in it. General sentiment is embodied in this expression:

"The railway situation that the Congress of December, 1923, will face will be so different from the problem faced by the Congress of 1922 that national common sense, based upon general improvement in traffic, will prevent radical amendment of the Transportation Act."

The Group Idea

The second is for the merging of existing lines into a series of powerful groups. The Transportation Act provides for voluntary consolidation, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has already mapped out a tentative program for nineteen systems. Through such a process, credit, which is one of the principal anxieties of the roads today, would be consolidated and the present costly overhead reduced. Of course, every road, and especially the stronger ones, has its own idea about consolidation. The big lines naturally shrink from assuming the burden of the weaker sisters. These, however, are matters for technical adjudication. The bigger fact is, and popular opinion supports it, that there are too many individual roads, and the constant defections of the smaller ones contribute largely to the inefficient service that is the root of most of the existing dissatisfaction. In the end the railroad problem in the United States is not one of rates but of service.

One aspect of the proposed consolidation is worth pointing out in the words of a well-informed observer, who said:

"Some roads will demand mergers, and the effect will be to force a situation where competition will compel a nation-wide system of consolidations. Thus where Congress has made mergers voluntary the practical effect will be to make them compulsory. . To illustrate: A general cut in agricultural-commodity rates would ruin some of the so-called agricultural railroads. If these latter roads were linked up with what are known as industrial roads the distribution of load would be such as to permit agricultural-rate reduction. In other words, mergers offer the best promise of rate relief for the farmer, and he is the principal sore spot in the situation."

King's Fall, Lassen National Park, Cal.

The third remedy touches every interest, and especially the two vital factors of the investor and the shipper. It is the recommendation of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, which has the approval of the Washington Administration and is now before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. I can best state the case in the words of one of its principal advocates:

"One reason for the breakdown of the railroads and the widespread criticism of them is that the executives have not regarded the railroads as a national system but as a system of hundreds of different units competing with one another on the basis of high-degree competition. The results are periodic transportation panics, which bring embargoes, congestions and priority orders. These are largely due to the failure to stabilize the purchase and acquirement of necessary equipment, especially freight cars.

"To make a parallel: The railroad situation today resembles the financial situation prior to 1913. Our money system was rigid; Wall Street was the center of power, and costly panics were recurrent. With the adoption of the Federal Reserve Act finance was demobilized in one way and mobilized in another. The old Wall Street autocracy crumbled; a greater degree of elasticity in rates and money was provided and the hazard of periodic panic minimized.

"What transportation needs today is a duplication of the Federal Reserve banking plan, such as is sponsored by the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities. It provides for the establishment of a central clearing-house agency of and by the railroads themselves, authenticated by Congress and supervised by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is not to be a superagency but a sole agency of the railroads, nonprofit-making in character, that will require the railroad managements to get together on a program of joint action."

The Hope of the Future

"The plan is to make a survey of equipment needs and develop plans for transportation requirements, avoiding duplications as well as deficiencies in all classes of freight cars. Roads unable to finance their requirements will be supplied with the necessary equipment. A large part of the 350,000 bad-order cars of the summer of 1922, for example, could have been rebuilt under the system and the costly car shortage largely avoided. The whole aim is to pool equipment with a view of preventing transportation panics in precisely the same way that the Federal Reserve system prevents financial dislocations.

"It is proposed to have this central agency—the National Railway Service Corporation—managed by twenty-four trustees, twelve of them railroad managers and the remaining twelve representatives of the great investment institutions, such as life-insurance companies and savings banks, but not bankers. Institutional investors hold among them nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of railroad bonds out of a total of $14,000,000,000 of assets. Moreover, they represent the savings and insurance funds of the 35,000,000 Americans who own these institutions. These institutional investors represent the hope of future railroad finance. By sponsoring and regulating railroad traffic they can give integrity to investment and standardization to service."

I know of no better way of rounding out this survey of the railroad situation than to express the conviction felt by the great bulk of the public, which, in the end, has the largest stake in the fate of transportation. It is:

"Like America herself, the railroads need a rest from agitation and investigation inspired by political self-interest. Government ownership is unthinkable, because it means waste and inefficiency. The hope of the country lies in private ownership and operation, linked with a definite and coordinated plan of action. This means service, and service in turn provides the unfailing antidote for political capitalization of discontent."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of American articles by Mr Marcosson. The next will be devoted to taxation.

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STATE'S EVIDENCE

Continued from Page 21)

with the supper dishes. An' I guess you know my word's good."

Mattler's brain caught at the words. Laird's housekeeper didn't know he'd gone out again. On a night like this nobody could have seen him crossing the fields, and the driving snow must have blotted out the tracks almost as soon as they were made. He felt the pressure of the pistol under his vest. If there were a good safe place to hide a dead man—— His thought ransacked the house and the barns eagerly, weighing the chances. He felt a stab of fear as the sudden idea tempted him, and again he poured whisky into the cup and drank.

It wouldn't be safe. There was no sure hiding place. Half-remembered stories of grim discoveries ran through his mind. Again he quivered with a throb of terror and once more he drank, while the old man stood watching him, silent, patient, implacable. Mattler's eyes flickered at the clock. It wasn't yet eleven. Suppose—his thought raced on, planning, considering. Suddenly he laughed.

"Suppose I take an' throw you out of my house, like I'd ought to, Laird. What 'd you do about it? Go tell the sheriff?"

Laird nodded.

"Ain't sure but that's what I'd ought to 've done first off," he said. "Only for Mis' Banning, I wouldn't be here giving you your pick, Mattler."

Mattler struck the table with his palm so that the cup and bottle leaped and rang together.

"Then we'll go tell him right now! Both of us! I been accused of murder, and I aim to get it settled straight off. We'll go down and give the sheriff a chance to lock me up if he wants to. That's how much I think of this notion you got."

There was a pause, while Laird's glance held soberly to Mattler's eyes, and the wind pushed impatiently at the north wall, so that the snow beat at the panes as if to force its way inside.

"You figger that'll put me off, Mattler." Laird lifted his chin and lowered it again, as a man does who penetrates a shrewd pretense. "Figger I won't walk down to the village a night like this. Get your coat. We'll go talk to the sheriff, long as you want it that way." He pocketed the key he had brought.

Mattler poured himself another drink. The blood was singing in his ears and temples; he was almost happy. He carried the bottle to the cupboard and shut the broken door on it. He lifted a stove lid and satisfied himself that the fire was almost out.

Laird watched him passively as he struggled into the sheepskin jacket, pulled on his boots and turned down the flap of his cap over his ears. Mattler saw that the eyes were puzzled, that there was a line between the brows, as if Laird were beginning to distrust his theory. He laughed softly. It was different this time; he knew he was going to do it, and instead of being afraid he was impatient, eager. He wouldn't even be frightened afterward. He put out the lamp and locked the door, his head bent against the drive of the wind, Laird standing silent beside him.

They stumbled through the snow of the lane without speech. It was nearly thigh deep where the drifts had begun to form, and Mattler glanced behind him, after he had floundered through the deepest place, to see the marks of his passage already beginning to fill and blur. His lips drew back from his teeth. In an hour, if the storm held, there would be only half-obliterated indentations in the snow level to show that anyone had passed. In the highway, when they turned toward the scattered lights of the county seat, a mile to the south, the wind was at their backs, and the drifts slanted away from them. Twice Mattler stumbled, catching at Laird's sleeve to keep his balance, and he grinned as he saw that Laird had no guess that he had slipped by design.

He fell to hands and knees at the next drift, where a clump of trees made an eddy in the wind. Laird leaned over him, lifting him by the arm, and as he rose Mattler twisted so that they were face to face and very close when he was again on his feet. He had left two buttons of the jacket unfastened; his fingers were on the grip of the gun before he fell. He pressed it against Laird's breast and fired twice. The double report seemed to be snatched away by the wind. Laird dropped into the drift, falling slowly, like a tree.

Mattler bent over him. He could not be sure that Laird was dead, and made certain with another shot before he turned out the pockets. His key, a pipe and a muslin sack of tobacco, a purse with some coins and a folded lump of bills, a bandanna handkerchief—he hesitated, and replaced the handkerchief, took out the money and dropped the purse in the snow; and, after a moment's thought, tossed away the pipe and tobacco. A tramp would probably have kept them, but it was safer to leave them here than to risk destroying them at home. The key he put carefully into a pocket, making sure that it could not fall out to betray him again. The feel of the gun in its old place at his waist stiffened his courage; he heard himself chuckling softly, as at some excellent joke. And he wasn't afraid; he was pleased with himself, triumphant, proud. It paid to be brave; a frightened man wouldn't have dared to choose this way out of danger.

He waited a little. He wanted to see the snow drift a little higher. If the storm continued it might be weeks before anybody found out what had become of John Laird. Not that it mattered; there was nothing to hint that Jacob Mattler knew anything about it. But a faint trouble woke in him as he saw that by some whim of the eddy the snow whirled away from the coat instead of drifting up to hide it as it had already begun to hide the boots. He tried to cover the shoulders by kicking snow over them. His uneasiness deepened when he saw it whirled away. He thought of old tales, in which natural forces conspired against men with blood on their hands. But his spirits rose against the doubt. It didn't matter if somebody found Laird's body here before morning. Jacob Mattler wouldn't be suspected; he and Laird had always got along peaceably. And tramps were always using this road to cross over from the railroad on the other side of the valley to the junction just beyond the town. People would think some passing yegg had done it, just as they had accounted for Charlie Banning's death.

He was suddenly aware of a lessening ating in the wind. It startled him. He held out one hand to test the thickness of the snowfall, and it seemed as if the flakes were smaller, more scattered.

He broke into a stumbling run back toward the house, panic rising in him at the thought that the storm might die down before his tracks were covered. But his mind was still clear, so that when he came to the lane he remembered to follow his earlier course through the drifts instead of breaking a new path. It must look as if a man had come in and gone away again; he had foreseen this when the plan had come to him. The tramp had seen his light and come in to ask for shelter; he had refused. Nobody would wonder at this, and it would serve to strengthen the idea that Laird had been killed by a stranger. There would be a through freight soon after midnight; it would account for the yegg's disappearance. Mattler had even imagined the man's description—a man in a brown cap, with no overcoat. He thought suddenly that it would be safer to say that he was warmly dressed. A freezing yegg would probably have taken Laird's coat instead of leaving it in the snow. Yes, a tramp with an old shabby overcoat.

It was still snowing when he reached the house; but the wind had fallen, and Mattler's weather sense told him that the storm was spent. He stamped his boots clean and let himself in, locking the door after him. The lamp chimney was still warm; it startled him so that he nearly dropped it. It seemed as if he had been gone long enough for the glass to cool. For an instant his throat drew tight at the thought that somebody had been here in his absence, that somebody might still be in the house. His hands were shaking again as he touched the match to the wick. He held the lamp overhead and surveyed the kitchen, his free hand moving to his belt. Before he could summon resolution to look in the other rooms he took the bottle from the cupboard and drank again. It needed more this time to set up that warming glow in him. But the house was empty, and he breathed more easily when he came back to the kitchen.

(Continued on Page 112)

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NESCO PERFECT

OIL COOK STOVE

(Continued from Page 110)

The fire in the stove had dwindled to a few graying coals, and he was on the point of putting in fresh wood when a sudden thought stopped him. The door of the medicine cupboard drew his glance. The wood had splintered when he had forced it, and the fresh cracks showed brightly yellow under the paint. Somebody might notice that; it was little things that got men hung, in the stories. Why should a man like Jacob Mattler, notoriously as fussy as an old maid about his belongings, break into a cupboard when the key was in his pocket or in the drawer with the rest?

He put the wood back into the box and touched his forehead. It was wet. A little thing like that might spoil everything. Tomorrow, perhaps, Cal Tupper would be in here, asking questions; Cal, for all his fat and his cheerfulness, was a pretty fair sheriff. He'd see that broken door, want to know about it.

Jacob Mattler sat down and thought with all his might. Slowly the plan took form in his mind. He reviewed it doggedly, testing it at every step. It covered everything; it filled out and strengthened the story he had meant to tell; it would make it impossible for anyone to suspect him.

He forced himself to reason it out over and again, to foresee everything that bore on it, before he took the first step toward putting it into effect. He mustn't forget anything, however trifling. The least slip might give him away. He took more whisky while he pondered, and slowly his courage and wit revived under the spur. He even grinned as he set about his task.

First of all he put away his boots and outer garments, carefully brushing the snow from them. The cupboard key went into the drawer with the others; he stirred them into confusion, left the drawer partly open, and, as an afterthought, dropped two or three keys on the floor. He put the hatchet in plain sight, on the shelf next to the broken door, as if the tramp, too thirsty to bother long with keys, had forced the door.

The gun did not trouble him. It was a common caliber, and even if he should ever be under auspicion would make flimsy evidence against him. But he cleaned the barrel carefully, removed the exploded shells from the cylinder and replaced them with new ones from the box. Climbing to the loft, he dropped the shells through a crevice so that they fell between inner and outer walls. The revolver itself and the remaining cartridges he put away with his muzzle-loading shotgun and rifle, resisting the temptation to hide them. They might remember his buying them at the hardware store; it would be safer if he could produce them readily than if they were hidden somewhere out of easy reach.

The whistle of the freight came distantly to his ears. He noticed the time; it was after one. The train was late. He had a sharp pang of fear at the thought that the storm might easily have stalled it somewhere up the line. If it hadn't passed, people would wonder how the tramp could have got away. But he needn't worry about that now. He jerked at the bit of clothesline he had strung above the stove for his winter washing. It pulled out one of the nails that had held it; he tugged again and it broke close to the other. This pleased him; anybody could see that the cord had been torn down in a hurry. It was another point in his favor, that broken end.

He experimented now with knots. He must manage to tie himself up so that it would look as if he couldn't have done it. His wits sharpened. He was handy about knots. The thing could be done easily enough by tying his feet first and then bending his knees so that there would be plenty of slack with which to make a couple of loops for his wrists after the ends were knotted. When he straightened his legs the slack would draw tight. He measured and tested carefully. But when he was ready he hesitated. He wouldn't be able to untie that hitch, once it drew tight; he mustn't leave anything undone.

He looked about the room, disturbed by a conviction that he had been near to a fatal oversight. His eye rested on the door, and he jumped up with a great throb of fear. It was locked! He turned the key and made sure that the door was free except for the lift latch. But he was afraid now to risk tying himself. Suppose there was something else.

He drank again, and again the liquor helped him to think. The yegg would certainly rob him, besides tying him up. Mattler hated the task of upsetting the neat order of his kitchen. He had to force himself to pull open the drawers, to toss their contents out on the floor. But even this did not satisfy him. He took his money from the hiding place behind the drawer and dropped two bills, as if by accident, in the shadow. Another he left near the edge of the aperture. The rest he stowed in a crevice behind a loose bit of mopboard that he nailed in place, choosing a rusted nail and driving it carefully, so as not to risk splintering the wood.

Again he took up the prepared cord and again he hesitated. It was only a little past two; there was no hurry; he needn't tie himself until well on toward morning. He sat down close to the stove. The room was beginning to be uncomfortably cold, but he decided not to light the fire. He would have been tied up, according to his story, before midnight; it wouldn't do to have any sign of fire or warmth in the stove when they found him. You had to think of everything, every mean little trifle.

The whisky kept him warm, and presently another thought came to him. People might wonder at Jacob Mattler's telling where he'd hidden his money. He knew that he had a name in the glen for stinginess; Cal Tupper would think it was funny. A random memory offered a suggestion. He had read of how robbers made a miser talk. He shivered as if the thing had been done to him. No need of that; they'd believe him easily enough when they found him tied up, helpless. Besides, the fire was out, and he mustn't risk lighting another. His glance moved to the oil stove. He could use that; there was no reason why he shouldn't do it, except the pain. And it would clinch the story so that nobody would doubt it; folks would even be sorry for him. He grinned sullenly at the thought of Mrs. Geer. She'd want to come and cook for him till he could take care of himself again.

He felt the idea taking hold of him. It might hurt pretty bad; but suppose they didn't believe him without it. Suppose something came up, something he hadn't thought of, like the locked door, to cast a doubt on his story. Presently he was lighting the stove. It burned with a beautiful blue flame, and he tested the heat cautiously with his hand. He glanced at the clock and saw, with a fresh dart of fear, that it was almost four. He'd been sitting there, trying to think, for almost two hours! He took the poker from the wood stove and laid it in the blue fire, his decision made. He pulled off his felt inshoes and the thick woolen socks. The poker was hot by the time he had done this; it spat back at him when he tested it with a moist finger. He sat down and twisted one bare foot up on his knee. Very lightly he touched the callous sole with the iron. It hurt very little; he barely felt it. He tried again, burning a little deeper this time, and taking something like pleasure in the pain. He let the poker rest on the floor till a wisp of smoke lifted from it and he saw the brown char in the wood. He chuckled as he plunged the iron into the water pail and dried it carefully before laying it accurately back on the burned scar in the floor. He was thinking of everything now.

He felt wholly safe as he adjusted the cord around his ankles and slipped his wrists through the double loop he had left. Let them come wherever they liked! They wouldn't find anything here to contradict his story. They couldn't suspect Jacob Mattler when they found him trussed and tortured on his kitchen floor! He laughed at the pain in his blistered foot; that was the best thing he'd thought of! That clinched everything. It was lucky he'd bought that oil stove; he couldn't have worked it with a wood fire. He tested the cord, struggling to free his wrists and straightening his legs to draw the knot still tighter.

III

CAL TUPPER chuckled. Jacob Mattler, nursing his numbed wrists where the rope had scored a deep, aching groove, scowled at the fat sheriff.

"Nothin' to laugh at, Tupper. Maybe you think it's funny gettin' burnt with a hot poker till you got to tell where your money's hid! Lyin' all night on the floor with a rope cuttin' off your hands ——"

The sheriff shook his head.

"I wasn't laughin' at you, Jake. I was laughin' at myself. It's a kind of joke on me, findin' you the way I did. Come in here sort of expectin' to invite you down to breakfast at the jail. That's funny, ain't it? Yeah, I figgered you done it, Jake—did for a fact."

Mattler held his breath while his mind flashed back over the night. But Tupper stooped again to the wood stove, laying in kindling.

Mattler saw that he was convinced, was really amused at the absurdity of that idea. He held his voice steady.

"That was a smart guess, Tupper. Must 've strained your mind, thinkin' that one up."

Tupper straightened, slapping his hands together so that a thin dust of ashes jarred from them into the air.

"Sort of looked like it, Jake. You see, Hub Whitney found Laird before anybody else come over the road. Wasn't any tracks except Hub's when I got there, and I could see right plain where the feller must've walked. You know how it is—takes a mighty heavy fall to cover a trail in deep snow. There's always signs, sort of sunk-in places, to show where it's been trod down. An' the way I read them tracks it looked mighty like whoever shot Laird come out of your place and went back afterwards. Right funny, anyhow. The track was easy to see between here and the big drift where Laird was, but I couldn't make out a sign farther along the road. It looked to me a lot like Laird must have come out your lane too. There's no marks to show where he come along the road other side of the corner. Yeah, I come in here with a notion I was pretty smart. Aimed to break the record for murder solvin', Jake." He chuckled again. "Guess you're feelin' kind of unfriendly about the yegg 't done it. Ought to give him a vote o' thanks. If he hadn't used you pretty darn mean I d'know if I'd 've believed they was any yegg into it."

"Get that fire goin', Tupper. You c'n make fun o' me afterward. Can't you see I'm about froze?"

Tupper fumbled for a match, but stopped when he had struck it, to speak again.

"I wasn't joshin' you, Jake. F'r a fact, if it wasn't so darn plain, I'd have to know a sight more about them tracks. Looks to me a lot like" he swore softly as the flame reached his fingers, and flipped the match to the stove— 'a lot like somebody come across lots last night from Laird's place. There's a sort of bend in the snow on the top rail of the fence, like as if somebody climbed over after it'd been snowing a spell."

Mattler's brain jerked awake.

"Prob'ly is!" he snarled. "Laird cut across lots to my lane many's the time. Save a sight of walkin' that way, goin' to town."

Tupper's face cleared.

"That's the way of it! Might've figgered that out for myself if I was as smart as I thought I was. Only it's kind of funny—Laird must have passed here mighty close to the time the yegg lit out. You wasn't hollerin' or anything, was you?"

"Said he'd ram the poker down my throat if I sung out," said Mattler. "I figgered he'd do it too. Kep' still a good spell after he went, I did."

Tupper nodded and fumbled for another match.

"Guess Laird was walkin' slow, and the yegg prob'ly caught up to him. He'd likely be runnin'. Yeah, that was how it was. Kind of obliged to the yegg, myself, Jake. Saved me makin' a bad mistake about you."

He chuckled and moved as if to strike the match, but the sound of steps halted him. He turned to the door, his hand dropping to his pocket. Mattler laughed.

"Don't shoot, Tupper. It's only Mis' Geer after the milk for Miss Haskell's. She won't hurt you."

The sheriff opened the door, and Mrs. Geer came deliberately in, her eyes widening at the disorder of the room, at Mattler, his bare feet drawn up to the rung of his chair, at the big presence of Tupper. But her speech concerned none of these things.

"Why, you been doin' it, Mr. Mattler! It's lighted!"

Tupper followed her glance to the stove. He laughed.

"I should say it was lighted, Mis' Geer! Fine business that stove's been doin', I tell you!"

He compressed the story for her. Mattler saw that she hardly listened, her attention fixed, as always, on her stove.

"Guess I can leave you to look after Jake," said Tupper. "I'd ought to be down to the telegraph office right now, only I didn't figger I'd ought to leave till I had him fixed." He grinned. "Might cook him up some breakfast on that there oil stove, Mis' Geer. Been burnin' all night, but I guess it can stand a spell longer without gettin' wore out."

Mrs. Geer smiled vaguely, as if he had said something nice about herself, and shook her head slowly at his blunder.

"It's a good stove, Mr. Tupper. I'd be the last to say a thing against it. I set a sight of store by it. David an' me bought it the last thing before he took sick. But it ain't as good as all that. No, sir." Again she wagged her head. "You couldn't fool me about that stove, Mr. Tupper. I know you're just jokin' me, savin' it's been goin' all night. It ain't been lighted more'n two-three hours."

Mattler saw the sheriff stiffen, one arm in the sleeve of his overcoat, his fat, cheerful face suddenly grave. He tried to cry out, but his throat was tight, choking him.

"How do you know that, Mis' Geer?"

Tupper spoke respectfully, his head thrust forward, one arm held high in that interrupted motion. Mrs. Geer pointed with a red-mittened hand to the glass reservoir. From where he sat Mattler could see that there was almost no space between the level of the oil and the top of the big inverted bottle.

"It's a first-class stove, Mr. Tupper; but it'd burn more oil'n that if you kep' it lighted all night. Burn down almost to here."

She touched the glass with the mitten to mark the place. Tupper's arm came down suddenly. He leaned over and turned out the burner.

"We'll burn it all night pretty soon, an' find out if you're right, Mis' Geer. But we better not burn it right now." He tugged at his watch and held it before her. "Notice the time, Mis' Geer. Twenty minutes past seven, ain't it? Think you can remember that, case I should want you to swear to it sometime?"

"Twenty minutes past seven." She nodded slowly. "I can remember that, Mr. Tupper. But couldn't I just cook on it this morning? I could get Mr. Mattler his breakfast quicker ——"

"I'll fix it so you get plenty of chances to cook on the stove, Mis' Geer." The sheriff's voice was gentle and friendly. "We'll be done usin' it pretty soon. But right now we better not touch it."

"I could get breakfast a sight sooner," she persisted wistfully. Tupper shook his head.

"Never mind breakfast for Mattler, Mis' Geer. He's goin' to have it with me down to the jail. Maybe he'll tell me while he's eatin' how this here stove got lighted four-five hours after he tied himself up with his clothesline an' blistered his feet nice and gentle with his own poker. Maybe he's even goin' to tell me why he done it too."

He sprang, amazingly fast for the bulk of him, to the door which Jacob Mattler's sudden rush had almost reached.

"No hurry, Jake. Better get your boots on before we start. Cold out."

He glanced over Mattler's writhing, helpless shoulders at Mrs. Geer; and Mattler, twisting, saw that she had pulled off one of her mittens and was stroking the nickeled trim.

"Know a sight about that stove, Mis' Geer," said Tupper; "but I guess you never figgered it could get mixed up in a murder an' then get clean off by turnin' state's evidence."

"It's a first-rate stove," said Mrs. Geer. "David an' me bought it the last thing before he took sick."

694

A New Ford for $4.20

For about four dollars you can put a durable, weatherproof, heat proof and *waterproof* coat of Valspar Enamel on your Ford Sedan! For about two dollars you can buy enough for an open Ford. You will give it that "spruced up" appearance that makes people stop and wonder when you got the new car.

Valspar Enamels withstand the destructive action of gasoline, oil, acid, and alkali. Their toughness resists scratching and abrasion—neither vibration nor sudden change of temperature causes them to check or crack.

Even boiling water from the radiator will not turn Valspar Enamels white.

And best of all, Valspar Enamels are easy to apply. Anyone can do the job.

So why not have a fine new-looking car to drive in?

Valspar Enamels come in 12 standard colors—Red—*light or deep;* Vermilion; Blue—*light, medium and deep;* Green—*medium and deep;* Ivory; Bright Yellow; Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black.

Send for color card and instructions for painting your car

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

Dealer's name and stamps—15c ... Valspar Enamel ☐ State Color ____ Valspar ☐ Valspar Stain ☐ State Color ____

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Your Address

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR ENAMEL

Oakland

Buy an Oakland Six—and *Known* Mileage

Choose a Car that from the First has Demonstrated Definite and Unequaled Superiorities

WHEN you buy an Oakland Six-44—you get all of the natural advantages of six cylinders. You get six cylinder smoothness—six cylinder "pick-up-and-get-away"—six cylinder silence—six cylinder power when roads are rough or hills are steep—six cylinder freedom from gear shifting.

You get an automobile that represents Oakland's purpose—as a division of General Motors Corporation—to build the finest light-six in the world; an automobile with an engine so good that with each and every one goes a special written performance guarantee for 15,000 miles.

You get an economy of operation that is best understood when we tell you that in Cleveland last year it cost an average of only $8.06 per car for upkeep expense—that other important centers report similarly low averages—and that last year Oakland won the two most important National Economy and Endurance Contests.

But more important far than all these things—you get, with an Oakland, the comforting satisfaction that comes of knowing your motor car will serve you long and dependably without the annoyance or expense of continual adjustments and repairs.

Oakland's Mileage-Basis Plan

Main Bearings—40,000 miles or more without attention.

Valves—15,000 miles or more without need of grinding.

Connecting Rods—40,000 miles or more without attention.

Cylinders, Pistons, Rings—Guaranteed in writing for 15,000 miles.

Gasoline Mileage—20 to 25 miles per gallon.

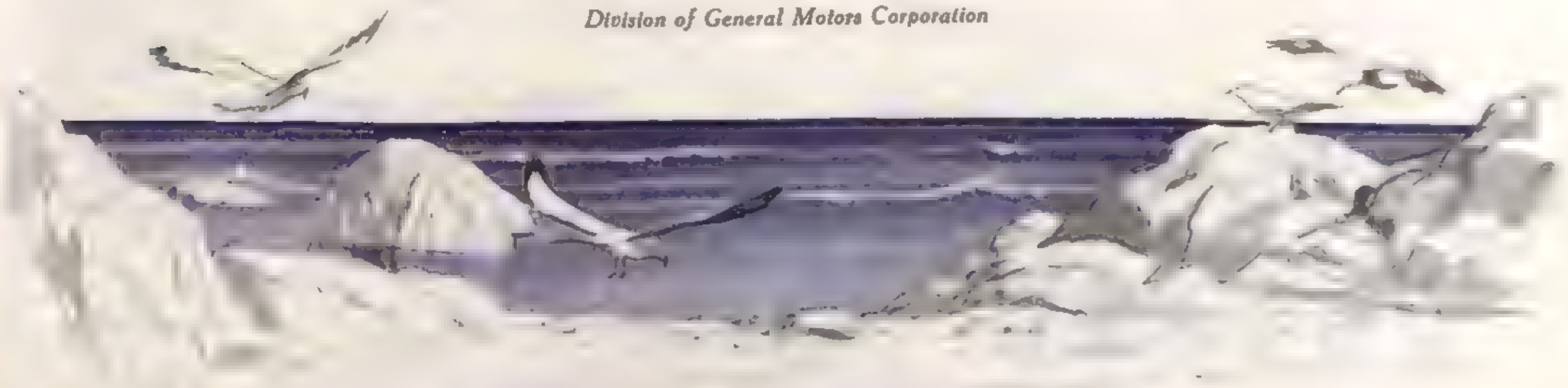
Tires—15,000 to 25,000 miles per set.

Transmission, axles, and other major parts—Life of the car.

Compare Oakland's "Mileage-Basis" figures with your own previous motoring experience—and you will appreciate how wonderfully well built the Oakland must be. Examine an Oakland's exterior beauty—and its interior comfort. Drive an Oakland! Test its power, speed, roadability or comfort, in any way you choose—make any comparison you will—and you will marvel that a car so extraordinarily good can be sold at such a low price.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation



Beautiful Bodies Match Oakland's Fine Chassis

THE first low-priced, six cylinder Sport Car ever built was an Oakland. So is this year's finest! Its long, low and racy lines give full expression to its powerful, smooth-running motor and dependable chassis. Its upholstery is of deep-tufted Spanish leather; its color is a rich maroon. ¶ Equally fitted for their separate purposes are the six other Oakland types. The open models combine beauty and utility to a high degree. The Sedan and Coupe bodies—built by Fisher—have the substantial dignity of far costlier cars. ¶ No matter which model you choose, you will be proud of your Oakland's appearance at any gathering of motor cars.

Roadster	*$ 975*	*Coupe for Two*	*$1185*
Touring Car	*995*	*Coupe for Five*	*1445*
Sport Roadster	*1145*	*Sedan*	*1545*
Sport Touring	*1165*		

All Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich.

Welcome the Fuller Man

He comes to show you in the comfort and convenience of your own home how Fuller Brushes will do your cleaning work better while saving you time and labor. His demonstration carries with it no obligation to buy. He is courteous and considerate of the welcome given him wherever and whenever he calls. He devotes trained attention and judgment to helping you select the Fuller Brushes you may need for your home, with its special cleaning problems which you know so well. That is why women everywhere welcome the 4,000 Fuller Men, trained to know all the personal and household uses of the 45 Fuller Brushes. And this is why Fuller Brushes are sold only in this home-demonstrating way.

Let him show you, too, how the Fuller Wall Brush lifts dust and dirt from the most delicate surfaces—paper, draperies or hangings—leaving no marks or streaks. Note its ease of use, the wide surface it covers, in this picture of a demonstration by the Fuller Man. When he called she knew he was a Fuller Man by the Fuller Trade Mark Button in his coat lapel, and by the Fuller Trade Mark on every brush he showed her.

If a Fuller Man has not called upon you recently, write any one of our 210 Branch Offices (for one nearest you, look in telephone book). Our "Handy Brush Book" is free—a postcard request brings it from the Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton.)

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

MISS TANNER

(Continued from Page 15)

Miss Tanner caught the flutter of a light skirt going up a narrow stairway.

"Where does that lead?" she asked.

"To the boat deck," he replied. "Have you been up?"

"No," said Miss Tanner.

"Let us go then, if you will. It is a divine night—the perfect night to enjoy these stars and that sea from the very top of a great ship like this."

On the boat deck there were sounds, low voices and little laughs, though Miss Tanner saw nobody at all. All she saw was the man at her side. They leaned, elbow to elbow, upon the rail and looked together into what she felt to be infinity.

"Well," he said, "isn't it beautiful?"

She replied by another question.

"Did you notice the tall woman in black, dancing?"

He reflected: "I believe I did."

"Did you—did you think her fascinating, charming?"

"I really hardly know. Did you?"

"I don't know, either," said Miss Tanner; "only I know that I would give all the rest of my life for one year of hers." After a long silence she added abruptly, "Her name is pretty too. Mrs. Camardine. She is a widow."

In a gentle voice he said, "Talking of names, mine is Andrews—Harry Andrews."

"Oh, thank you. And mine is Tanner—Florence Tanner."

"I am very lucky to have made your acquaintance, in this inexcusable way, so early on the voyage. Sometimes one has to wait until too late to know the few people one sees who are worth knowing."

Miss Tanner thrilled as to music in her every nerve and fiber. She glowed and pulsed. Her heart was so happy that, although she knew she was hardly on the edge of happiness, it seemed as if more would be too great to bear.

"Oh, I," she countered—"I am a dull person."

"I find you very, very far from that."

And the next morning, the inordinately seasick spinster being confined to her cabin, he took the vacant chair beside Miss Tanner. They talked.

Miss Tanner entered into a very luxury of strange, quiet, deep excitement. He was a wonderful companion to her; there was little doubt, even in her totally inexperienced mind, that she was a wonderful companion to him. They were two dull, gray, ordinary people, colorless in the riot of personality and temperament around them, and they took each other gratefully. Their thoughts ran along parallel tracks. They might have been made to match. Miss Tanner knew suddenly, in a great flaming dawn, that they were.

Beside her berth at night she prayed that he knew it too.

At the end of the second day, in a frightened storm of amazement and reverence and ecstasy, she thought she saw the writing in the skies. She thought she saw how they were drifting into love—no, not so much drifting as walking toward it, gladly and sanely, hand fast in hand. And ahead of them the mellow sunshine of this miraculous autumn shone blindingly, almost too great and glorious to bear.

Each morning now Andrews would come along the deck and find Miss Tanner crocheting her bag. They talked till lunch. Each afternoon he would come along the deck to find her crocheting her bag, and they talked till tea. Each night, while the others danced, they went up to the boat deck to commune with the stars and each other. Miss Tanner envied no one.

Because of him the dawns were full of light. Because of him she saw anew the simple stars as flames and lamps of love. Because of him she loved all passers by the way. Because of him she opened the sealed book that had lain dusty on its shelf all the years of her life. She read this book of passion. Because of him she was in a strange, unaccustomed way an intimate part of the universe. She was part of the sun and air; she was a living part of the power of all things and the beauty of all things. She was at one with God and at one with all His people. She was at one with the white birds that followed their course, and with the mighty ships that whispered to each other from sea to sea. Her voice was an orchestrated part of theirs. She was an instrument of music.

All the eyes of the ship saw the middle-aged romance and desultorily watched and smiled.

They said, "Do you see the funny, prim woman and the dry stick of a man getting up quite a little affair together?"

There were younger romances outshining this one; but none, had the casual onlookers but known it, newer or lovelier or fiercer. The whole world swiftly took this new meaning for Miss Tanner. She felt as if at one soft trumpet call she had awakened to understand all its sun and clouds, all its winds and stars, all its tears and laughter.

When she went down to her cabin at midnight—so late, so late—she looked at herself in the mirror with sharp, shining eyes. She had always had a good figure; it was still slight; she bore herself well; she now waved her hair every day.

She was not old! She was not old! No, she was not old!

IV

MISS TANNER hardly knew when or how it happened, and yet at the very first whisper of the battle, instinct said to her, "Fight! Fight!"

The cruel, invincible reason of her forty-four years cried back, "I have nothing to fight with!"

Reckoned by time, it was on the morning of the fifth day that she came up on deck five minutes later than usual—she had been delving into her hatbox for a becoming new hat—and saw Andrews already there and talking to Mrs. Camardine. She was so frightened in an instant that she went savage. The savageries in her mind terrified her. And then, after the first red wave had passed over her, she felt sick and ill and old. Trying to keep her eyes from them, she went forward slowly, took her accustomed chair and set her hands difficultly, like strangers, to the crocheting of her bag. She remembered at that moment that only four days ago the bag had been a piece of pleasant and profitable work destined to while away the time.

She had said, "And I will make myself a new bag on board. It will be something to do."

So short a while ago it had seemed something really worth the doing.

Minutes passed like long agonies beyond anything that a woman ought to suffer.

It went through her mind: "One ought not to have to suffer so, ever—not ever." Then she was actually praying: "O Lord, send him! Take him away from her! Send him back to me!"

Andrews did not come for half an hour. Lifting her eyes, she could see him pacing slowly with Mrs. Camardine. Other men were saluting the beautiful widow; other men were willing and eager to escort her whithersoever she wished to go. But yet—but yet she must take him too.

Then at last, stealthily looking up, Miss Tanner found him standing before her.

There was a light in his eyes; a smile still curled his mouth; he was strangely young, eager; he was away in some world in which Miss Tanner had never walked with him. So much, with all her new knowledge, she saw.

"Good morning," she said through dry lips, from her torn heart.

"Good morning," he responded most courteously and kindly; "and how goes the bag?"

Then she knew something else. She knew that never yet had he really spoken more than courteously or kindly; that her dreams had gone far beyond his.

For a few minutes he sat down beside her.

That evening Mrs. Camardine did not dance. More beautiful than ever, she looked through, around, over the other admirers, and lured Andrews to her. Her arts, her wiles, her cleverness and multitudinous experiences—she used all these to forge the chain that drew him. They went up, after dinner, to the boat deck. Miss Tanner saw them meet. The widow was carrying an impalpable wrap, so lovely as to be indisputably wicked, over her arm. Andrews put it about her, handling it as some miraculous delight. And, indeed, it was a miraculous delight to him. Miss Tanner at once knew that. Mrs. Camardine protested, and excused herself most charmingly, to half a dozen disappointed partners. They disappeared.

They took into their possession the velvet night, the aloneness, the golden stars, all the glamour that the great swan—Miss Tanner really now called the ship her swan—carried upon the waters. They took all these things that for four nights Miss Tanner had shared with Andrews.

Miss Tanner sat and watched the dancing, crocheting slowly, the ear trumpet on one side, the plain mother of the plain child on the other.

V

ON THE morning of the sixth day—tomorrow they would dock in New York—Miss Tanner arose a little earlier than usual, and wrote a note, which she sent by her stewardess to Mrs. Camardine's stewardess, to be duly delivered to Mrs. Camardine. On the envelope Miss Tanner's shaking fingers had written, "Very urgent."

A Saxon Block

This smoker says Edgeworth gets better and better

But it doesn't—and no "improvements" are contemplated

To begin with, we had better quote Mr. Whitlock's letter in full. Not in a boastful spirit, but so we can refer back to it farther down in the column.

2844 Accomac Street,
St. Louis, Missouri

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va

Gentlemen

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you what I think of your Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco.

I have been a pipe smoker for about 18 years and during that time have naturally tried many different brands and blends of tobacco. I could not seem to find an ideal blend until about six months ago when, at the suggestion of a friend, I tried a pipe of Edgeworth Plug Slice.

I have been a constant user of Edgeworth since and can truthfully say that "day by day in every way Edgeworth is getting better and better."

You have my permission to use this letter in any way you may desire if by so doing it will enable other pipe smokers to find a really cool, enjoyable and perfectly satisfactory man's smoke.

I beg to remain,
Edgeworthily yours,
Al. F. Whitlock.

We are indeed glad Edgeworth has given Mr. Whitlock such unqualified satisfaction, but we feel obliged to sidestep his suggestion that "day by day in every way Edgeworth is getting better and better."

Our constant aim is quite to the contrary.

Just as it is, Edgeworth pleases thousands and thousands of pipe smokers throughout the country.

If we should try to "improve" Edgeworth or change it in the least, we might be doing an injustice to the men who have smoked Edgeworth for years and years and who expect to find it always the same good smoking tobacco.

To add to our list of friends we are always glad to send free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just drop a postcard to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we shall appreciate your courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your dealer cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds

A sturdy sport model with athletic trim

Summer styles move constantly toward greater comfort

Only a few years ago America packed its outing clothes furtively into a grip once a year—and tucked them back in mothballs again at the end of a two-weeks' vacation.

Today—stand on the street in any city in the United States and note the difference! Sport clothes are everywhere!

Nowhere is the comfortable out-of-door note more prominent than in footwear. Keds have become the accepted summer shoes throughout America.

Light, cool, easy-fitting, Keds let the feet, cramped by months of stiff shoes, return to their natural form and breathe. Made in many styles, they have become popular on city streets as well as at the vacation places.

Why it will pay you to insist on Keds

Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. Their quality is backed by the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds, no other shoe can give real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoe, they aren't real Keds.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions, and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. F-1, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg U S Pat Off

She sat down and awaited Mrs. Camardine in a great calmness. But she was praying, not only for profit but to be delivered from the furies that beset her.

It was not very long before the widow appeared, a little smiling, faintly surprised. In her shortish white serge skirt, her white-silk knitted coat, a golden colored hat pulled well down over her soft hair, shadowing the faint lines about her eyes, she was adorable.

She was ineffably slender and most desirable. Miss Tanner did not deny it. And there was happiness upon her face; there was peace upon it. Part of its vivacity was dormant, perhaps; but its restlessness was dormant too. Her eyes were bright and her mouth folded in tender lines.

She interrogated Miss Tanner, standing at the open cabin door: "Good morning?"

Miss Tanner was seated on her sofa berth. For the life of her she could not rise. She felt stupid, although she was on fire. She had no perfect clothes of snowy white, no golden hat.

"Come in," she said.

Mrs. Camardine stepped in.

"I—I don't understand your note," she began. "You tell me you have something important to say to me?"

She held the unfolded note in her hand, referring to it.

"Very, very important," said Miss Tanner in a flat voice. "Please shut the door."

Mrs. Camardine obeyed.

"My name is Tanner," said Miss Tanner—"Miss Tanner—Florence Tanner. I am just going over to New York on a few weeks' business for my firm."

"Thank you," murmured Mrs. Camardine hesitantly; "and my name ——"

"I know yours."

"I don't quite understand," said Mrs. Camardine.

"Will you sit down?" Miss Tanner replied.

So Mrs. Camardine seated herself on the edge of the still disordered berth; and there was a long silence, and they looked at each other.

Mrs. Camardine had traveled more than once round the world, and she had seen many strange and dreadful things as well as beautiful ones. Her senses were quick; tuned as delicately as a fiddle string. She had not sat for half a minute on that berth, looking at the other woman, before she knew that murder, despair, hate and love were all in the tiny cabin with them. Miss Tanner watched her enemy see these things, and each became intensely aware of the awareness of the other.

"Speak," Mrs. Camardine breathed.

"Mrs. Camardine," said Miss Tanner, locking her hands on her knee, "what are you doing to me?"

"Doing to you?" the widow repeated.

"What are you doing to me?" said Miss Tanner in a voice whose deathly quiet would have frightened even herself had she heard it, which she did not. "You, with everything that you want, with your looks and your clothes, your opportunities, and more admiration than you can use already—what are you taking from me? Why are you doing it?"

Mrs. Camardine suddenly drew a quick breath, and her eyes, which had been staring straightly into the other woman's, grew secret, remote. She guarded herself instantly, and sat without reply.

"You must have seen," said Miss Tanner, still in her low, flat voice; "you must have known—since you are doing what you are—that he liked me; he was attracted to me; we had so much in common; already we were friends. He—he would have loved me. It would have been the first time in my life."

Mrs. Camardine sat remotely staring at her.

"I should think that would make you laugh," said Miss Tanner. "Laugh if you like, and I will hit you on the mouth. I will indeed! You, with your dozens of men; you, with all—all the times you've been loved, for I know you have—it must seem very funny to you to look at a woman of forty-four who has never been loved at all. Would you like to laugh?"

Mrs. Camardine scarcely moved her lips, saying, "No."

"You're near my age, I believe," said Miss Tanner, "but you don't look it. You've lived a woman's life. I haven't. And your clothes are wonderful, and your training, and you know men. How you know men! I've been watching you.

"Yes, that's just it. You know men, and you could get a dozen; but you must take him from me. You must take my one darling away. You, with your face and your clever ways—all the ways men like—you have the power to do it, and all I can do is to sit by and look on, and suffer! Oh, God! Oh, God, how I suffer! Help me, God!"

"Don't, don't," Mrs. Camardine suddenly cried out. She shuddered.

"Indeed, it is futile," said Miss Tanner, resuming her quiet, from which she had broken without being able to help herself. "For God does not help fools like me. He made me a woman, and I've lived like neither woman nor man, but like some nebulous thing between the two. A lot of us do! A lot of us do! If we have to work ——

"How can you understand anything? If your body's tired you drop into a scented bath; if your face's tired you have it massaged—or by now you'd have lines where I have them. And you move like a girl; you've never had to consider sedateness as an asset in earning your living. You have all—all you can want and more; yet out of wanton cruelty and greed and vanity you take him from me."

"No!" cried Mrs. Camardine. "No! It is not that! It is not that!"

Her face worked and her eyes were full of tears, but her mouth was now as hard set as Miss Tanner's.

"I would like to take your pretty face and destroy it," said Miss Tanner. "I'd like to take your agile body and break it. I'd destroy you—I'd destroy you, body and soul, if only I had the power. If only—only—only I had, just for a little minute, the power!"

"I know you would," whispered Mrs. Camardine. "But I would do the same to you."

"Me!" Miss Tanner whispered back. "But I'm inconsiderable. You can sweep me aside and walk on over me."

"Yes," said the widow huskily, "I can and I will."

Miss Tanner gave a curious little cry, helpless, inarticulate.

Mrs. Camardine said, "You and I have not uttered a name; but we are speaking of Harry Andrews."

Miss Tanner nodded.

"Cruelty and greed and vanity," she began stumblingly.

"No!" cried Mrs. Camardine. "Indeed it is not that!"

"Take one of the others," said Miss Tanner; "but please, for pity's sake, leave him to me!"

"No!" said Mrs. Camardine.

Miss Tanner rocked a little. The sunshine came in blindingly through the port and shone full into Mrs. Camardine's face under the protecting hat. And her face was white, with the fine, tired lines showing on it, and her mouth was folded hard. She looked years older.

Miss Tanner leaned forward and touched her on the knee.

"He is everything to me," she said; "the first and the last. I have only just learned about love, and I have learned hard. He is so wonderful to me—so utterly wonderful and perfect. If I could have him I would ask nothing else of heaven all my life. I could never have thought of a man so splendid. He has the most beautiful face that I have ever imagined. He is the finest man I have ever seen. I spoke to him the first night we met of the graces and glamour of life. He has them all. All the graces, all the glamour, everything a woman could ever dream of—he brings them to me. Oh, for pity's sake, I pray you—I pray you to leave him to me! I hate you so, but I'd kneel to you for him. I pray you, don't take life and heaven itself away from me!"

"Listen!" said Mrs. Camardine, her face working. "He is nothing of that to me. He is just the quietest man I have ever met; and the simplest and the best, the kindest and the most innocent. He's not splendid; he's not handsome. He seems so to you because you do not know. He does not bring the graces and glamour of life—only to you who do not know. I have had them all—all the graces and the glamour for what they are worth—and I am through with them. I am a tired woman. Yes, I am as old as you. I am a sad, wise woman. I am tired of fascinating; tired of smiling; tired of dressing for admiration. I know the long road I'm coming to. I'm going to be old. Yes, I'm going to be old."

Miss Tanner knelt down and prayed: "Take one of the others!"

"No," Mrs. Camardine whispered. "They will not do. I know them. I have had them. I have married them; I have loved

(Continued on Page 121)

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR—SAY MUNSINGWEAR

MUNSING WEAR

Quality
Assures Comfort and Service

Try Munsingwear for the utmost in comfort and service. Its greater comfort is the result of combining fine quality fabrics with unusual care in designing, sizing and finishing.

Every garment is tailored throughout and has unusual features of construction that make for greater comfort and wearability—features that men appreciate.

Made in form fitting knit, and loose-fitting woven garments. There's a right size for every man and boy—and a large variety of fabrics to choose from.

Munsingwear is also made in all the wanted styles for women and girls and in wrappers, bands and binders for infants.

Because of the fine quality of fabric and workmanship, knit or woven into all Munsingwear garments, and because of the unusual value and service that Munsingwear garments give the wearer, it has been possible to establish agencies with one or more of the leading merchants in practically every town of importance in the United States. It will pay you to locate the Munsingwear dealer in your community and let him outfit all the members of your family in Munsingwear. There is a right Munsingwear size and style for everybody.

The MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

THE MUNS-WEAR CORP. BAY-N
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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The name WINTON *is a synonym for* PERFECTION *in Motor Cars*

(Continued from Page 118

them; I have broken such hearts as they have; and they have broken mine. You think he is a prince. It's all you know. I want no heroes and princes; I want no glamour and no romance. I know he is just a kind, simple man who will walk down the hill with me, and hold my hand and let me be tired, and I will be faithful to him and he will be faithful to me alone."

Miss Tanner sobbed and cried, "Take one of the others!"

"No," said Mrs. Camardine, "I will take him, and I have told you why. It is not greed or vanity or cruelty. I have told you."

Still kneeling, Miss Tanner gasped: "There—there were two men in one city, the one rich and the other poor. The—the rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds. But the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb. He—he took the poor man's lamb, because he had no pity ——"

"There is no question of pity between you and me," said Mrs. Camardine when Miss Tanner's voice had died. "We are two women fighting for one man."

Miss Tanner knelt there, dazed into silence.

"Let me go," sighed Mrs. Camardine, and she turned for the door.

She heard Miss Tanner whispering: "If I need not suffer so! If I need not suffer so! Is it like this in the world of love?"

"Worse!" said the widow. "Worse!"

She went out. She braced herself, controlled her mouth and eyes to their old discipline, walked up on deck. There she saw groups of horrified people.

"What has happened?" she asked the deck steward who met her.

He said: "An awful accident, madam. I've never known one like it. A gentleman was just coming down from the boat deck, when he fell and broke his neck."

"Who was it?" asked Mrs. Camardine gently.

"A gentleman named Andrews. I think you knew him."

Mrs. Camardine disciplined herself. She saw the whole world black and bitter; the salt air was salt tears upon her face. But two men were advancing to greet her, so she disciplined herself.

She said, "He is dead?"

"He died instantly, madam. Dead when picked up."

She said, "It is horrible, steward, shocking. I—no, I'm not faint. I want you to do something."

"Yes, madam?"

"I want you to send down to Stateroom B 71 and let a lady know of this at once—Miss Tanner."

Miss Tanner sat in her cabin, where she had remained since morning. It was now late afternoon. Her stewardess had brought her lunch, but it remained uneaten. The hours went by and she never noticed them.

It was over. Heaven was over; hell was over. She was going to New York on business for her firm.

Miss Tanner was surprised in the midst of her numb grief to discover herself thinking:

"She will never have him now!"

No, Mrs. Camardine would never have Andrews now.

Miss Tanner thought this fiercely over and over again. There was a terrible sort of triumph waging war with sorrow for supremacy in her ravaged heart.

"If I have lost him, so has she. She will never get him now."

But she also saw the world black and bitter, and the salt air was salt tears upon her face.

Just as, mechanically, she had remembered the parable that Nathan told David, so mechanically she remembered some verse she had once read. It was called The Loss. The last lines ran in her head:

Thou art the setting of all summer suns,
And all my dreaming springtimes died with thee

VI

THEN God sent the widow a vision, and she saw that now—at no cost to herself—she could make this desperate sister a great gift. She could give her the fires of youth and the flowers of spring. She could give her the dead man.

She went back to Miss Tanner's cabin that late afternoon, knocked and entered. Once again she sat on the berth, facing Miss Tanner on the sofa, and once again they looked at each other. Mrs. Camardine saw the barren triumph in Miss Tanner's face, cheek by jowl with the utter desolation.

"My dear," said the widow steadily, "I waited some hours, not knowing if I might come to you after what we said to each other this morning; but, after all, we are both women, both crying over the same loss, and this morning was this morning. It is over. I—I had to come to tell you how I feel for you."

Miss Tanner looked at her with a twitch of a muscle meant to be a smile.

"We are both bereaved," she said. Her sardonic triumph colored the bleak words and showed the jealousy of her hate.

The widow knew all she had come to say. She knew what she could do. She knew so much. Miss Tanner was no match for her at all. She leaned forward and laid her slim hand on the gray-haired woman's knee.

She went on, softly: "You more than I, my dear, for it was you he loved. It was you he thought of. You had him, not I."

Then silence fell in the cabin. Only the lapping of the sea sounded, and a mellow light from the west blessed them through the open port. The widow let the silence steal into Miss Tanner's heart. She did not break it. She just sat, interlacing her slim hands, looking down at them through the tears that she did not allow to fall. For she was, almost above all things, a disciplinarian.

At last she heard: "You say—you think he loved me?"

Mrs. Camardine looked up under her long eyelashes. She saw Miss Tanner's face flushed with rose, she saw her lips tremble, her bosom heave.

She answered, "I don't think, my dear; I know."

"How—how should you know?" Miss Tanner whispered.

"What else do you think he talked of," said Mrs. Camardine, lying very sweetly, very softly and very tearfully, "but you? When we were together, what did you suppose he was saying to me? He was talking of you! Your companionship, your sympathy, your understanding. And he—he was afraid to speak to you for fear of—of losing your friendship by asking for more. He—he knew little of women; he—he wanted to talk to me, and ask me ——"

Again silence fell in the cabin, and the widow let it fall right into Miss Tanner's heart. She did not interrupt the silence till she heard:

"And you—you were taking advantage of such a position to try to alienate him—to steal him from me? You were taking his confidences and turning them to your own account? You ——"

The widow looked softly at Miss Tanner and down again.

"I had no chance," she said. "I never would have had. I tried, but he was yours."

"And all that you said this morning ——"

"Was lies," said the widow. "Bluff. A woman's last hope. I knew while I spoke that he loved you; he adored you."

"You are a very wicked woman," said Miss Tanner in a hoarse voice strangled by grief and joy, triumph and pride, hate and condemnation.

"Perhaps," Mrs. Camardine sighed. "But, anyhow, my dear, I had to come and tell you this. I wanted you to know. It is—is all I can do," and rising, she turned to the door.

Miss Tanner cried out behind her: "Stay! Say again—you are sure—sure—sure—he loved me"

The widow looked round and saw her standing up, her weeping eyes bright, her lips tremulous and red, her face with the dawn upon it.

"He loved you. He loved you," she said, and she went out.

She went very slowly up on deck and leaned over the side, looking into the gorgeous sunset. She knew that she would not long stand there, thus conspicuously, alone. And within a minute someone joined her. It was the ship's doctor, out for a little exercise before dressing for dinner. She turned to him.

"I have been with that poor dear woman," she said; "that Miss Tanner, who was to have married Mr. Andrews. I have been saying what I could to comfort her, and how little it is!"

"Miss Tanner!" echoed the doctor. "But poor Andrews ——" He raised a skeptical eyebrow.

"It was a lovely romance," said Mrs. Camardine, "a darling thing. They just met and loved at once, the two dears. All yesterday evening ——"

"On the boat deck," the doctor murmured.

"On the boat deck," Mrs. Camardine agreed gently, "he was talking to me of her."

The doctor's face changed; it softened. She saw interest and pity and regret grow in it. She arrested the promenade of two or three women whom she did not know, but who knew her as the brilliant, smiling beauty who dressed and danced so divinely to the envy of them all.

"We were talking," she said, "of Miss Tanner."

They did not know Miss Tanner. Mrs. Camardine told them of her.

All over the ship that evening were kindness and pity and interest for the gray-haired woman and her wonderful broken romance

To some of the women Mrs. Camardine said, "Talk to her of him; it will help her."

So they talked, and she had a love story to tell all her own.

To men Mrs. Camardine said, "Do all you can for her for that poor man's sake."

So thereafter there was no lack of chivalry and attentions, great or small, for Miss Tanner.

Only Mrs. Camardine kept delicately away.

In the blaze of the glory of her tragedy and her romance Miss Tanner left the ship.

VII

THE New York partner awaited Miss Tanner. He had let a clerk meet her as requested, his secretary had engaged a room for her at a suitable hotel, and he meant to ask her to lunch and show her the Woolworth Building. He had before him on his desk his brother's letter, giving details of the business involved, and adding that brief note on Miss Tanner:

I never knew why the Almighty made her sort, but it's a good thing for us business men that He did.

The New York partner reread this a little cynically. He was rich, a bachelor and middle-aged. He was gray, he was hard, he was clever, he was sensible, just as his brother wrote that Miss Tanner was.

But he said to himself, "Yes, God save us from 'em, except in office hours."

Then his telephone rang, and he listened, and said "Ah, send her up."

Miss Tanner came in. He started and stared, and his stereotyped greeting fled from his tongue. For he saw coming towards him slowly, graciously, victoriously, a woman at once so sad and so radiant that she simply struck the heart. Her eyes were soft and her mouth was red; she was gray, and she was a girl; she was bereaved, yet was a bride; she was heartbroken, she was happy. She was like an afternoon; but an afternoon in spring, when birds sing and hopes fly to and fro on ardent wings 'twixt earth and heaven.

And he asked, "You—you are Miss Tanner?"

Her errand was to have taken her a month; yet at the end of that time, jewel as she was, she did not leave New York.

"It is Horrible, Steward, Shocking. I—No, I'm Not Faint. I Want You to Do Something"

Nachman

A lot of little springs self-adjusting and resilient built to *yield to pressure* —not resist it.

The Nachman Multiple Spring Unit Idea

1—The empty separating burlap cell in which each individual small spring is enclosed.

2—Individual spring in its separate burlap cell. Note how it is prevented from pushing against the spring next to it.

3—Small springs placed in their individual burlap cells, covered and held in place by an outer burlap covering. Stitching across top keeps each spring in place yet allows each individual spring full freedom of action. The combination of all the above exclusive features forms the

Nachman Multiple Spring Unit

Springs

The new comfort way of building durably luxurious

Motor Car Cushions · Upholstered Furniture · Mattresses Fibre and Reed Furniture and Box Springs

FOOD, shelter and rest—the three essentials of human existence. In the earliest days, man's requirements for rest and comfort were crude, simple and easily met. He was not far removed from the beasts of field and forest that threatened the tranquillity of his days. For comfort—a few boughs covered with leaves or a simple pallet of skins met his needs.

But now energy once devoted to muscle-hardening physical activity is diverted to nerve and mind-racking activity. Greater than ever has become the need of soothing relaxation. Today a worldful of people seeks its solace. Not only must a night's sleep help to repair our wasted forces but many times a day wearied nerves cry out for the restful repose now made possible and assured by Nachman Multiple Spring Units.

The Ultimate in Comfort
How This Principle Attains It

The perfection of Nachman Springs and their scientific assembling as a unit, marks the fourth great advance in the quest for bodily comfort. It is an entirely new idea in spring construction for Motor Car Cushions, Upholstered Furniture, Fibre and Reed Furniture, Mattresses and Box Springs.

Unlike a mass of padding, Nachman Springs yield perfectly at the point of pressure. Wherever you touch, there is instant yielding to even the slightest weight—like the quick response of pressing a toy balloon. Unlike the old-style rust-inducing spring with which you may be familiar, Nachman Springs are light and flexible and "give" easily without heavy pressure. Many little springs take the place of the old-style single heavy spring. They give their maximum of comfort under a pressure that would hardly start to compress pieces upholstered the old way. Nachman Springs closely conform to the body but are never oppressive—always light and yielding.

Luxuriously Yielding—
Yet They Always Retain Their Shape

To those who take particular pride in appearances, the durability and lasting quality of Nachman Springs will appeal as much as their luxurious comfort.

In Motor Car Cushions they never look crumpled. Year after year their buoyant, easy-riding quality lightens the strain of the long journey. In Upholstered Furniture, their ample yielding character means added permanent elegance to the well appointed home, club or hotel. No bumpy, battered-looking pieces. In Mattresses the quick, light response of Nachman Springs gives the rest-seeking worker of the day the fullest measure of relaxation. Mattresses made with Nachman Multiple Spring Units never sag or get lumpy. They always keep their shape, are self-renovating, and because each mattress has some 26,000 square inches of air space—they are sanitary.

See Your Local Dealer

Already retailers of Upholstered and Fibre and Reed Furniture, Mattresses and Box Springs, as well as Automobile dealers, are displaying examples of Nachman Spring comfort. More and more manufacturers are including this new comfort construction in their products without increasing the retail selling price.

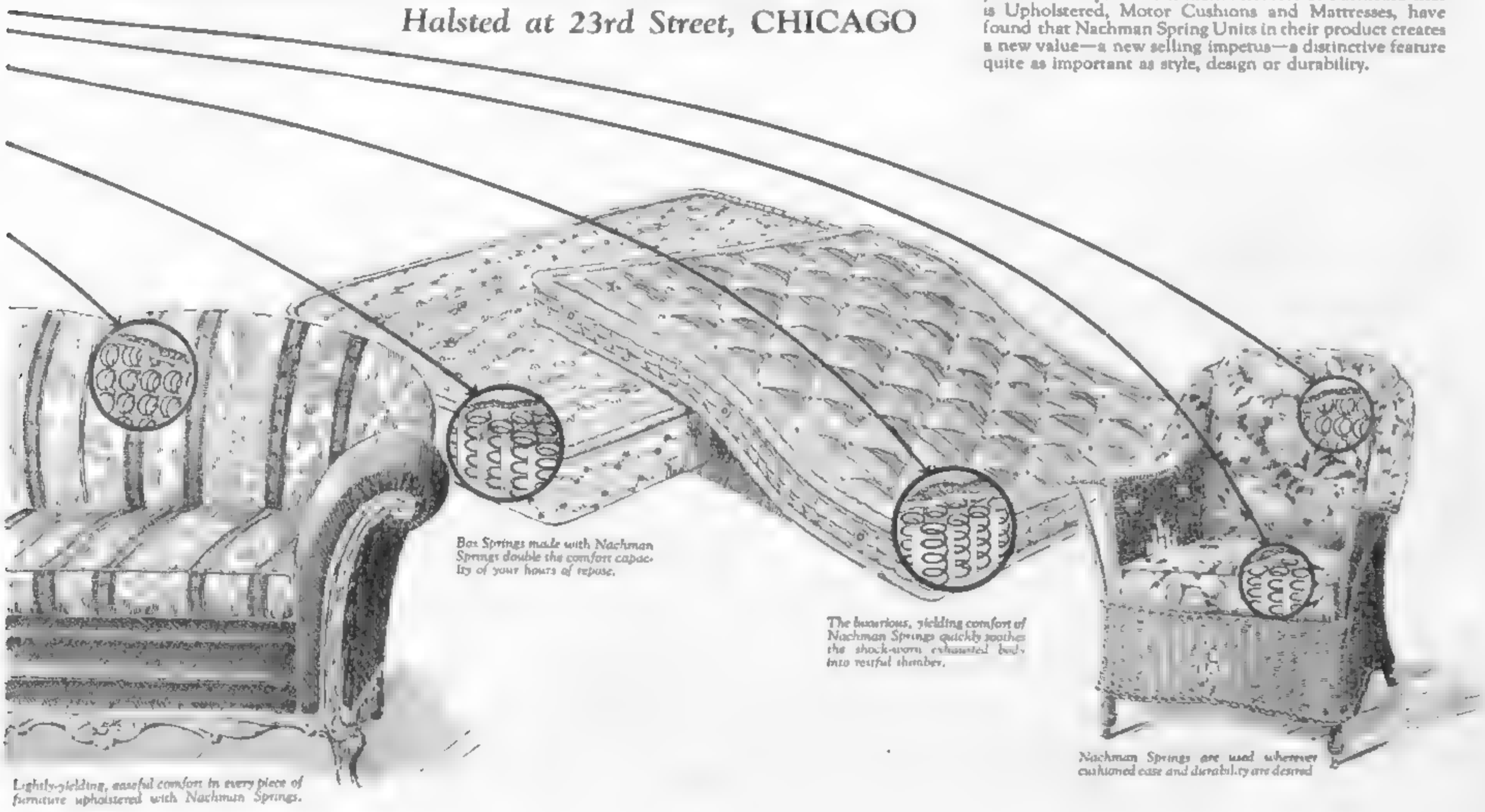
Make the simple test of sitting on a piece constructed with Nachman Springs. Convince yourself of their unexcelled ease and luxurious comfort. When you find the Nachman label sewed onto the loose cushions or attached to the back of Upholstered Furniture, or on Automobile Cushions—there you will find Comfort—Durability! Look for the label.

Leading Manufacturers Recognize the Advantages of This New Comfort Factor

Nachman Springs have found ready acceptance with the public. Now prominent manufacturers of Furniture that is Upholstered, Motor Cushions and Mattresses, have found that Nachman Spring Units in their product creates a new value—a new selling impetus—a distinctive feature quite as important as style, design or durability.

NACHMAN SPRING-FILLED CO.

Halsted at 23rd Street, CHICAGO

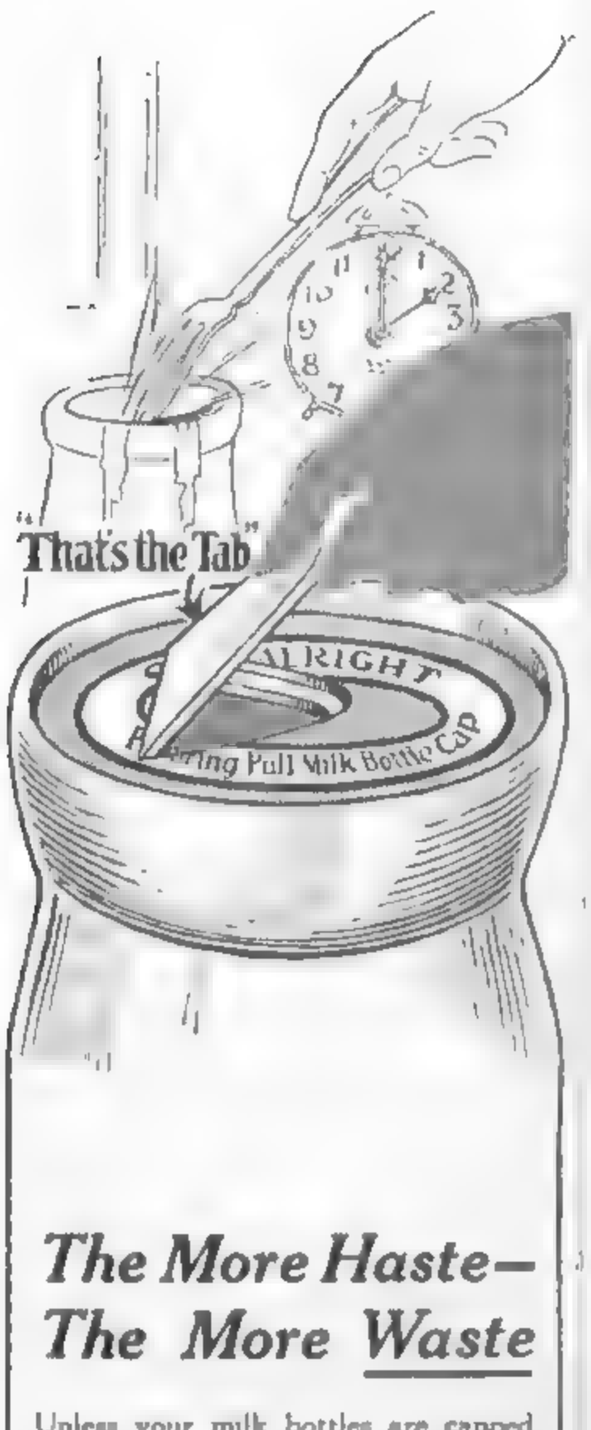


Lightly-yielding, easeful comfort in every piece of furniture upholstered with Nachman Springs.

Box Springs made with Nachman Springs double the comfort capacity of your hours of repose.

The luxurious, yielding comfort of Nachman Springs quickly soothes the shock-worn exhausted body into restful slumber.

Nachman Springs are used wherever cushioned ease and durability are desired



The More Haste—
The More Waste

Unless your milk bottles are capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps. Then it's just a "snap." No splashing away of that rich top cream. Ask your milk man to use them. They are "3 times more useful." 1—cap is removed cleanly by pulling tab. 2—tab can be lifted without removing cap and milk poured without spilling. 3—tab can be lifted and straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

School children, too, like milk served *this* way. "Drinking milk through a straw" prevents gulping and aids digestion. No glasses to break and no "spilt milk."

Restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias insist that milk dealers use Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps because they facilitate serving milk with straws thereby saving cost of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

Ask your dealer to deliver milk to you in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps

Send for samples to show your dealer.

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. 115 PC *FULTON, N. Y.*

Operating the largest plant in the world making milk bottle caps. Pouring-Pull Caps — Ordinary flat or "Common-Sense" Caps. — Sealright Liquid Tight Paper Containers.

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 23)

that was to celebrate the return of Julius Cæsar from some Gallic expedition or one of Nero's numerous feasts, which appeased, at least for the time being, the dissatisfied Roman populace. This is one of the effects of Rome; you can't possibly separate what took place there hundreds of years ago from what is going on today. The ancient background absorbs the present. I had let my imagination run riot to such an extent that when one of the workmen recognized me as an American, stopped working and asked what day the President of the United States would arrive, I started. After I had told him the President would be there in three days he waved towards the garlands. "Then these will be ready for him."

Again I started. Where was I anyway? Could it be actually true that those garlands were not being made for Julius Cæsar or Constantine or Augustus, but for an American citizen—one of my own countrymen! The sudden jump across centuries made the idea seem fantastic.

The workman picked up a handful of leaves and bound them firmly together. "Would the signore be good enough to tell me something of his President? They say he thinks of us—the poor people; that he wants us all to have a fair chance; that he is going to do something when he gets here that will make it impossible for our government to send us to war again. If he had only come sooner! I have already lost my two sons. Do you believe he is strong enough to stop all wars?"

I offered him a cigarette. He thanked me graciously—you rarely find an Italian who has not instinctive courtesy—put the cigarette between his lips, tied a huge gilded acorn to the end of a garland—another suggestion of ancient Rome—and finally lighted a match.

Woodrow Wilson, Roman Citizen

"I like the way your President talks. I read all his speeches in the papers. I can understand a good deal of them—when he talks about our deciding whether there is to be war or not. I wonder, when Italy becomes a republic, if we could get him to come over here and be our president for a little while!"

I went on to the Capitol, the present City Hall of Rome, to give the mayor a list of names of Americans who wanted invitations to the one public function to be given—a reception by the municipal council at which the citizenship of Rome was to be conferred upon the President. Don Prospero Colonna, or Prince of Sonnino, or any other of the numerous titles by which he was known—this is a very disturbing habit of old Roman families; they have so many names that you never know which one to call them by—was one of the most picturesque figures of modern Rome. He was thoroughly modern himself in ideas, character, dress, yet it was nothing short of amazing to look at him and realize how perfectly typical of ancient Rome he was. He ought to have been clad in a toga of royal purple embroidered in gold, and borne in a litter on the shoulders of Libyan slaves to the baths of Caracalla, instead of being very smartly dressed in a morning coat straight from Bond Street. If you are at all familiar with the heads on old Roman coins you will know exactly what this Colonna looked like. He traced his family back to 1046 A.D. There were Colonnas before then, but why bother about more than centuries of them?

Don Prospero was very much preoccupied with plans for receiving the President of the United States; in fact his agitation recalled a rather amusing story told of the advent of an American heiress into one of the oldest Roman families. It seems that a few days before the arrival of the eldest son of the house with his American bride the old prince called the whole family together. This is an easy matter, as each son, when he marries, is given an apartment or floor in the family palace and, though they live quite separate lives so far as rooms go, the usual custom is for the entire family to eat together—a sort of patriarchal mess. "I think," said the prince, when he was surrounded by his sons and their wives, "now that my eldest son has married an American and is bringing her to live here with us, that it would be wise for us to observe a little more ceremony and at least dress for dinner. I understand Americans and English form their opinions of us from such trivial customs."

At this one of the daughters-in-law stepped forward. She was a representative of an even older family than the prince's; her name went back without a break to the days of the first crusade. "When I married into your family," she said, "you did not consider it necessary to change your customary mode of living—and dress for dinner. Why should it be done now simply on account of an unknown American without background, without tradition, without anything save money?" "Which is exactly," replied the prince, "what we need most at this moment—and have not got."

Don Prospero led me into the hall of the Horatii and Curiatii and glanced about it with evident pride.

"This is where we are going to confer the citizenship of Rome upon your President. After the ceremony he will be able to say, just as Romulus and Remus and Numa Pompilius and Augustus used to say: *'Civis Romanus sum.'*"

"And is the ceremony to be carried out in all its ancient splendor?"

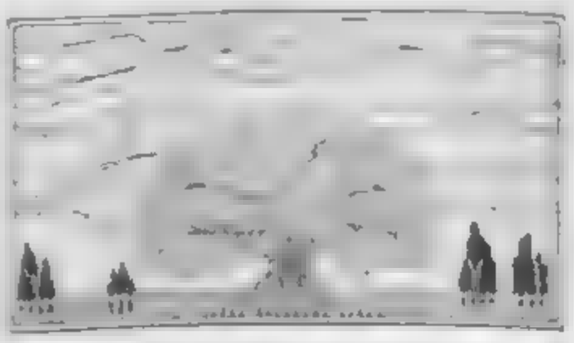
"We are trying to make it an impressive spectacle. But your President will only stop with us three days. I suppose he is in a hurry to begin the Peace Conference. The last really fine ceremony we had here was when we crowned Petrarch poet of the Capitol and made him a citizen of Rome. That was in 1341. Since then we have not given a great many people the honor, though many have sought it. You will find many on the list that you have often heard of—Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, several Medici, Titian, Montaigne—and in three days Woodrow Wilson."

We went back to his private office, from the windows of which I looked down into the Forum and across to the Coliseum. He opened a large walnut case placed on a table and showed me a bit of parchment on which was an embossed figure of Victory, the coat of arms of the city of Rome and an imposing inscription in illuminated letters, all of which, in good old English, meant that the Commune of Rome proclaimed from the Capitol, that sacred citadel of civilization and the rights of man, that Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, was a Roman citizen ranking with those great men of ancient days who founded through their wisdom the indestructible basis of liberty and civilization in the world.

After this explanation Don Prospero began mopping his brow. "Only three days more before he arrives—and nothing is finished. Three thousand people are to be invited to this ceremony. I must make arrangements to have the Forum illuminated. I have a thousand things to do. *Dio mio!*" And he ended with a resonant round of pagan oaths.

Rome All in a Twitter

If Don Prospero thought he had a great deal to do in three days he should have looked in at the embassy. Even the outbreak of the war had not caused such confusion. Committees from all over Italy arrived and demanded an appointment with the President in which to present some souvenir of their particular district; and what looked like a whole army of Italian ladies came and asked when they could present Mrs. Wilson with a gold wolf and a chest of Venetian lace, and, after being only partially satisfied with an indefinite time, remained several hours discussing whether it would be expected of them to make a curtsy to the wife of the President. One old lady, when she had been assured that no one curtsied in America, said it was all well enough what we did at home, but she was under the impression that Americans were such an adaptable people—especially the women—that you couldn't be at all sure what they might expect when they got to Europe.



But what made all these visits particularly difficult for us was the fact that it was almost impossible to plan for the President before we knew what he wanted to do; and an even more confusing point was that we never knew until the party actually arrived of how many and of whom it would consist. The court chamberlain telephoned every few hours to have the list of names of those accompanying the President. Finally, to appease his wrath we tried to explain to him that, though we were constantly telegraphing Paris to send us the list, nothing had yet arrived. The Duke Borea d'Olmo counted his age in scores of years—more than fourscore, I believe—and fifty of these had been spent in the same way in which he was then passing his days. He was master of all court ceremonies; in fact, his job was to see that the wheels of court life moved smoothly and that nothing went wrong. It sounds as if it were a picturesque profession, but the insight I got of his work showed me it was quite the contrary. However, his setting was distinctly theatrical. He had a very handsome suite of offices on the ground floor of the Quirinal, hung in rose damask and filled with massive gilt furniture. His elaborate Empire desk was placed near a window, through which he could look out upon charming gardens and refresh himself when the difficulties of court etiquette became insupportable. He was a thoroughly delightful old gentleman, with snow-white hair, keen sparkling eyes and an ever-present sense of humor. We got to be great friends during my long sojourn in Rome; there was hardly a week that I did not have to go to him to ask about the presentation of Americans or the proper seating of guests at dinner or to deliver letters and gifts to the king and queen, which, of course, had to pass through his hands.

By the Queen's Orders

One day he came to the embassy and greeted me by saying, "Turn about is fair play. You've been bothering the life out of me for a long time. Now I'm going to turn the tables on you. Retribution invariably overtakes all of us."

I couldn't imagine what he had come for. Usually when he wanted anything he would telephone and ask me to pass by the Quirinal—only a few blocks away. But to have come himself meant something serious, I felt sure. After smoking a cigarette and making a humorous remark about my office looking like the pictures he had seen of American business men's quarters, he broached the important matter.

"You can't imagine what I've come for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"*Ebbene*—it's this. Her majesty has suddenly decided she must have a typewriter—an American typewriter; not the lady, you understand, the machine. I suppose some of your American ladies put the idea in her head." He sighed heavily. "I don't know where this American influence is going to lead us! When queens take to typewriting! Now—when I was a boy—but don't let's think of that time! This infernal war has changed everything! Can you help me get the typewriter?"

When I went to see him about the President's visit he was surrounded by a staff of excited court functionaries. He rushed at me with outstretched hands. "You have brought me the list of the President's party?"

I hated to tell him we were still without the list.

"*Diavolo!* And they arrive in three days! What am I to do? You know the Quirinal has been turned into a hospital and there are very few rooms available. I must know how many to prepare for."

He always had a classic string of oaths with which to punctuate his sentences—historical characters, saints and mythological personages. "And another matter! The only person in the Quirinal who speaks English is his majesty. I suppose no one in the President's party speaks Italian. Couldn't you send two secretaries who speak some Italian to help me out during this visit? Suppose" and here his keen old eyes twinkled—"the President wanted a hot bath and couldn't explain his wishes.

(Continued on Page 127)

One Dollar

"Topkis costs One Dollar —but I'd pay twice that"

"TOPKIS certainly gives me my money's worth.

"On top of perfect comfort in fit, DollarTopkis gives me better fabric and longer wear than lots of underwear that cost me twice as much.

"It means a lot to know that when I buy a Topkis union suit size 38 I *get* full 38 measurement. I can't try on underwear in the shop, like a hat, shoes or suit."

No wonder men everywhere say Dollar Topkis is the biggest underwear value they ever saw. Easy, roomy fit—all over. Extra long, extra wide legs. Big arm-holes.

Best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics—pre-shrunk. Full size guaranteed.

No mistake, the Topkis Men's Athletic Union Suit is a big dollar's worth. No good dealer will ask more—but they know it's *worth* more and will tell you so.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c a garment; Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c.

In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Free booklet tells what you ought to know about underwear. Write for it.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

Ask your dealer for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the TOPKIS label.

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

These are the Phantom Hands of a thousand immortal pianists; their glorious genius preserved forever, through the miracle of Welte-Mignon reproduction

The Reproducing Piano is the instrument of those who demand the finest in Music.

HOMES of the highest musical culture, that cherish only the finest things of life, point with pride to the ownership of a reproducing piano. It is considered the ultimate musical instrument. Modern entertainment of guests almost demands its presence in the best homes.

Comparatively few people, however, are familiar with the wonders of this new instrument. Many confuse it with a regular playerpiano. Yet it differs greatly. It is an electrically impelled instrument thatreproduces thetalented playing of the great pianists, bringing forth every variation of the artist's touch, and every subtlety of expression and tone color. Whereas theplayerpiano renders only the expression the operator gives through the use of levers.

Of all reproducing pianos, the Welte-Mignon* will be your critical choice. You will be amazed at the absolute fidelity with which it reproduces the artist's playing. After hearing it you will be convinced that it is perfection. It plays exactly as if the artist himself were bowed over the keys. The Welte-Mignon* is built into almost every prominent make of piano, your own favorite instrument probably among them. Hear this wonderful musical achievement. Visit a nearby dealer, who will be pleased to demonstrate its artistic accomplishments. Merely ask to hear the Welte-Mignon.*

An interesting brochure will be sent if you write the Auto Pneumatic Action Co., 12th Avenue and 51st Street, New York City.

The Welte-Mignon brings such masters as these into your home*

D'Albert, Busoni, Carreno, Conradi, Danziger, De Pachmann, De Horvath, Dohnanyi, Gabrilowitsch, Ganz, Grieg, Lamond, Leschetizky, Lhevinne, Mero, Paderewski, Saint-Saens, Samaroff, Schelling, Bloomfield-Zeisler.

Welte-Mignon
(Licensee)

Hear it—in comparison. There's a nearby dealer

Perhaps you ask, "What is the Welte-Mignon*?" It is a separate mechanism which, installed in a grand or upright piano, plays the instrument in *exactly* the same way that some talented musician played when he made the master reproducing roll. The Welte-Mignon* in a piano is practically invisible and does not interfere with manual playing.

A few of the many pianos now equipped with the Welte-Mignon* are listed below:

Baldwin	Conover	Krakauer	Mehlin & Son	Packard	Stieff
Bush & Lane	Hardman	Kranich & Bach	Henry F. Miller	Sohmer	Vose

*This modernized Welte-Mignon is LICENSED under the Original Welte patents

(Continued from Page 124)

I'd have to go to his majesty and get him to interpret for me. You see how that would complicate matters!"

This difficulty was obviated by the detailing of two men from the military attaché's office who spoke Italian and who were constantly on duty during the memorable visit. I hope some day they will write their memoirs; they would make priceless reading.

Finally it looked as though all arrangements were satisfactorily made; there was a special committee for each event—the reception at the station, the parade to the Quirinal, the special session of Parliament at which the President was to speak, the ceremony of placing wreaths on the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, the visit to the Forum under the guidance of Commendatore Boni, the gala dinner at court, the reception at the Capitol, the receiving of numberless committees and the audience with the Pope—all of these things, mind you, to take place within a period of three days.

The day before the arrival I went to the station to see the Ambassador off for the frontier, where he was going to meet the President. Just as the train was about to leave he took me aside and said hurriedly, "I have just been told that day after tomorrow the President will be free for lunch. That will be a good time for me to entertain him. I want to ask the King and Queen also, the ambassadors and a few of the court people—about sixty in all. Go to work on it at once and have it all ready by the time I arrive tomorrow."

"But, sir—a luncheon for the President and the King and Queen and twenty-four hours to prepare it!" I began to grow dizzy at the prospect.

"Do the best you can. It will come out all right. I intended to ask the King personally, but haven't had time. Get the message to him and explain everything. Good-by."

I watched the train pull out, and I am inclined to think I shook my fist at it. Here we were, feeling that everything had been arranged and planned out in detail, and then suddenly, out of an already troubled sky, burst a bewildering downpour. A luncheon for the President and Mrs. Wilson and the King and Queen of Italy to be got up with the casualness of a surprise party!

An Unprecedented Affair

I rushed off to the Quirinal and insisted that the Duke Bores d'Olmo be awakened from his customary siesta.

"What has happened now?" He greeted me with anxious eyes.

"The ambassador wants to ask their majesties to lunch at the embassy day after tomorrow—with the President and Mrs. Wilson."

His hands went up expressively. "There is no precedent for such a thing!"

"What do you mean?"

"Their majesties have never lunched or dined outside their own palaces. It would be an unheard-of proceeding."

"So is the President of the United States coming to Europe an unheard-of proceeding."

"Their majesties cannot accept such an invitation. To save embarrassment it had better not be extended."

"I have my orders."

By this time he was at the end of patience. "I tell you they will not accept."

"Well, if they don't, I know two people who will be greatly relieved—yourself and me."

He rose, laughing, and patted me on the shoulder. "I'll let you know as soon as I can see his majesty."

"When will that be?"

"This afternoon."

At this moment a blast of trumpets in the courtyard announced the entrance of the King. The duke started towards the door

"Suppose I ask him now and get the agony over."

He went out and I waited anxiously. In a very few moments he was back again with a slightly bewildered countenance.

"Their majesties will be delighted to lunch at the Palazzo del Drago with the President and Mrs. Wilson."

He said this without any facial expression, but with an inflection that was inimitable; and then pushed his case of Macedonia cigarettes towards me. We smoked a while in silence, and then, still without speaking, he rose, opened a huge volume on his desk and pulled several sheets of paper towards him. He knew so well what my next questions were going to be that he did not wait for them to be spoken.

"How many people?"

"About sixty. Their majesties' special attendants, all the ambassadors and some of the embassy staff."

Two hours later I had a list of those to be invited and a diagram of the table with each person in his proper place. To an American it had looked like an impossible task; to a court official who had been doing just such things for fifty years it was only a matter of putting his hand on the right book and writing out perfectly known instructions

I picked up the list with a feeling of great satisfaction. "And now—just a few details about receiving the King and Queen at the embassy?" I asked.

"That is very simple. The American Embassy is American soil. The Ambassador gives the luncheon and pays for it" here the humorous twinkle showed again "but—he is not the host. The President is. And he must be there in time to receive their majesties when they arrive. However, I'll see to that. What time is the luncheon?"

"One o'clock."

"Very well. The invited guests must be there and in the reception rooms at half past twelve. Be sure to let them know that. At 12:45 the President and Mrs. Wilson will arrive. They must be met at the street door by the Ambassador and Mrs. Page, who will accompany them to the entrance hall to await the arrival of their majesties. The Ambassador and Mrs. Page return to the street door and await their majesties, who will be there at one o'clock and accompany them to the hall, where the President and Mrs. Wilson will greet them. His majesty will give his arm to Mrs. Wilson, the President to her majesty, and then they will go directly through the reception rooms and into the dining room without speaking to any of the guests. When luncheon is finished they return to the reception room, where the guests must be presented to them. By the way, can you draw me a plan of the embassy? I must give it to his majesty so he will know his way to the dining room. Now do you see how easy it is?"

"It sounds like the most complicated problem I ever heard of. Half past twelve, 12:45, one o'clock—street door—entrance hall—reception room—dining room—this arm to that lady—that lady to this arm. Good Lord! Do you suppose it will ever come off all right?"

"Such things always do. Somehow people know pretty well how to take care of themselves."

Which isn't true at all, as was shown the day of that memorable luncheon. However, I went back to the chancery trying to remember details, and spent the entire evening getting invitations out by a special courier

The third of January, the eventful day, finally arrived.

When I went to the chancery early in the morning the sky was gray and overcast; and if you know Rome at all you know it is not itself without warm golden sunshine. With sun it is the gayest city in the world; without it it is drab and dull. A strange ominous silence was brooding over the city; there were no rattling cabs, no screaking trams, no noisy rush of motors; even the crowds assembling in the vicinity of the station were unusually silent. A sort of mysterious solemn expectancy was in the air. When I passed the Quirinal I had the feeling that the sun had suddenly appeared; there was a golden light over the whole neighborhood, which I soon found was due to yellow sand which had been brought from the Campagna and scattered over the streets that led from the station to the Quirinal and from there to the Capitol—another custom of ancient Rome, originated by Marcus Aurelius in honor of sovereigns, which made of the route they passed over a veritable golden way. Here and there I noticed groups of people gathered about large posters and reading intently what was written on them. It was a salutation from the Chamber of Labor of Rome, composed in florid Italian phrases, and seemed so perfectly expressive of the intense excitement existing at that moment that I carried one of them away and made a translation of it.

Workers! Today the President of the Republic of the United States of America, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, will arrive in Rome as a welcome guest. From this center of Latinism, gifted with all the beauties of art and poetry, where Right was cried out in the Forum, let the warm and vibrant greeting to him who was the powerful asserter of Right burst forth from the ample breast of the proletarian soul. When the great human family was scourged by the tempest of war, seized by a devouring passion which sucked it down like a whirlpool and it seemed that the end of civilization had come upon the world, the thinker of the White House, superbly carrying on the work of Washington, brought the human family back to the source of love, spurring it on in the dawn of hope to the conquest of Justice, from which now shines the light of Peace. . . . This new Gospel preached to the universe reveals his great soul, molded in a palpitating humanity. Meditate, O Workers, on his fourteen points which herald the advent of a new civilization, and you will find in them a great deal of your sacred aspirations which rise to the priestly heights of human goodness. . . . This doctor, with his clear thought, his pure heart and his soul-enlivening faith, comes amongst us awaited and desired and full of cordial feeling. Be you all present, working comrades, at the review which he will make of the strength of the nation. You, who were the makers of new history and who forged the tenacious desire to live on the rugged anvil of sacrifice, greet him unanimously with the sparkling smile of your flags. . . . Whilst he is on his way to the Peace Congress let the voice from your ranks strengthen him in the faith which holds that only with Justice and with Love can the world be governed.

A Renaissance Pageant

The embassy staff left the chancery a good half hour before the time for the arrival of the train, and, with permission from the numerous mounted policemen, drove along the royal route. Thousands of soldiers, all in the gray-green uniform of the Italian Army, their steel helmets covered with cloth, lined the streets and kept the way open. As far as one could see, this gray-green line extended. Rising above it, only a few yards apart, were red-and-gold flag standards, flying American and Italian flags. Halfway up each standard was suspended a large white-and-gold medallion, in the center of which appeared the name of an Italian city or a town of the redeemed provinces or a place which Italy was praying the Peace Conference would decide was her own. Each name was a history in itself; and each was linked to the other by thick garlands of laurel, symbolic of the blood tie. Behind the soldiers stood the waiting Roman people; and beyond them rose orange and brown buildings, from the windows of which hung pieces of tapestry, gay carpets, old bits of velvet and damask bordered with gold fringe. These windows, with their medieval decorations, were one of the most suggestive parts of the pageant; they picked you up and carried you off in the twinkling of an eye to the days of the Renaissance. You felt sure that if you had looked closer at those windows you would have found Raphael and Andrea del Sarto and even Benvenuto Cellini gathered there with their favorite models leaning out on the faded velvets to watch the coming of a man from that vague land of which their own Columbus had talked so much. The piazza before the station with its ilex trees, its colossal ruined arches of the baths of Diocletian, its fountain of bronze nymphs and ever-mounting jets of water, its full circle of flags and triple line of soldiers, made a dramatic scene for the President's entry into Rome.

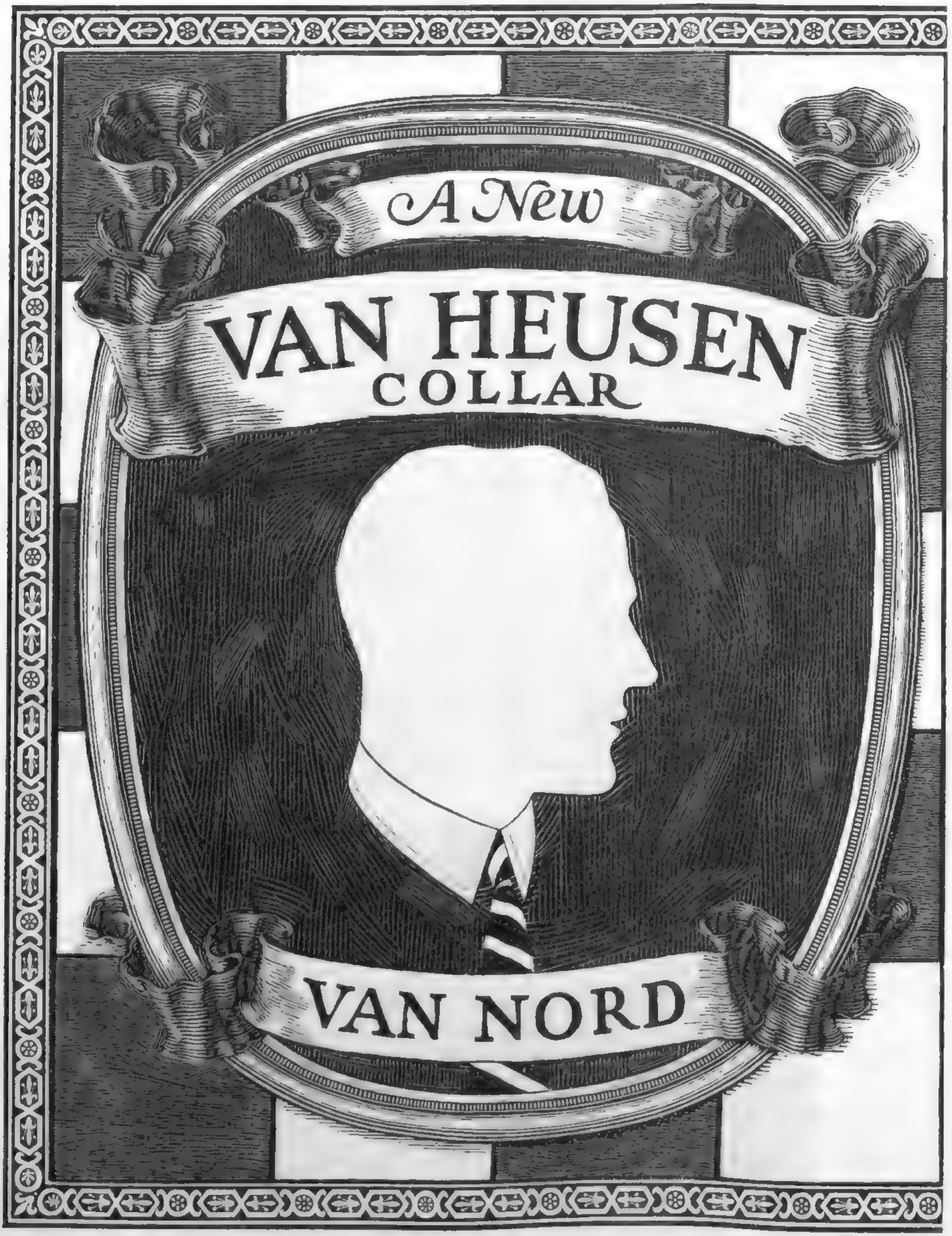
Here the mayor, in a carved and gilded coach with footmen in red velvet and white wigs and cocked hats, waited to hand over the keys of the Eternal City.

When we reached the station we were all struck by its unfamiliar aspect; unfamiliar because for the past four years there had hardly been a moment, either night or day, that it was not crowded with the coming and going of thousands of people—soldiers from England, France, America, China, Japan; nurses on their way to the Near East; wounded men returning from a service that had incapacitated them for life; refugees from invaded districts—a never-ending procession of people, speaking strange tongues and wearing strange costumes, all being unloaded from incoming trains and crowded into outgoing ones.

That morning every track was cleared; not even a switch engine could

(Continued on Page 130)

President Wilson in the Roman Forum, the Historic Center of a One-Time Mighty Empire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COLLAR
VAN NORD

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Only the longest, strongest and smoothest staple goes into the yarn which makes the VAN HEUSEN fabric smoothly, crisply white.

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VAN NORD has arrived—a smartly designed low-cut VAN HEUSEN collar for Spring. Like each of the twelve current VAN HEUSEN styles, it is finely made. The skill and care which give the VAN HEUSEN the comfort of a soft collar and the crispness of a stiff collar extend to the very quality of its yarn and include every process of its giant looms. Some of the VAN HEUSEN virtues are illustrated here. These virtues are implicit in the Van Nord, now awaiting you in men's stores—the latest expression of the world's smartest collar.

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PATENTED
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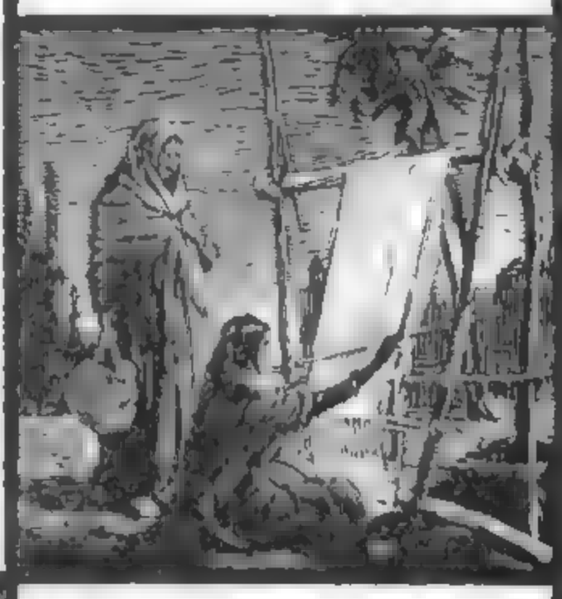
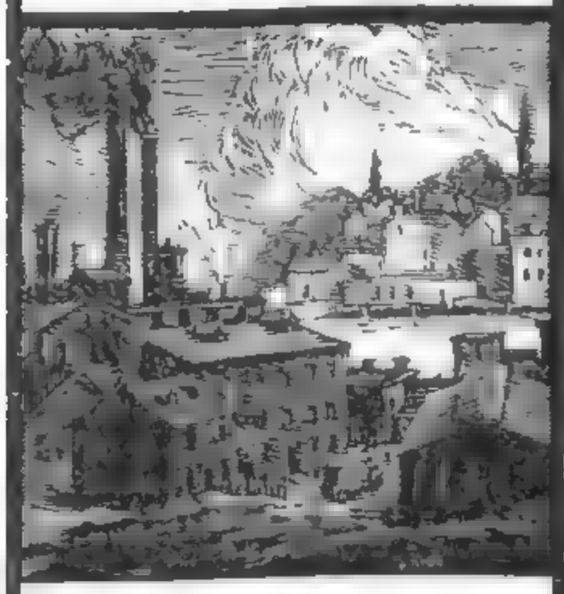
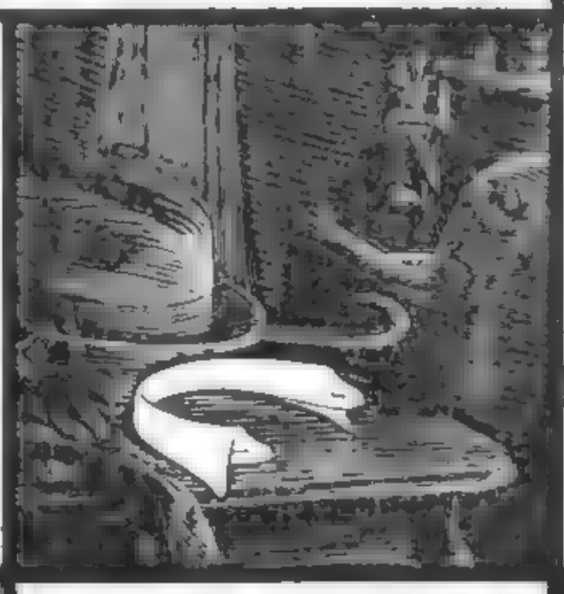




Yarn Both Exquisite and Sturdy

In New England's best mills the cotton is spun into special-plied, special-combed, water twisted yarn which is warped on high tension frames to make it sturdy as well as exquisite.



Folded Naturally Permanently

A flip of the finger will send any VAN HEUSEN collar into its natural folded state. A special weaving process produces this permanently curved "break," which only can be found in the VAN HEUSEN

The Magic Curve

Looms twice the height of a man, specially designed, weave the seamless fabric of the VAN HEUSEN so that it *curves naturally*. No other collar on earth is curved in the loom.

Designed by Great Craftsmen

It took the finest designing talent, as well as the brilliant original idea, to develop the complicated and expensive process which produces the VAN HEUSEN. This same talent has designed the new Van Nord for Spring.

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The laundress realizes what a relief it is not to worry about ironing the fold into a collar. You receive the VAN HEUSEN smoothly flat. One turn, and it is smartly folded and ready.

Smoothly Packed—Awaits You in 35,000 Stores

In a sanitary tissue-paper envelope, the Van Nord (as well as eleven other VAN HEUSEN styles) awaits you now in more than 35,000 haberdasheries—the world's smartest collar for Spring.

A shopping tour without fatigue

TWO women on a shopping trip meet at 4 o'clock. One has that dreadfully tired feeling that almost every woman who shops knows. The other feels hardly a trace of fatigue. Yet they have both walked about the same distance. *The difference is in the way their shoes fit.*

A pair of shoes, to be either comfortable or good-looking, *must first fit well.* Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes are made on this principle. Cut to follow the natural lines of the foot, they fit snugly around the instep like a glove. Lacing a Glove-Grip *lifts up* the arch instead of pressing it down. Yet Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes are not freakish. They are good-looking when you put them on and *they stay good-looking* because they fit.

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Ask the nearest Arnold Glove-Grip dealer to show you the "Trim-Arch," a popular oxford for women, illustrated below. If you don't know his location, write to us for it. We will also send you an attractive booklet of Arnold Glove-Grip Shoe styles.

Dealers, send for Catalog P. I.

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ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Women's Oxford
The "Trim-Arch"

(Continued from Page 127)

be seen. The only sign of life was the long line of soldiers who stood at attention along the tracks, and they could hardly be called a sign of life, as they stood motionless and silent. The one gay note in the otherwise gray silence was a red carpet that led from the royal waiting room to the platform where the train that had been sent from Rome to Paris to fetch the President would stop.

As we were among the first officials to reach the station, we had a good chance to watch the gathering crowd. First came what appeared to be the whole Italian Parliament, then cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, court functionaries, the Duke and Duchess d'Aosta and finally the King and Queen. The greetings were ceremonious and quiet, though there was a low murmur of conversation going on on all sides.

While we waited I got into conversation with a senator from Sicily. He, as everyone else, talked of only one subject—the President. What was he like? Had I ever seen him? Were his pictures a good likeness? Was he as genial as most Americans or a bit severe? His photographs gave the impression that he was rather cold; was he?

"I've heard so much of him; I have watched from my home on the slopes of Etna the extraordinary path he has cut out for himself and his people. At first I hated him, when he wrote all those notes; then I began to admire him; now I find myself thinking of him as a sort of unreal person. It doesn't seem quite possible that a mere human being could hold in his hands the power he does. I think of him as something remote, set apart from the rest of us, not a man of actual flesh and blood, but someone with only a mind and a voice that rings across the world from some far-distant Olympus. Do you know, I am almost afraid to see him. I am afraid he will be just like all the rest of us."

At last the presidential train backed quietly into the station, and on the rear platform, holding his hat in his hand, stood the President of the United States. He stepped off the platform during a dead silence and was greeted by the King; then, quite without warning, there was a break in the overcast skies and the whole station was flooded with warm sunshine. With it came a burst of deafening applause and a loud blast from a band playing our national anthem.

If the moment was thrilling to Italians it was doubly so to our little group of Americans. There we were, thousands of miles from home, seeing—some of us for the first time—our own President, who had become the dominant figure of the world.

As I was watching the carriage, painted a royal blue and emblazoned with the coat of arms of the House of Savoy, drive off with the President and the King, I felt my arm grasped by the senator from Sicily.

Francesco's Excitement

"Well—are you disappointed?" I asked.

"*Per Bacco!*" he exclaimed. "He has the face of an apostle!"

With the sun came all the gayety and brilliance of a Roman holiday. The crowds cried themselves hoarse with "*Evviva il Presidente! Evviva gli Stati Uniti di America! Evviva Veelson!*" And a comic paper came out that afternoon and said that if a signorina had written a letter to her sweetheart that day she would have begun it, under the influence of enthusiasm, with "*Caro Woodrow.*"

When I got back to the chancery it was filled with members of the President's party, journalists and seemingly hundreds of others who had come on the same train. Of course everyone was demanding information on every subject under the sun—what hotel to go to, what functions were to take place, where tickets were to be had, where this, that and the other person could be found, and so on; and Francesco was running about in a terrible state of excitement, all the result of having cooked up some excuse that had carried him to the Quirinal just at the moment the President had arrived there, which had apparently got him a chance to shake hands with "*Nostro Presidente.*" He had also a long conversation—in what language heaven only knows—with "*la bellissima cameriera della Signora Presidente, la prima negressa Americana che ho mai incontrata. È stupenda—simpatichissima!*" And in the midst of this announcement he almost pushed me out of the window to see a limousine, accompanied by four bicyclists, leisurely making its way through the crowds—the King and the President on their way out to the Villa Savoia, the royal villa near Rome, to enjoy a quiet family luncheon

I should have enjoyed the President's visit to Rome very much—it was a gorgeous pageant from beginning to end—if that eleventh-hour-inspired luncheon hadn't been hanging over me every moment. Whenever I started off to see some of the demonstrations a telephone call would come from the Palazzo del Drago and I would have to drop everything and rush down there. The most alarming incident of the whole affair was that, though the invitations had been sent out two days before, not one acceptance had been received. The courier who had delivered the invitations produced his book and showed that each one had been signed for, which was convincing evidence that they had been received. But why had no one replied? Finally I got several people on the telephone and demanded, none too pleasantly, why they had not replied. One man laughed boisterously and said such an invitation didn't call for a reply, that it was a command; and besides, anyone should have known that nothing but death would have kept him from going to such a party.

Then the details of receiving all those distinguished personages got on our nerves. Suppose all the guests were not in the reception rooms by half past twelve! Suppose there wasn't time for the Ambassador to conduct the President upstairs before the King and Queen arrived! Suppose the elevator stopped running at the crucial moment—as it often did! Suppose the cook fell ill -which his efforts to prepare a Lucullan feast rather suggested! Suppose—— We exhausted thoughts of every possible tragedy.

Of course this sort of anxiety seems rather foolish, now that the world has settled back into a semblance of its old efficiency; but at that time, with all formal life disorganized, you could count on almost anything happening—or not happening, which was much more to the point.

The Critical Moment

Even at the Quirinal they were experiencing the same worries. The Queen herself admitted that she was absolutely too exhausted to talk to her guests when they arrived, having spent the previous week in getting their rooms in order, none of the experienced palace servants having yet returned from the war; and the night of the gala dinner, when a part of one of the great halls had to be curtained off so as to make both dining and reception room of it—all the regular salons were still being used as hospitals—she frankly admitted that she had spent the whole day in seeing that the table was properly set and had arranged the flowers herself. Though the Armistice had brought a cessation of fighting, it had not yet brought a return of comfortable living.

In spite of the worry and thought given to that luncheon, several utterly bewildering incidents occurred at the last moment that somehow, as much as we had planned, couldn't have been foreseen. Up to noon everything seemed in order. We had prepared a large diagram of the table and placed it in the entrance hall; each guest's name had been written there in letters large enough to be read by an octogenarian, his place at the table was numbered, a red cross showed the door to be entered and the position of the table, and a card with his name on it—also the name of the lady he was to take in to luncheon—was given him when he arrived. A child of five could have found his way about with such detailed information; but, as always happens at every large official function I have ever attended, there were several people present who couldn't possibly find their places on the diagram, and even when shown continued to worry the life out of me by asking at the very last moment to be told the history, both public and private, of the lady they were going to take in to luncheon.

However, at half past twelve the guests had arrived and been marshaled into the large ballroom; and the entrance hall was cleared for the appearance of the leading characters. The Ambassador and Mrs. Page awaited the signal—to be telephoned

(Continued on Page 133)

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CLEVELAND SIX

(Continued from Page 130)

from the Quirinal that the President was on his way—to go down to the street door. For some reason the signal never came; and the only one we had was from the American band stationed in the courtyard, which suddenly burst forth with our national anthem. This meant the President had arrived and was downstairs. In the excitement of the moment Mrs. Page went down the elevator and the Ambassador chose the stairs. In a few minutes Mrs. Page returned with the President and Mrs. Wilson, but the Ambassador could not be found anywhere. He had got downstairs just as the elevator had gone up, and had missed the President at both places. When he finally appeared, much out of breath after running up the stairs, he got through the greetings hurriedly and carried Mrs. Page off with him to the front door immediately, explaining that it was bad enough having failed to meet the President—a national *faux pas* on his part—but to fail the King and Queen would be an inexcusable international episode.

A Treat for a Little Princess

In a quarter of an hour the King and Queen arrived, and without any more complications the King offered his arm to Mrs. Wilson, the President offered his to the Queen, and they started off wandering through the long line of drawing-rooms. I watched them breathlessly, wondering if the King had brought that diagram of the Palazzo del Drago with him. If he hadn't there was no telling where he might end up, the rooms were so endless and no one had been told to indicate the way. However, he did not hesitate a moment; and when I got into the dining room, there he was, seated at the table in his proper place. After all, I suppose practice in these matters makes perfect. In a few moments each of the sixty guests was seated, and I, for one, drew a deep breath of relief; perhaps a bit too soon, for after luncheon, when all were assembled in the ballroom and the presentation had been got through, there was a rather trying pause.

In a way, this luncheon was unique; it created a somewhat new rôle for the King and Queen; for the first time they were guests instead of being hosts; also, they were in a room that was a bit crowded, which necessitated the backs of many being turned towards them, which is never permitted at court. The King, speaking English fluently, and always quite democratic, moved about easily from group to group; the Queen, not speaking English, was a little more difficult to take care of, though no one could have carried off the situation more simply and gracefully. While a group of us stood about her she said she had a confession to make and was a little worried to know how the Ambassador would take it. Then she opened her gold-mesh bag and showed us all a roll she had put in it during luncheon. "My little Maria has never tasted white bread, so I am taking this home to her as a great surprise."

Immediately after this luncheon the President left to make his visit to the Vatican, which had to be made while he was a guest of the Ambassador—it is not possible for one who is visiting the King to have any relations whatsoever with the Pope. Also there was a reception given by the Protestant Americans; and the address made by the President to the Italian Parliament—which in some ways appeared to be much more his own setting. In the House of Deputies, speaking his own language and speaking it in his quiet, distinguished, carrying voice, one got much more the impression of what Woodrow Wilson actually stood for. Perhaps it was due to an association of ideas; we had so long been accustomed to thinking of him as addressing governments; at any rate it was a tremendously impressive occasion, and the fact that he was speaking in a language that was not generally understood made it doubly interesting, especially as the meaning of his words appeared to reach the gathering in some intuitive way and the applause came at exactly the moments it would have if the audience had been composed entirely of Americans.

The crux of the visit came with the dinner at court and the reception at the Capitol. There were present at the dinner one hundred and fifty people, and it was quite the most brilliant affair I have ever seen in the whole of my diplomatic experience, robbed somewhat of complete enjoyment by the fact that all during dinner an American stenographer who was reporting the speeches kept leaning over my shoulder and asking what everyone who spoke in Italian had said. The dinner was very short on account of the reception that was to follow, but for superbness of effect and magnificence of jewels and distinction of people it could not be surpassed.

Immediately after the dinner the guests drove in procession from the Quirinal down into the heart of old Rome and up the winding roadway to the Capitol—the whole way lined with soldiers and blazing torches and covered with yellow sand, one of the most dramatic scenes imaginable, which reached its climax when the quadrangle formed by the three wings of the Capitol was reached. Here those famous old façades designed by Michelangelo were decorated with tapestries depicting the founding of Rome; the ancient equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius loomed immense in the dim light; mounted cavalrymen formed a solid mass in the center of the square; and the whole was lighted by braziers in which flamed flaring pine fagots. Below, down those famous steps on which Rienzi made his last stand against the populace, glowed dimly medieval Rome; at one side rose the Church of Ara Cœli, commemorating the spot where the Sibyl first spoke to Augustus of the coming of Christ; out of a mass of low buildings towered that huge monument of white marble which dwarfs the whole of Rome and makes one realize that a new nation has sprung up on the ashes of the old; and dominating this tremendously suggestive scene, salient against a purple sky, floated an immense flag of stars and stripes. To complete the picture, just as the President reached the top of the hill the whole of the Forum and the Coliseum were suddenly lighted with thousands of Bengal torches.

Unexpected Orders

Seeing the President off to Paris left us all feeling rather flat; but one of the excitements—far from being always a pleasurable experience—of the diplomatic service, at least for secretaries, is that just at the time when you feel that everything is going to be quiet and peaceful for a long time and you will have a chance to do a thousand things you have been planning, something turns up to scatter all such ideas to the winds. At the time of the President's visit I had just completed my sixth year in Rome; I had seen it in many phases—the reckless gayety that seems always to presage disaster, the uncertainty of neutrality, the depression of war, and now once more an approach towards peace. It is impossible to live six consecutive years in a place and not have that place become an important factor in your life. I had begun to feel as if I had always lived in Rome, that the chancery of the American Embassy was going to be my daily objective for the rest of life.

On the way back from the station, where the ovation to the President was almost as great as upon his arrival, I met the man who was in charge of telegrams in the chancery.

"A telegram came in about you this evening," he said.

"Anything important?" I asked.

"You've been transferred."

"Wait a minute!" I exclaimed. "Let me guess where I'm going this time."

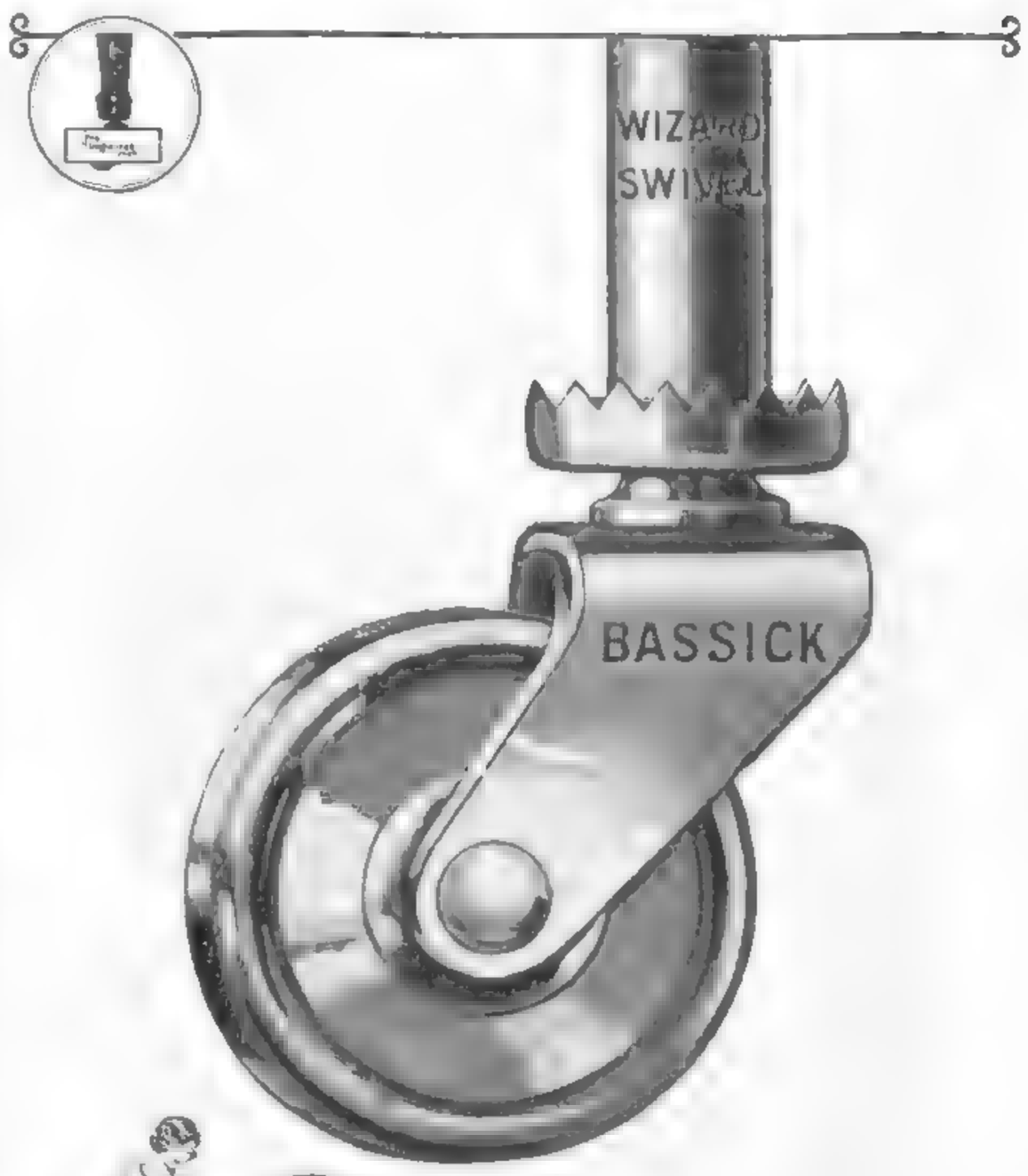
"I don't believe you could."

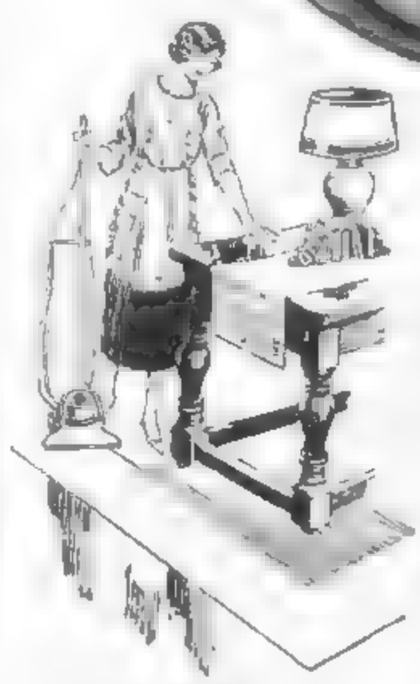
"Is it east of Suez or south of Panama?"

"South of Panama -Santiago, Chile."

Chile—even farther away than I had yet been! At that moment it sounded as if it were the end of the world. I glanced about at the familiar scene and realized suddenly that it meant much more to me than I had ever thought a foreign city could. And now the curtain was being rung down, and I had no place to go except home; not even that, for Chile—how many thousands of miles away was it anyway?—could not possibly offer anything approaching what I remembered of my native land. At any rate, in that moment of upheaval I made a very definite decision. No matter if I were going to the other end of the world I would go home first, see if America was still there, find out what I felt like among my own people again, and see, too, what effect European life had had on me. I had always heard so much about life in Europe spoiling one for American existence that I wanted to go back and try myself out in it.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.





Write for Booklet, "The Cost of the Neglected Inch."

Roll it—
Don't Drag it!

FURNITURE equipped with the wrong kind of casters, or without any casters at all, gets rickety and wobbly after a while. Costs money to budge—every time.

Then the dining room table scars the hardwood floor; that lounge in the living room tears the new rug; the beds wear and rip the carpet, when they're DRAGGED about.

Roll your furniture on Bassick Casters. See how easy it is to clean, polish and dust. Heavy pieces respond to slight pressure, move and turn smoothly, go where you want them to go. Floors and floor coverings protected and housework made less burdensome.

There's a Bassick Caster for every purpose—at your dealer's—packed in the blue and yellow box, four to the set.

And every piece of furniture you buy should be equipped with Bassick Casters

Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

For thirty years the leading makers of high-grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse and factory

Glover's
BRIGHTON-CARLSBAD
Sleepingwear

Pajamas that are Luxuriously Comfortable!

Turn, stretch, twist as you will, you'll be at ease—luxuriously comfortable—in these generously sized Brighton-Carlsbads. No pulling or binding to annoy you—you're sure of untroubled, refreshing sleep!

To this uncommon freedom of movement, these pajamas add the trim smartness of a custom-tailored garment. In design and in every detail of making, they reveal the skilled workmanship for which Glover goods have been known through sixty years. Furthermore, they will give you a full measure of service that makes the cost *per month* of this nightwear uncommonly low! And its *first* cost is very moderate.

To know the satisfaction of good-looking, supremely comfortable sleepingwear, ask your favorite store for Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad!

Middy Pajamas
This over-the-head style has no buttons to fuss with. Pongee and nainsook.
$2.50 to $6

Brighton-Carlsbad Nightshirts, too
Just as fine in every detail. Nainsook, muslin, pongee, sizes 15 to 20. $1.50 to $3.
(For boys, also)

Children's Sleepers
Several splendid styles, made to stand a child's hard wear. Cambric, crepe, pajama check, nainsook. Ages 1 to 10.
$1 to $3

If you don't find just the style you prefer, write us. We'll see that you're supplied. Pajamas, $2 to $18

Glover 60th

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 44, Dubuque, Iowa

Write for The "Nightie Book" It's FREE!

Glover's BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

MONEY FROM EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 11)

walks of life—from the merchant prince, the affluent banker and the wealthy industrial chief to the lowly but ambitious day laborer. . . . A goodly share of them are prepared to stay and become a part of the great Southwest. Others will go back to their homes, many of them to return later, bringing with them their families, their friends, their neighbors.

"Day after day, the whole week through, month by month, the great stream of humanity is flowing in. There is no end to it. They are coming by train, by boat, by motor vehicle—any way to get here—one ceaseless pilgrimage. From all parts of the world they are coming. No human agency can stop them."

Adjoining Los Angeles are two separate cities with populations ranging from fifty to seventy-five thousand. One of these cities lays claim to more artists and writers than any other city except New York, and to more millionaires and home owners per capita than any other city in the country. As one of the newspapers recently said: "Bank for years has called itself the city of millionaires. This year it may justly call itself the billion-dollar city. Its wealthy visitors and permanent residents control wealth far beyond that figure, but it modestly calls itself 'The Billion Dollar City.'"

The other of the two cities does not go in so strong for writers and artists or even for millionaires; at least it did not until it struck oil a year or two ago. But I have never heard of any other community even pretending to compete with it in its proportion of permanent or temporarily retired farmers from the Middle West who live on the income from sums ranging from twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars upward.

But all these statements are generalities, true enough in themselves, but rather commonplace from the viewpoint of those familiar with the facts and none too convincing to those who have never given the subject a thought. To get at closer grips it will help to quote from one of the most active of the business enterprisers of Southern California, a man of the type without which no section or community can grow. Among his many interests was a subdivision of real estate which has become one of the most expensive and fashionable residential portions of the city:

"We bought two hundred acres in 1920, subdivided and sold it, largely to newcomers. There are six miles of streets. Nearly all the lots are built upon, and to give you an idea of the character of the construction as well as the extent of operations here, the building permits for this subdivision alone, which is only one of many, have run up to twenty-five million dollars."

A Cosmopolitan Community

"What sort of people have built? Well, there were men who made quick fortunes in the oil fields of Texas and Oklahoma, or in land, and did not stay there. They came here. Two German Jews who had been in the clothing business in an Asiatic port for forty years and had accumulated a couple of millions built a house that cost several hundred thousand. There were three families from Colombia, South America, among the richest in that country, one of the men a brother of the country's president. There were Peruvians who had money in mines.

"There was a man who had owned lumber interests, sawmills and a little railroad in the backwoods of Arkansas. He was worth several millions, and when he came here he said he had worked hard and saved all his life. Now, he announced, he was going to enjoy himself and build a home without much regard to expense. That's the kind of people that make up these communities, they and the farmer from Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska and similar states whose father or grandfather filed on government land which has now become valuable. Naturally, many such people sell out. Formerly when they sold they moved into the nearest town, but now enough of them come here to fill our side streets. They buy modest homes, and few of them are worth more than seventy-five thousand dollars, but in the aggregate they make this a very rich county.

"The point, however, is that this wouldn't keep up if we were getting rich people from any one place. They do not come only from the states. There are the Canadians and those who have made money in Alaska and are tired of the cold. We are certainly cosmopolitan."

To uncover the successive waves or layers of incoming population that make up any city always fascinates the inquiringly inclined. Clearly Los Angeles' earlier increments came from the neighboring states and territories, the great partly arid mountain and desert regions, from states or territories like Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, and more especially from New Mexico and Arizona.

As men made money from cattle and mines in the great mountain and desert regions they moved down into San Francisco and then later, as the city developed, into Los Angeles also. First and last, San Francisco has no doubt attracted many more such residents than its sister city, but none the less they have constituted a big factor in the southern part of the state as well. Besides, though Eastern and Middle Western visitors pour into the southern part of the state in winter, there is almost as great an influx in summer from the neighboring mountain and desert states.

The various California oil booms have sent their quotas of enriched operators or landowners into the cities, and the influx from Latin America and Canada has been referred to. But all these are small in the last few years in comparison with the farmer from the Middle West and the business man from both the Middle West and the East. For obviously if any such person ever had it in mind to retire and move to Southern California or any other place, the supreme opportunity of his life was in the years of prosperity and price inflation that followed the war.

Making Money by Resting

This, of course, answers the question as to why Los Angeles should have been such a white spot in 1920, 1921 and 1922, when there were so many elements of depression elsewhere. Never perhaps in the history of this country was there such a grand opportunity to unload on the other fellow as in 1919. The grief came not to those who sold out but to those who bought in or who merely stayed on the job. As one old-time bank president put it:

"We got a big slice of the more permanent part of the boom in the East, the part that for one reason or other came out hide whole, that was not involved in the distress. We got those who could get out, who were in the clear. It was a sort of fad to come here, and they came."

"A few years ago a student of business conditions remarked that most men would make more money by closing up their affairs, putting their property into conservative bonds and retiring for a while," said another banker. "Our present condition is quite largely due to the fact that so many of the people who took that particular piece of advice happened to come here."

There is no doubt also that the heavy strain incident to the war, its subsequent inflation and immediately following deflation all greatly accelerated the movement toward retirement on the part of business men. Any section that has the reputation of being a haven for the retired is full today of what were dollar-a-year men in Washington during the war.

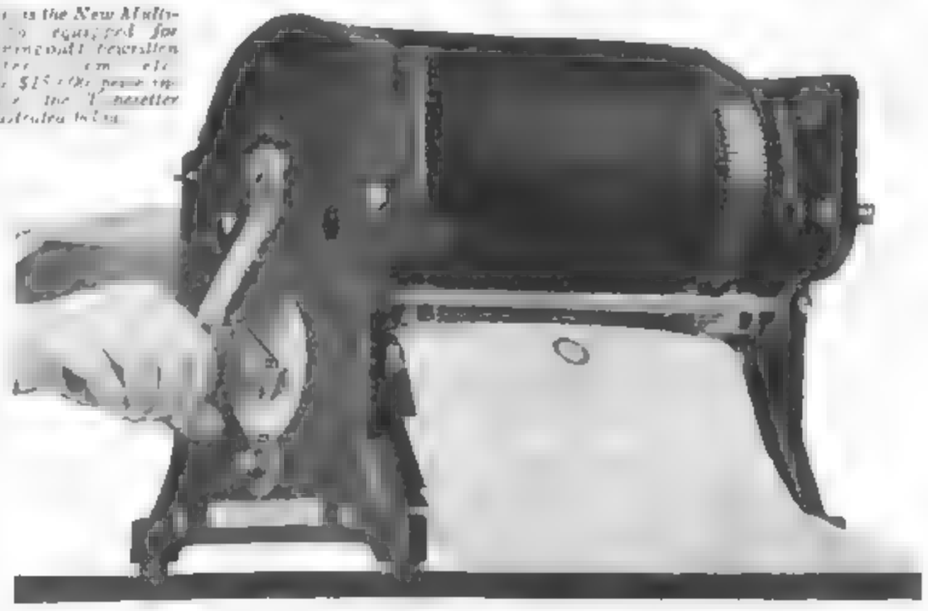
The case of the farmer is much the same. In the period of high prices he sold out for more than he had ever hoped to get. In the subsequent period of low prices many sold for what they could get in sheer discouragement, letting the other fellow sweat to meet interest and taxes. Many of the poorer ones who retired live today around the outskirts of Los Angeles in tent and shack camps or colonies.

A writer on a Los Angeles newspaper triumphantly announces that an investigation of hundreds of farmers in the Middle West, worth from twenty-five to seventy-five thousand dollars each, disclosed the thought on the part of 91 per cent of them that as soon as they could get their affairs in shape they expected to go to California. The statement did not specify whether they wanted to go there as tourists or as permanent settlers, but allowing for that question and even discounting the figures, to be on the safe side, by as much as 75 per cent, the situation is still sufficiently suggestive of a westward movement.

(Continued on Page 137)

The Middle West Sells with THE NEW MULTIGRAPH

This is the New Multigraph equipped for Varityped typewriter work. The $15 extra paid on the Typesetter illustrated below.



Here's Selling! A recent mailing of fifty Multigraph-ed letters sold five (5) Ford cars for Peck & Horton, Cleveland Dealers.

Here's Sales Power! Last year was far and away the biggest in the history of the Upson Company, wallboard manufacturers at Lockport, N. Y. Not only was more Upson Board sold than ever before, but it was sold by an almost unbelievably large number of *new* dealers. The Multigraph played an important part in helping the Upson Company gain its present position of leadership.

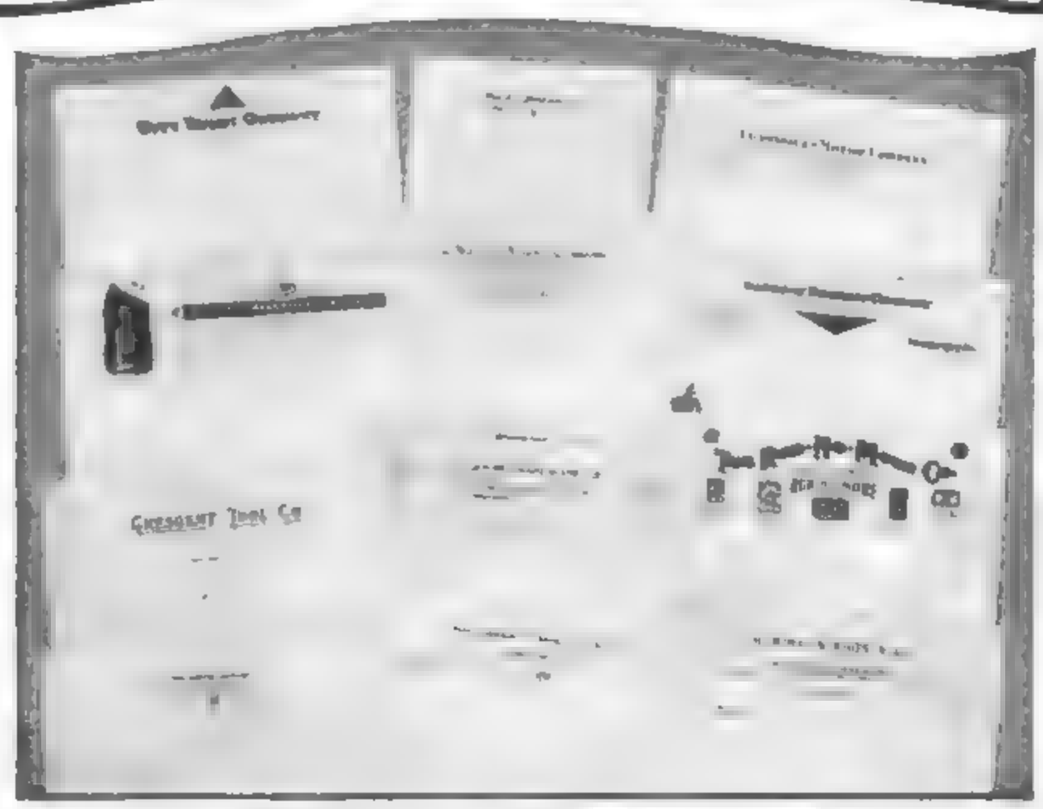
Here's Economy! Cost figures on one of the Multigraphs of The Gainaday Electric Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., show a clear saving of $400.00 each month, after allowing for depreciation, and all operating expenses. This machine is kept busy imprinting dealers' names on circulars.

Here's Adaptability! "We are constantly finding new uses for our Multigraph," writes the Motor Transport Company, Huntington, West Virginia. "Even if it could be used for no other purpose than for circular letters, it would easily be worth the purchase price; but its adaptability for turning out high-grade printed matter makes the Multigraph all the more valuable."

And so the stories of the Multigraph flow in. One manufacturer's cost system shows a clear saving in the Multigraph Department of 52%. Another one-man Multigraph Department in a provision plant turns out 354 different forms for all departments of the business. A Columbus concern tells us that the Multigraph is the *only equipment* that will reproduce circular letters satisfactorily.

Saving and *Selling* for manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, banks—businesses of every description—reaching *every* type of prospect, everywhere.
The Multigraph, rightly used, always brings home the bacon.

The above experiences,—all from the Middle West—and many more just as interesting, are illustrated and described in our newest book, "Definite Facts". Would you like a copy? There's a coupon below that makes asking for it easy.

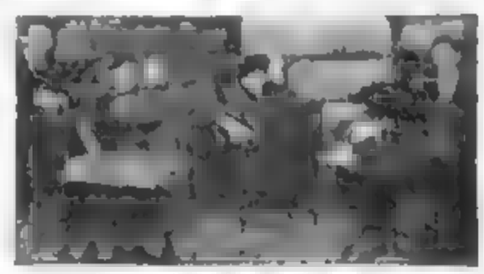


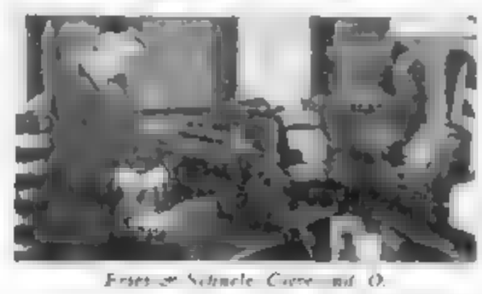
Crescent Tool Co

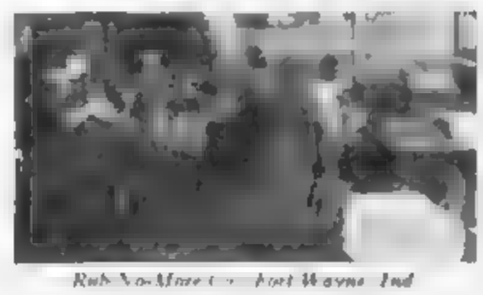
Board of Commerce, Detroit, Mich

Big Four R. R., Toledo, O.

Motor Transport Co., Huntington, W. Va.







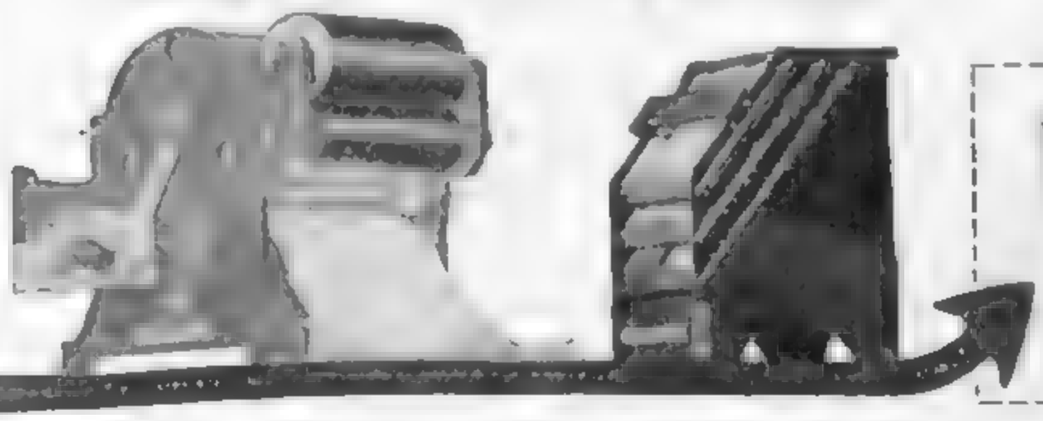
Rub-No-More Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

$30.00 DOWN Balance on Easy Terms or $150.00 CASH

Prices in Canada $38.00 down, cash price $190.00. Printing Ink attachment $37.50.

The Typesetting Printing Ink Attachment, easily attached to the New Multigraph $30.00 Outfit

This is the Multigraph Typesetter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph



The American Multigraph Sales Co.
1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

I would like to have a representative show me without any obligation the New Multigraph, and explain its possibilities in the _____ business.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

Street _____

S E P —5-12

See how the circular shoulder on one link locks in a recess of the next link, thereby forming a powerful chain before the pins are inserted

Rex Griplock Chain is giving exceptional service in automobile plants, canning plants, cement mills, saw mills, pulp and paper mills, sand and gravel pits, steel mills, tanneries, and in many other industries

Rex Griplock— the chain that's stronger than its strongest pin

Rex Griplock Chain has this big advantage over ordinary transmission and conveyor chains: *The distinctive Griplock method of joining the links makes a powerful chain even before the pins are put in!*

This important feature not only enables Rex Griplock Chain to stand greater loads and run more smoothly, but gives it an extraordinary resistance to wear. Griplock users say that it lasts from 25 to 40 per cent longer than common malleable iron chain.

Besides effecting big replacement savings, this super-chain, made of "certified malleable," will help protect against breakdowns and production losses.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad

REX CHAIN

Rex Sprockets, Rex Conveyors, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Traveling Water Screens

(Continued from Page 134)

Whatever the figures may be, there is no disputing the fact that enough retired farmers and business men are making this shift to create some curious and striking results. Let us consider first what may seem one of the least pleasant and perhaps the least important. With only the names changed, here is an item taken from the suburban page of a Los Angeles newspaper, and a very typical and common item, at that:

Leon L. Mingo, until recently secretary of the Bingo, Mingo Hardware Company, of Chicago, one of the largest wholesale hardware companies in the United States, has purchased a home this week in Vallamhambra Boulevard, Paradise-by-the-Sea, and will make his future home here. Mr. Mingo retired from active business recently. He was associated with the Bingo, Mingo Hardware Company for more than twenty-five years. He has been a guest for the last few weeks of his sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. So-and-So.

But what is the first result of this movement? Before answering the question it might be wise to look a little closer into Mingo's past, or rather into that of his partner's first cousin, John S. Bingo, who moved out about the same time. Coming from such a large city as Chicago, Mingo is really not so typical as his partner's cousin, who came out from Seventeen Corners, Iowa.

John S. Bingo was born on a farm a few miles from Seventeen Corners, and was taken to that center in his boyhood. He had lived there some thirty-five or forty years until he retired into a relatively modest bungalow on a side street in Pasadena or Hollywood or Long Beach. When Bingo decided to retire he was and had long been president of the Bingo Lumber Company and a director in the First National Bank. Indeed he was an elder in the church, chairman of the local Republican committee and a member of the county committee. Once he served a term in the state senate and was prominently mentioned for Congress, but could not give the time to run.

From Limelight to Shadow

If memory serves me right he was a library trustee and chairman of the board of education. I believe that he was on the local Liberty Loan committee during the war, perhaps on the draft board and the Red Cross. Also he was the largest single taxpayer in Seventeen Corners, and it is just impossible to conceive of anyone standing higher in a community than he did there.

Bingo had visited California the last two winters, and decided to settle there this winter. He has purchased a modest house, and the real-estate agent is very nice to him. While the house was being papered he and Mrs. Bingo stayed at a rather expensive hotel, where the very tactful assistant manager, learning that Bingo enjoys golf, introduced him to two or three other business men from the East or Middle West who are about to retire, and saw to it that cards were furnished for a country club. Also, Bingo has been called on by a number of bond salesmen, and has received quite a little literature luridly descriptive of the golden opportunities in numerous oil and real-estate subdivisions.

It may be an unwarranted intrusion into Mr. Bingo's private and personal affairs, but I cannot help wondering whether he is not a bit lonely in his retirement, whether he does not feel lost in the shuffle and a bit amazed at his exceeding obscurity as compared with his great prominence and influence back in Seventeen Corners. That is, it would be an impertinence except for the fact that there are tens of thousands of other Mr. Bingos, and the problem assumes proportions that make it of real public interest.

If there is one subject upon which all thoughtful observers in Los Angeles are agreed it is that the woods there are filled with people who were figures in their home towns, but, to use the exact phraseology, "are not known here." They live on every residential street, not only in the city itself and its surrounding circle of towns and cities but in the more distant valleys. They may be known to the salesmen from whom they bought their house and automobile, and to the assistant manager of the branch bank where they cash their checks, but that is about all as far as cutting any figure in local activities is concerned.

These remarks apply not only to retired business men but to ex-governors, senators, congressmen, mayors, judges, attorney-generals, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, authors, and the whole gamut of the more important occupations. For the most part the very names mean nothing, and from the very numbers involved can mean nothing to the more active permanent residents. Some newcomers, of course, cannot be uprooted from their old homes. They become so lonely and disgusted that to return home is the only goal, and even if they do not return while living, their ambition is to be buried in the old home town when the end comes.

But this is a minority. The majority probably stay and are happy about it. Yet in so many cases they do not emerge, they do not become an integral part of the community, nor do they assume any responsibility for it. Many join the churches and affiliate with lodges of every description. They are so numerous that they flock with their own kind, with other ex-farmers and judges and mayors from the same county in Kansas; and the man who served his constituency so long and faithfully in Congress, even becoming a committee chairman, now emerges from his southland obscurity long enough to deliver an oration at the annual picnic of Pike County, Nebraska. Indeed, there are enough newcomers so that large picnics can be held by the home folks from a single obscure town in Montana or Illinois.

In any case there are thousands who do not want to be known or do not know how to be known. Perhaps they have had enough of social, financial, industrial, professional and political responsibility. Perhaps they have had enough of prominence and standing with its accompanying cares. They prefer to tinker with an automobile and rose garden on a side street and not have it generally known that they have money. They don't want the local hospital or church or charity wished on them. They are through with burdens of every kind. That stage of their life has passed.

On the other hand, the real-estate and bond salesmen play up to the very loneliness of these newcomers and skillfully capitalize it. The ex-manufacturer who but a few short months back was at the center of affairs and now has not a blessed thought to occupy his mind will harangue the boys in the bond or real-estate office where he makes his investments, by the hour, and the sales managers of these concerns find it a very real problem to conserve the time of their men, who must listen politely to prospective clients, but not any longer than is necessary.

Rich Men Under Cover

But whether the newcomer finds his obscurity and relative unimportance to any except the salesmen agreeable or quite the contrary, the fact that he so often has money creates many curious and often embarrassing situations. I was going over these facts with the president of one of the banks whose branches extend in every direction, and he recalled an incident that he and many other informants declared to be in its essential features typical and common enough.

"One day a clerk brought into my office a gentleman whom he introduced as a customer of the bank who wanted to buy some property through us in a manner that is not usual in the banks hereabouts. The clerk left him in my office without further explanation, and I said that we did not usually transact business in that way. But the man insisted he had been accustomed to doing it back East and would consider it a favor if we could accommodate him. I had never seen the man or heard of him, and the transaction was a very large one. Finally I asked him to sign his name on a sheet of paper, and used that as an excuse to leave the office to make hasty inquiries concerning him.

"No one in the bank appeared to know much about the man. His deposit was not a large one, and I was baffled as to how to proceed. Finally I could think of no way except to remark that we would be glad to tell him anything he wanted to know about the bank, and in like manner we felt privileged to ask him questions about himself. He replied rather haughtily that he was perfectly satisfied with us, and what did we want to know about him. Then I had to come out with it and say that, as I knew nothing about him, I wanted to know all there was to know.

"'The best way,' he replied, 'is to take you down into your own safe-deposit vaults.' So he led me downstairs to our vaults, and there showed me in his box negotiable securities of the highest grade valued at more than four hundred thousand dollars, and letters and other documents proving him to be a man of great importance in his Eastern home."

Another bank president said that newcomers of this sort were too numerous for even the banks to keep track of them. At a luncheon attended by representatives of several banks and leading bond houses of the city, the vice president of one bank remarked that a man who had been of national importance in his line and lived for two years on the same block with one of the bond men present had died recently, leaving among other assets nine separate certificates of deposit for one hundred thousand dollars each. Yet none of the bond men in the room, including the one who lived on the same block, had ever heard of him during his life.

"Yes," said the bond man as everyone present laughingly turned to look at him, "I have never gotten over it. If I had known he had nine hundred thousand dollars in cash I would have played the phonograph to him every night. But then, I have a case of my own that I don't think the rest of you know about. A chap came in the other day to seek my advice on some maturing bonds. He had two thousand dollars of them. I had never heard of him before, but I did the best I could for him, and finally he took me to his safe-deposit box to show me some more bonds he wasn't sure about, and he had half a million dollars' worth of Liberties if he had a cent."

Private Incomes of Job-Holders

"I have a case of my own," spoke up another bond dealer. "This man is a retired broker from the East. He and his wife don't look as though they had a cent. The wife does her own work, and they travel in a secondhand car. But they are worth between two and three millions."

One of the bankers then related the case of a retired farmer who had interests in various Middle Western manufacturing enterprises and who came at the age of seventy to Los Angeles, living in a cheap hotel until the time of his death. To save the price of a safe-deposit box he kept seven hundred thousand dollars in securities in a trunk and had bank certificates of deposit of between two and three hundred thousand dollars. Nothing in his manner of life ever attracted the bond men in his direction.

Many such cases are uncovered only by death. Another old man, who had differed with his family, took rooms in a hotel and attracted a rather roughneck type of friends and cheap hangers-on, whom he constantly treated to beer. But on the authority of an official of one of the city's largest savings banks this man had as high as three hundred thousand dollars in savings accounts, and when his relatives forced an entry into his various boxes with a court order granted because of the old man's supposed mental condition, it was found that his securities were worth seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Yet he was unknown except to his few rough cronies.

All the bankers and bond men with whom I talked insisted that appearances had nothing to do with financial resources in this medley of new population. A couple living servantless in a small cottage on a side street, with a mechanic on one side and a clerk on the other, fooling around in the garden, and with the smallest make of car, might nevertheless buy bonds in twenty-thousand-dollar chunks. One could never tell.

One curious result of the inflow of money-eyed newcomers is the high, indeed the abnormal percentage of persons in relatively humble occupations who possess incomes of their own. For of those who come with a property of only a few thousands there are many who become pinched for funds or tired of doing nothing. Many such are not in a position to enter business on their own account, or do not know how. They take positions of every kind and description. One bank official said:

"Most of the floor men in this bank, receiving as they do salaries of not much in excess of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, have incomes of their own. One man who receives one hundred dollars a month has an income of six or seven hundred dollars a month."

In another case a man was wanted for very dull, monotonous and unimportant work in a bank at a salary so low that my informant asked me not to mention the amount. The hours were long and no holidays were granted. Yet sixty-five applicants, all men of excellent character and qualifications, answered one advertisement.

The officers of banks are in receipt of many letters from bank officers and clerks in all parts of the country wanting to know the chances of getting a position in a Los Angeles bank if they should happen to come there. A vice president of one bank answered four such letters from applicants for officers' positions alone on the morning I called to see him. This did not include letters from clerks, which were handled by a junior officer.

"Formerly we replied that we could not take a man without seeing him, but that if he should ever happen to be here on a visit he should call on us. But so many have happened to be here and have dropped in upon us that we are thinking of changing this stock phrase in our form letter. There is an element of tragedy in these cases. Some come here and land on their feet, but others do not. Naturally we can't take them all, although, on the other hand, branch banking is extending so fast that a big personnel is needed."

"I do not think there is a man in this office without some stored-up wealth," said a former newspaper writer who now heads one of the most important organizations in the city. "As for the twelve stenographers, I know that three of them do not need to work at all. They are unmarried women who own their homes and have other means. When I first started as a reporter in this city a number of years ago I was irritated to find how many of the other reporters had something stored up; a little ranch if nothing else.

"My house was painted recently by three brothers who moved out from the Middle West. They were raised on a farm, and when the land became valuable, sold it. But they did not retire. They went to Florida or California every winter and painted. They are worth about a hundred thousand dollars. I believe you would find that many street-car conductors, elevator operators and janitors here have comfortable means. I know this, that the foreman on my last carpenter job showed me a memo of his holdings, which included twenty-seven one-thousand-dollar Liberty Bonds and a number of industrial bonds."

Factors That Keep Down Salaries

As frankly admitted by the chamber of commerce itself, this situation has tended to depress the pay for office, clerical and all manner of white-collar work. One case was cited of an accountant who had once been auditor of a large Eastern corporation, with many assistants, who now is glad to get eighty-five dollars a month because he has a small competence saved up and wants to live on the Coast. The building boom has kept up wages of mechanics, generally speaking, especially in a few lines that are highly unionized, and possibly has tended to raise slightly the general level of wages and salaries. But the general attitude is that workers take part of their pay in the increased comfort of living due to a mild climate, and that, besides, there are so many with a little income anyway that it is not necessary to pay large wages.

One cannot but raise the question whether it is quite a natural condition to have so many people doing nothing, and so many others working, more because they are bored at being idle than through necessity. One active man of affairs answered the question as to whether it is not unwholesome to have so many idle people in a community as follows:

"If it is a bad thing for people in middle or later life to take it easy, then all ambition is bunk. If men of fifty-five and sixty do not retire, then there is no opportunity for the young fellows coming out of school and college. If a man has made his pile why should he not be comfortable the rest of his days? How can a man be happier than to have enough so that he isn't compelled to work in his old age? But you say that there are so many of them in these places around here. That is simply a concentration. I do not see that it is any worse, essentially, than having them scattered all over the country."

There is still another explanation of these communities, about which little is said but which underlies the whole make-up of Southwestern population and that of other

(Continued on Page 140)

AT THE END

The Dalton Super Model Statement Machine gives the same unusual adding-calculating service as the Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine and in addition a simpler, faster statement service. Statements made on this machine are neat, legible, accurate, and can be got-[illegible] in one-third to one-half the time required by ordinary methods.

Have him call

In your territory is a Dalton salesman who can offer helpful suggestions as to the most economical methods of handling figure problems of all kinds. *Phone* him.

**The Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, tabulates, cross-foots, [illegible] sales slips, [illegible] ledger [illegible], takes trial balances, adds two or more rows at once, [illegible] when number of items and total is [illegible], figures [illegible] and makes [illegible] automatically, [illegible] and makes [illegible] entry, extends [illegible], [illegible] and percentages, [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] to a total, works [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

OF EVERY TELEPHONE

—a Dalton Man

"Hic et ubique"—
Here and everywhere.

Never has this been more truly said than of the Dalton Sales and Service Organization—an organization which encompasses the globe, insuring every business the machine for its exact needs, and continuous, dependable operation of these machines, everywhere.

Literally, a Dalton man *is* at the end of every telephone, ready to answer instantly the call of today's executive.

The Dalton Sales and Service Organization has representatives in every civilized country—in more than 300 leading cities here and abroad.

This universal service is another of the many advantages which make this equipment today's standard with progressive business men of every nation—a super service having its origin in a complete series of super figuring machines for every purpose—

① a simpler, faster adding-calculating machine.

② a simpler, faster bookkeeping machine.

③ a simpler, faster statement machine.

④ a simpler, faster "cash register" machine.

Upwards of 150 models varying in price from $1200 to as low as $125—yet all are equally simple to use; all have the same scientifically correct 10-key "touch method" Dalton keyboard—the individual who operates one can operate all with equal facility.

Call the nearest Dalton Sales Agent, and have a demonstration in your own store or office, on your own work. Or write us direct, indicating the type of machine in which you are interested.

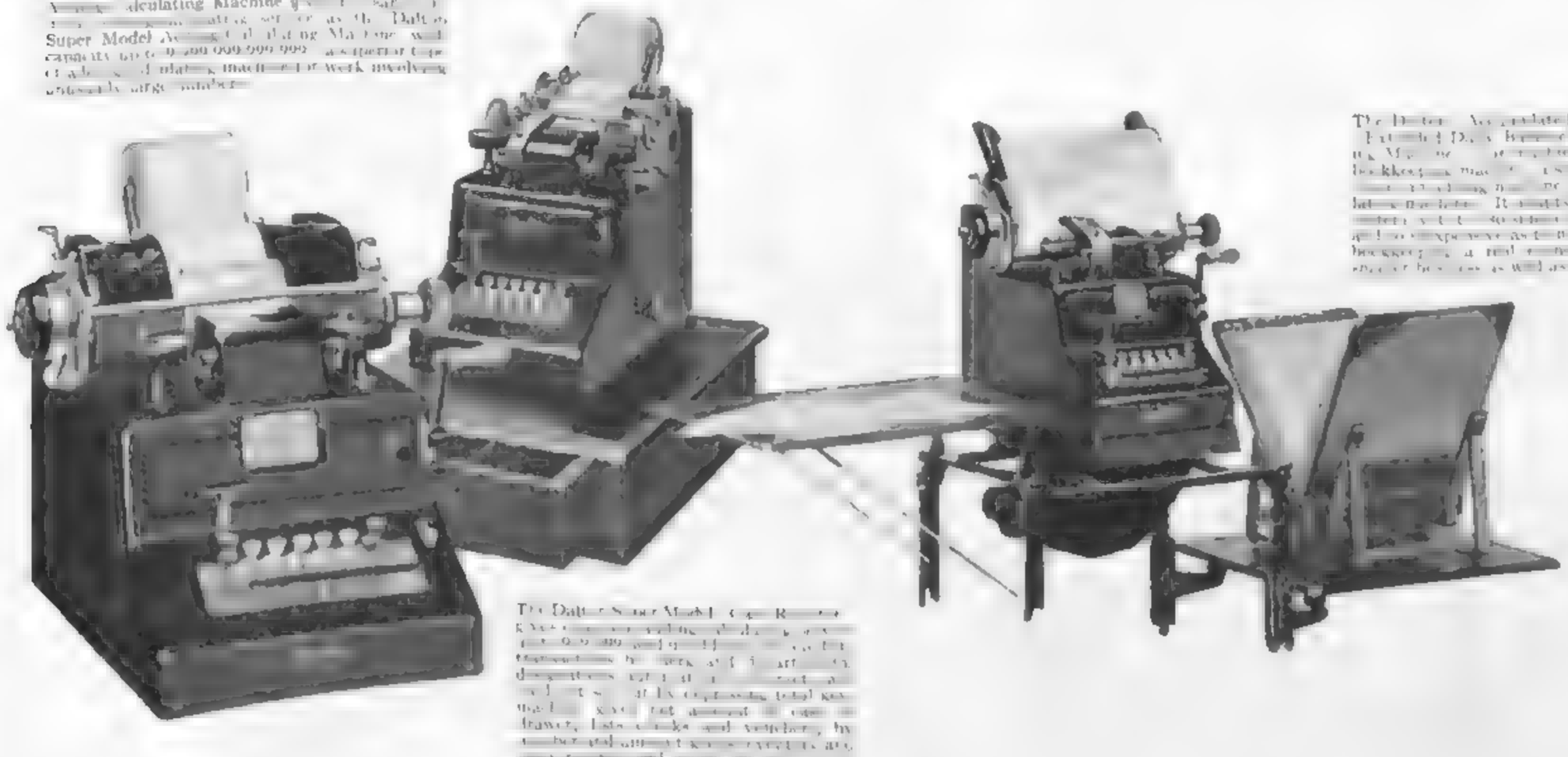
THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE SALES COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Co., Toronto and Branches - Foreign Sales Dept., Dalton Bldg., 83 Reade St., New York City - Sales Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World

Dalton

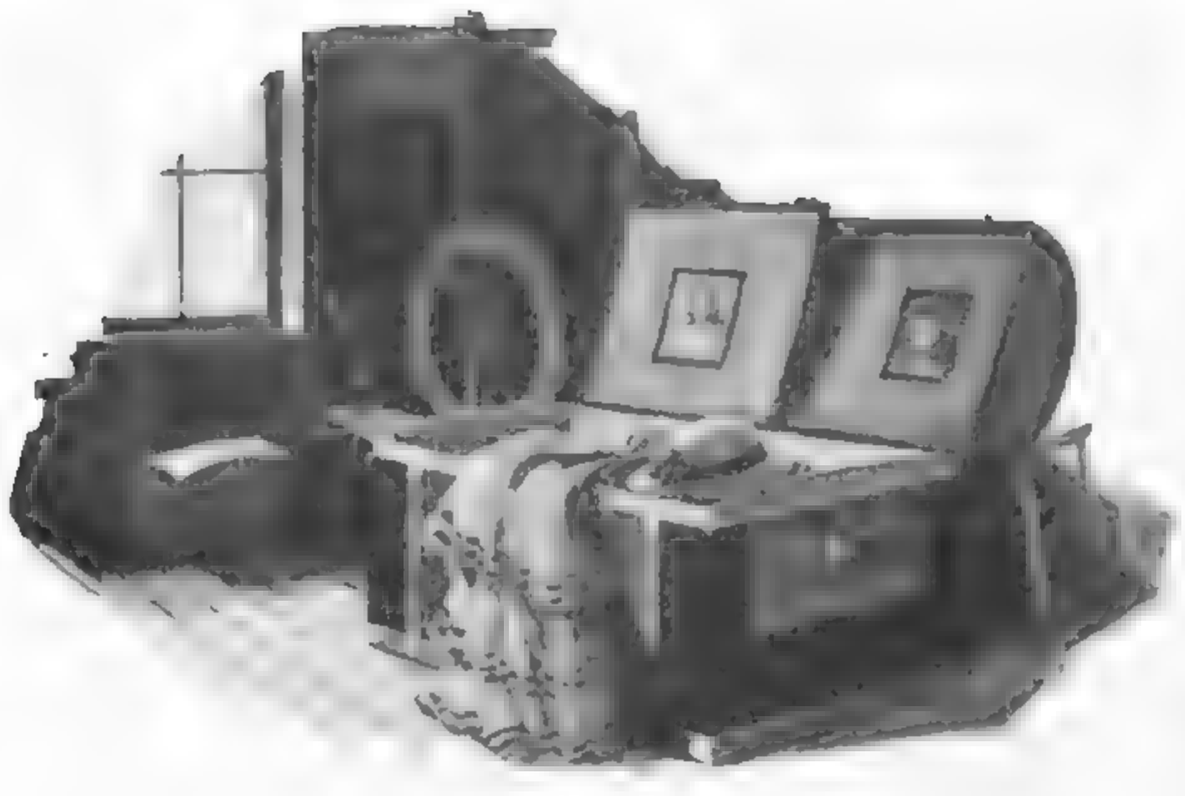
ADDING-CALCULATING · BOOKKEEPING · STATEMENT
AND "CASH-REGISTER" MACHINES

152 Models at Prices Ranging from $1200 to as low as $125



The Dalton Super Model 11-Bank [illegible] Adding-Calculating Machine [illegible] Dalton Super Model [illegible] Adding-Calculating Machine [illegible] capacity up to $9,999,999,999.99 [illegible] grade [illegible] machine for work involving [illegible] large numbers.

The Dalton [illegible] Model Cash Register [illegible] the retail business.



The only comfort is in being true to sentiment

THE only comfort when loved ones pass on is in being true to our sentiment and in doing those things which our hearts dictate. Most important at such a time is protection for the remains.

There must be no compromise in this protection, because there can be no compromise in our sentiment. And there need be no compromise—the Clark Grave Vault provides such protection. This vault utilizes an immutable law of Nature—an absolutely certain and practical way of making modern burial equipment both air and water tight.

Every school child is familiar with the experiment of lowering an inverted glass into a basin of water. The water can not enter the glass, because the air within keeps the water out. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

The Clark Grave Vault is made of copper steel, (12 gauge thickness, which is unusually heavy) that not only keeps out water, but also resists the action of the elements. Further, each Clark Vault must be of perfect quality individually, this being assured by tests far more severe than actual burial conditions. Every Clark Grave Vault is guaranteed for fifty years.

Leading funeral directors recognize the Clark Grave Vault as the standard of protection.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

(Continued from Page 137)

Western states. I refer to the large number of families that have gone West for purposes of health. Very often there is only one member of a family whose health is delicate, but whether that member dies, recovers or remains ill, the others stay on and raise families there.

Reference was made to bank officers and employes in other places who write to the Southwestern banks for possible openings. The same effort to make connections is true of lawyers, doctors, teachers and men in many other lines. These men are moving West not because of failure on their part or even through a spirit of adventure, but because the health of a father or mother, son or daughter, brother or sister requires a milder climate. They may prove a fine addition to the population and may be of the highest standing. In any case, idleness is not their goal.

But the most significant fact concerning the influx of newcomers with money has not as yet been mentioned. I refer to the tendency on the part of a substantial number to weary of retirement. Thousands come to retire and remain obscure, as far as business is concerned, but there are enough others who do not stay retired, except for a couple of years, to put a very different interpretation upon the community than one would at first suppose.

The very bringing together of so many men who have been busy and active in the past means that with a considerable proportion of them the lotus lure of climate, retirement, golf or whatever else brought them out originally gradually fades away, and they find themselves once more in the midst of activities.

Several of the business and financial leaders of the city who had lived there long or were native to the place told me that W. H. Whiteside, former president of the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, of Milwaukee, and before that associated for many years with George Westinghouse, was as typical as any of the more prominent newcomers who had come to retire but soon found themselves in the midst of all sorts of financial and industrial activities of the first order. It was said that during his first year or two Mr. Whiteside had merely puttered a little in his Pasadena garden, but now he was starting all manner of factories. So I called upon Mr. Whiteside, and in the course of an interesting analysis of industrial conditions in the Pacific Southwest he said very frankly:

"I came out here to die; that's all there was to it. But I recovered, and I don't see how men who have been very active in other parts of the country can stay out of affairs here, provided they are not ill."

Getting Acquainted

I am confident that there has been no exaggeration in this article of the retired-business-men crop. But the point must be made with equally great emphasis that the man who thinks he is going to California to loaf often finds that it is really a case of dying of dry rot or going into business again. This is certainly fortunate from the point of view of the industrial and financial and even the agricultural development of the state itself.

As the community grows the proportion of those who leave their retirement naturally increases. As the game becomes more and more of the big-league variety the number of participants increases, and the very fact that men of experience and large resources join in makes it all the bigger. The thing rolls up like a snowball. The newcomer may be lonely at first, before he has caught his bearings, but if the growth of industries and population conveys any meaning to him at all he need not sulk in his tent very long unless he wants to. The rapidity with which the personnel of the leading big business and banking groups of the city has changed in recent years would hardly indicate that it is necessary to be a native son to forge ahead in active affairs.

In a city that has grown so fast newness is only a matter of degree anyway, and nearly all are newcomers. It is often said in Los Angeles that the city has a wonderful system of winning the newcomer and inducing him to invest his money locally. One has hardly registered at a hotel before the telephone and a little later the mail bring offers of real-estate opportunities.

If the newcomer wants to come out of his shell of retirement at all, and especially if he has brought with him from the East not only money but a reputation for power and influence, he will find himself before long sitting on the right hand of the speaker at some public banquet or invited to join at least a smaller bank directorate.

But he rarely enters business at the start. He putters in his garden a while, busies himself with house building, and, if he is of a certain degree of affluence, motors to San Diego or Santa Barbara for week-ends or joins a country club. Naturally he does not swallow the first bait offered. He wants to investigate a little.

It takes him anywhere from six months to three years to become interested. As one such capitalist expressed it, two years was required to persuade him that it wasn't all hot air, that the community had continuity and substantiality, that it would not blow up. Another explained that he had been accustomed all his life to New York Stock Exchange securities and couldn't quite get used to a different type of investments, to irrigation bonds and the like.

Looking About for Investments

"Rarely is the Easterner willing to invest much the first year," said one banker, "but it is equally rare that they don't make a start by the third year at any rate, and when they do, it is often for large sums, a million dollars in a single real-estate development. At first the newcomer believes that what he sees is nothing but a temporary boom, but after he has seen property that he could have bought during his first six months double in price, then he is not so sure."

"A man walks in here with a letter from an Eastern bank," said another bank officer, "and deposits five thousand dollars. Also he rents a safe-deposit box, and as he has come to retire we assume that he has quite a lot of bonds. We do not hear from him again until he comes in to ask our advice about buying a half interest in a factory or an office building, or perhaps he makes the purchase without telling us, or the next thing we hear about him is that he has been elected a director in a suburban bank."

In one of the important banks I was told that a research department is maintained largely for the purpose of giving advice on industrial and other business opportunities to customers, of whom many if not most are newcomers. The manager of the department related case after case:

"Mr. X is manufacturer of this or that in the East. He comes out to rest a while and sees the possibilities of starting a similar factory here. Jokingly he says that his associates told him those slick Westerners would get him if he didn't look out. But he fairly trembles with excitement as he speaks of the possibilities of the new mill which he is in a fair way of organizing at an outlay of more than half a million."

"There is the case of Mr. Y," said another informant. "I labored long with him to transfer part of his fortune here. I think he must be worth five or six millions. Very reluctantly he shifted half a million into high-class local securities. But now he has a four-hundred-acre subdivision development from which he expects to make a killing; and, besides, he owns an office building. His uncle, who was in the lumber business, came a little later and now has a chain of lumber yards and a bunch of small banks."

To pile up cases would be wearisome; but they are of all descriptions. There is the man who had seven tile and terra-cotta plants in the Middle West and came out to bury himself and his millions. But now he is building a plant in his new home for the manufacture of chinaware, which will employ several hundred operatives, and in addition he is building houses to care for these workers.

Then there is the sash-and-door manufacturer from Kansas who turned his business over to his sons and retired to California. But when he found there was to be a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar contract for that sort of work in one of the largest of the newer buildings under construction he went back into the sash-and-door business.

The case is much the same with the smaller capitalists. The farmer comes with his mortgage, and when it is paid off he dabbles a little in lots or puts up two or three bungalows. There is much buying and building of bungalow courts, two-family houses and small apartments by those who come to live on a moderate competence. The owner lives in one of the

two houses or bungalows or apartments, and spends part of his time taking care of the rest, trying to satisfy the tenants and keeping up the place

It is certainly true that in a city that is growing rapidly and so much of which is new there are business and investment opportunities to fit every size, from a double house to a subdivision comprising thousands of acres, the largest of which to date contemplates the ultimate expenditure of thirty million dollars.

Mr. Whiteside told the writer that he felt he had the opportunity in a rapidly developing community to visualize his investments:

"You can see who is managing things in such a place. It is different from Wall Street. Men who have come out recently call upon me every day to ask where they can put their money and see it. They feel that if they are going to lose their money they would rather do it themselves. The Wall Street stock market goes up and down, and it is all so big that no one really knows what is going on or who is doing it. The business public is pretty tired of having its business run by forces unknown to it. You can supervise your investments here."

Which perhaps is only another way of saying that in a community that is both new and growing and where the industries are as yet rather small there are many kinds of opportunities for many kinds of operators.

"The fact that there are so many people here who can enter business with extensive past experience and ample capital produces an unusual frame of mind," said an officer of a financial institution. "Such men say, 'I'm sitting pretty. I'm perfectly comfortable, and don't have to work, but I'd like to do something.' The result is that they go only into propositions they really enjoy. Their enthusiasm is greater, they smile and don't crab."

Causes of Recent Expansion

This enthusiastic statement may be true or merely an assumption. But it is a fact as yet little realized in the East that Los Angeles has forged ahead with great rapidity in the last few years as an industrial center. From almost as low as fortieth city industrially in 1910 it had risen in the next decade to tenth place, and the increase in the last two years has been exceedingly rapid. J. R. Douglas, a trained economist, who is now manager of the research department of one of the leading banks, in a careful analysis and after making many discounts and allowances for purposes of conservatism, estimates that the present rate of industrial growth is 25 per cent a year.

An hour's walk or ride through the manufacturing section will show what a large number of small and moderate-sized industries have been started in the last few years. Great single industrial plants are mostly lacking, but the production of the aggregate of a thousand or more of small enterprises considerably modifies the idea that the only crops are tourists and oranges. It is hoped in a future article to describe the tendency toward industrialization and economic self-sufficiency that is looming up so large in the Far West as a whole, and in this article only the briefest references can be made to the reasons for Los Angeles' industrial growth.

Quite probably if the new settler should for any reason stop coming with his money the rate of industrial expansion would slacken. Certainly one factor in the expansion has been the great amount of capital brought in by the retired class who become restless and seek a field for their capital and efforts. But on the other hand, the population not only in and around the city itself but in what was once the desert back country has now become so large that a very respectable local industrial establishment is needed to support it. This the Eastern manufacturer does not fail to note, and in addition the increased railroad freight rate is forcing his establishment of branches or separate companies on the coast if he is to continue to supply that growing market.

Fortunately many other factors have combined to stimulate this expansion. Cheap and adequate water and power are fundamental, but it was only a relatively few years ago that these were developed on their present scale. Climatic conditions are said to be favorable for all-the-year operation in a number of industries, and living conditions are in the same way easy for the operatives. An artificially constructed harbor, which now handles an enormous volume of traffic, fits in nicely with industrial growth, but would hardly have been justified prior to the completion of the Panama Canal.

Nor is there any question that open-shop conditions have attracted manufacturers, and, also, it is said, certain classes of labor. The labor supply is exceedingly large, because, as already stated, considerations of health and climate draw the working people as well as retired manufacturers and farmers. Keen competition in the labor market naturally interests capital, but there is another side to the shield. In order to prevent unemployment among the army of persons who have drifted there, with a little money perhaps, but not enough to live on, it is very necessary indeed, vital that the industrial expansion continue.

At all times the growth of Southern California has been due in no small measure to a powerful advertising and publicity machine, and properly enough the emphasis of its activities has been shifted more and more in the past few years to attracting industries and enlarging the harbor rather than merely to bringing in more people.

In any case, the labor is there, perhaps not for factories employing thousands, but certainly for those employing hundreds of hands. A new cotton mill, the managers of which feared they would be obliged to train new operatives, had four hundred and seventeen replies from already trained spinners and weavers as the result of five days' advertisement. The operatives had gone there from the East for the sake of going somewhere or anywhere, or because of ill health in the family, but now they wanted to get work.

Nor should the movies be overlooked as a big factor in industrial development, in the broader and more general sense of that term. A substantial increase in population and a more than substantial increase in pay roll have come with the movies. Moreover, a large part of the pay roll goes not to actors but to artisans of every description.

Along with these developments have gone the discovery of great fields of oil at the city's gates, and the almost constant increase in value of the agricultural product of surrounding areas. Although oil was found within the city itself quite a number of years ago, the larger developments were in other parts of the state until the last two years, during which three large fields have been developed close to the city. The writer's first view of an oil derrick close to Los Angeles was had at almost the same moment that the castle set in Robin Hood hove in sight.

Swift Industrial Growth

At the present rate one year's production of oil within fifty miles of the city compares favorably with the total production of gold in the state since 1849. Nor must the great variety of high-priced crops that are grown in the vicinity be overlooked as a factor in the city's growth. Residents were petrified when they first learned that the value of manufactured goods exceeded that of the citrus crop in the proportion of three to one. Though great and valuable agricultural areas of the state are tributary to other cities than Los Angeles, the crops produced near that city are increasing in value, absolutely if not relatively to other sources of wealth.

None will admit sooner than the older residents of the city themselves that the phraseology of a decade ago—climate, tourists, the real-estate agent and oranges—was accurate enough. But somehow the title to this article, Money From Everywhere, has become true, or truer, in more senses than one.

I asked Henry M. Robinson, president of one of the two largest banks in the southern part of the state, how he accounted for the almost spectacular growth in bank deposits. In addition to heading one of the most aggressive financial institutions on the coast Mr. Robinson was a member of the Supreme Economic Council at the Paris Peace Conference, chairman of the Bituminous Coal Commission of 1920, and a member of numerous other important government commissions both during and following the war. His reply was simply that he did not know how to weigh the four great factors—oil, crops, industries and newcomers.

Another banker when asked which of these four factors should be given the chief

(Continued on Page 144)

Do You Know

that Diamond Tires are standard tires and quality throughout—no better tires made?

Do You Know

that The Diamond Rubber Company makes only one grade of tire—the best that can be produced?

Do You Know

that Diamond Tires have established and maintained this reputation for thirty years?

Do You Know

that Diamond Tires showed one of the largest gains in sales over preceding years of any of the leading brands, due to these facts?

Do You Know

there are over 2,000,000 Diamond Tires in use, riding out the facts of Longer Service —Lower Cost.

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.
Akron, Ohio

Diamond Tires
For Passenger and Commercial Cars

The Joy of Making the Old Home New!

by Elsie Lewis

Next to the thrill that comes of building I know of nothing that can match the sheer joy of taking a shabby old room and transforming it into an interior of charm and beauty. Nearly every home has at least one room that is a source of embarrassment. Yet few people realize how quickly and inexpensively such a room can be made new.

Picture a living room in which the furnishings are well chosen—the rugs in excellent taste—yet the walls and ceiling are cracked and shabby. They mar the appearance of the whole room, and impel you to apologize when visitors come

If you have such a room, your carpenter can easily and quickly transform it by applying big panels of Upson Board right over the old plaster and finishing with appropriate panel strips. You can do it without tearing off the old paper

Now you are ready to decorate. A coat or two of paint—say old ivory, or a pleasing stippled effect, on lower side walls, and a lighter tone on the ceiling, woodwork and mouldings in white or a harmonizing shade. And lo! the *old* room has become *new*. Instead of unsightly walls and ceiling you have walls and ceiling of enduring charm.

New Walls Over the Old

You will find your new paneled walls and ceiling beautiful and artistic. The idea of paneling is as old as Art itself. No scheme of decoration is more pleasing, more restful, or more harmonious. Architects and decorators are utilizing panels more than ever before.

The panels may run from the floor to the ceiling, or be used in combination with a frieze or wainscot. Varying widths of decorative strips afford endless possibilities of design, while the use of imitation beams on ceilings adds a refinement and beauty

If you will remember, almost every ideal interior you have ever seen pictured in the magazines has had paneled walls and ceiling—from the luxurious hotel and mansion to the unpretentious home and bungalow—and regardless of whether the material was marble, plaster, steel or wood

Beautify, Room by Room

The living room finished, you'll want to do every room in the house—especially the ceilings, so that you may know they can never crack or fall. Perhaps the dining room needs attention. Its ceiling is frequently discolored from leaks in the bathroom upstairs. And you will surely want to modernize the bathroom and kitchen by putting in Fibre-Tile wainscots, with wall board for the upper walls.

These suggestions are practical, and comparatively inexpensive. In fact, I know of no other way in which you can work such a really wonderful transformation with so little outlay of cash and so little trouble.

It isn't a bit like plastering. In Upsonizing there is no irritating muss—no dirt—and no waiting for the plaster to dry. I suggest you try one room this Spring—at least one ceiling. You'll be agreeably surprised at the lasting charm and beauty of the finished result.

This beautiful remodeled Georgian dining room was designed by Frederick L [illegible] Architect, New York. Furnishings Courtesy Heck, Interior Decorator, New York.

A wall material that is *different*—that will not crack or chip or fall—that can be painted economically

You can have beautiful walls and ceilings like these

THIS year, when the volume of construction is unprecedented, plaster walls and ceilings become a greater *problem* than ever.

In many communities, both plaster and plasterers are scarce—in some places almost unobtainable

By using Upson Board, however, you can eliminate the uncertainty of plastering and hasten the completion of your building or repairs. Despite an abnormal demand, increased manufacturing facilities enable Upson dealers to carry adequate stocks of this time-tested material

Upson Board truly seems to be the *nearest* perfect wall and ceiling material. It is *different!* IT IS NOT A HEAVY, BRITTLE WALL BOARD! There is little or no breakage in cutting and fitting. Its edges will not crumble.

Upson Board is simply *refined* or re-created lumber, one of the oldest and most useful building materials known to mankind. Big sturdy trees are ground up into long wiry fibers which are fabricated into stiff, strong panels, having all the well-known virtues of wood, yet without the brittleness of ordinary wall materials

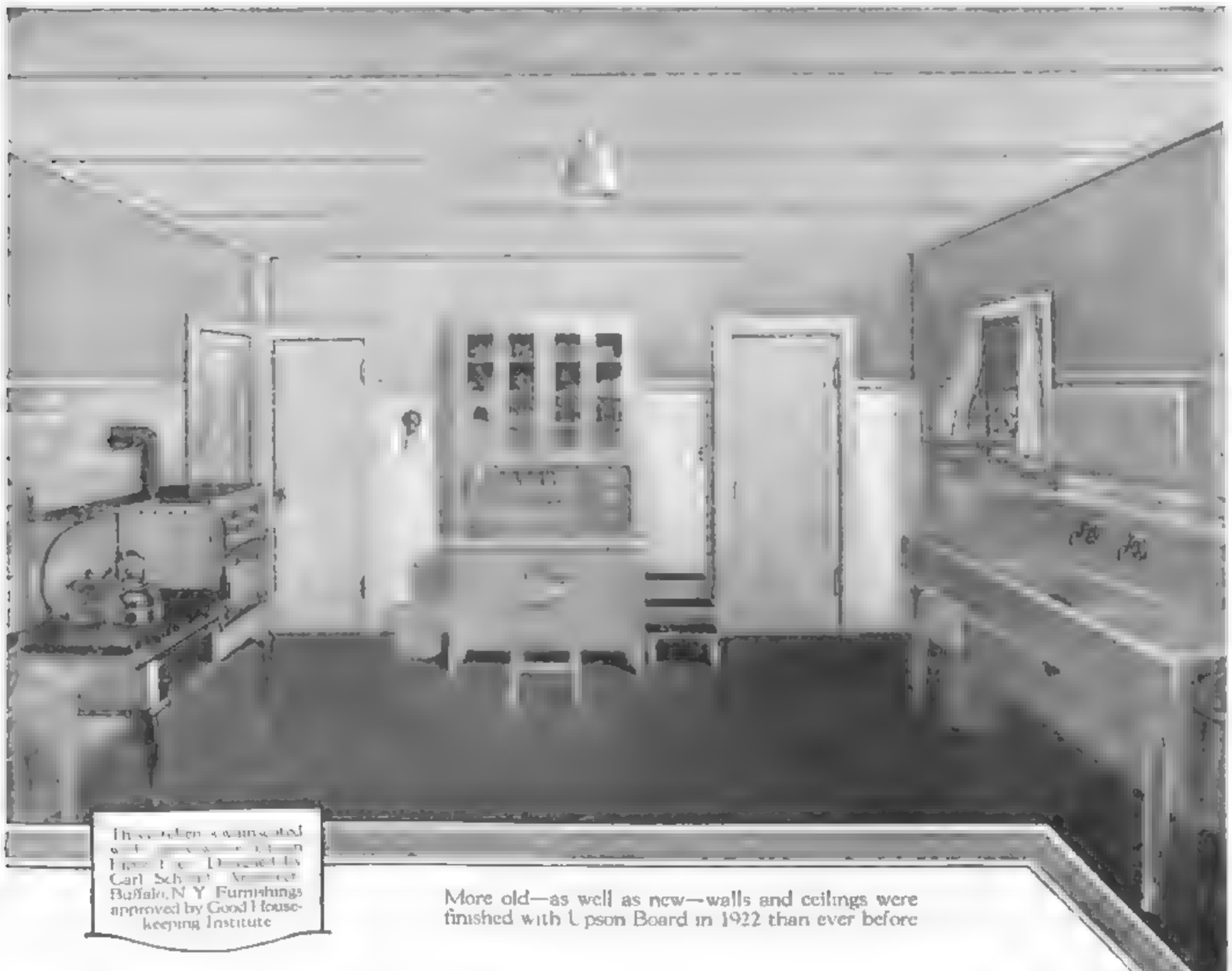
Upson panels are *light* in weight, and therefore especially adapted for use on ceilings Jars and vibrations will not cause them to crack or work loose

Although fittingly used in the finest of homes, as well as the modest cottage, Upson Board is not expensive. When applied and finished, we believe it is the cheapest wall lining It requires no priming coat, as do absorbent wall materials. It thus saves $5 to $15 per room in the cost of painting

To remember the name say it over to yourself three times—Up-son—Up-sun—*Up-son* Board

UPSON

← GENUINE UPSON BOARD HAS THE FAMOUS *BLUE* CENTER →



This bedroom is wainscoted with Upson Board. Floor by Hardwood Floor Co. Designed by Carl Schmidt, Architect, Buffalo, N. Y. Furnishings approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

More old—as well as new—walls and ceilings were finished with Upson Board in 1922 than ever before

Record sales reflect a country-wide movement toward Upson Board

BUILDERS everywhere seem to recognize the need for a *dependable* wall material.

Distinctive quality is creating a noteworthy preference for Upson Board. Any dealer who *knows* wall board will tell you Upson Board stands in a class by itself. It is *not* like other boards.

Upson Board is not only harder and stiffer, but nearly *twice* as strong as ordinary boards. Its new, improved *Super*-Surface makes it far-and-away the most beautiful board as well. Its dependability is evidenced by its splendid record of less than one complaint to every 5,000,000 feet sold and used. You can use Upson Board with confidence!

For about $9, east of the Rockies, you can buy enough 3/16" Upson Board—not including labor and trim—for the ceiling of a 12' x 16' room. For two or three dollars more you can have *Extra* Thick—*Extra* Strong Upson Board (1/4"), a de Luxe lining for the finest of buildings.

Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners, an exclusive Upson creation, afford the *only* method of holding wall board *securely* in place from the back, thus eliminating disfiguring nail holes, the one big objection to the use of wall board

Upson Board is sold by thousands of discriminating dealers everywhere. When a dealer offers you Upson Board, you can be assured he is selling a material he can conscientiously recommend.

Write us today for portfolio of Upsonized interiors and finished samples of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile.

THE UPSON COMPANY

Fiber Board Authorities

520 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

A Product of 100 Uses for Use in 1000 Places

By Marion Stanley

Through installations in thousands of homes in every state in the union, a comparatively new type of lining for walls and ceilings has proven its right to be known as a staple building material.

This interesting product is known as Upson Board. It is made of wiry, shredded wood fibres which are fabricated under enormous pressure into laminated panels of uniform thickness, both wider and longer than wooden boards. Each panel is then subjected to scientific processing by which it is kiln-cured, water-proofed and surface-primed

As an improvement over materials which have been used primarily because there was nothing better, this new material has been subjected to most exacting tests. And just as the steamboat, the telephone, electricity, and even the bathtub were ridiculed and condemned when introduced, so skeptics have questioned the use of wall board.

Nevertheless, the idea of a wall-lining that is permanent—that will not crack or fall—has long been known to be fundamentally sound. Wall board has therefore been perfected to fill an existing need for a more satisfactory lining that could be used in every kind of building, in every climate

Aside from its use for walls and ceilings, home owners find this versatile material just as useful as lumber. The young as well as the old can use it in making wardrobes, photographic dark rooms, cabinets, doll houses, waste baskets, lap boards, tables, toys, and countless other useful articles.

Used Extensively in Industry

It is especially adapted for use in factories or warehouses where vibration makes ordinary linings unsafe.

Millwrights find it almost indispensable. They use it for making office partitions, shop divisions, wardrobes, workrooms, storage cabinets, stockrooms, machine guards, closets, telephone booths—in fact, everywhere throughout their plants.

For manufacturers wall board makes a hundred different products. Blackboards, refrigerators, furniture, toys, novelties—these are just a few of the places where it is proving more economical and better than materials formerly used

Store decorators in many of the biggest stores in the country find that this material makes substantial, attractive exhibits that can be erected with a minimum of trouble and expense. Bakeries, restaurants, candy, drug and other stores that must be kept clean and immaculate, find the surface of this modern wall-lining can be cleaned like painted woodwork. It has well been called the board of 100 uses for use in 1000 places.

Used 'round the Farm

On the farm this dependable material plays an important part. Plaster is heavy and hard to haul; plasterers hard to get. Upson Board builds interiors that never need to be replaced. It is also used extensively for lining the garage, barn, milkhouse, dairy and granary and for dozens of odd uses, such as cupboards, cabinets, clothes closets and bins. The up-to-date farmer will find it convenient to keep a bundle constantly on hand.

BOARD

COPYRIGHT THE UPSON CO., 1923

—LESS THAN ONE COMPLAINT TO EVERY 5,000,000 FEET—

IS *the* WATER HOT YET ?

TWENTY minutes ago you fussed with the old-fashioned water heater. You are tired—and even now the stream that flows into the bathtub is only lukewarm.

Oh, for the joy of perfect hot water service! Just to turn the faucet and get sparkling, clean water—plenty of it and so hot that you must mix it with cold to get just the right temperature.

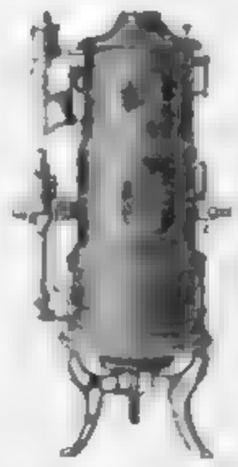
Open any hot faucet in the house. Hot water is the instantaneous result. That's the hot water service of the Pittsburg.

And this water is heated *at a cheaper rate per gallon than it can be done in any other way.*

One of the eighteen different types and sizes of Pittsburg Water Heaters will exactly fit your requirements—will give your household all the water that it needs for every purpose.

Near you is a Pittsburg dealer (the gas company or one of the prominent plumbers) who will gladly advise you. He will tell you about the easy-payment plan that allows you practically to make your own terms.

If you prefer, write to us, mentioning the number of hot water faucets in your home and the number of people in your family. We will recommend the proper size Pittsburg for you and at the same time send you an interesting little book, "The Well-managed Home," which tells the whole story of better hot water service.



Bear in mind that Pittsburg Water Heaters are made and guaranteed by the oldest and largest manufacturers of copper coil heaters in the world, a company with a reputation extending over a quarter of a century

PITTSBURG WATER HEATER COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pittsburg
AUTOMATIC GAS
WATER HEATERS

"If it's done with heat, you can do it BEST with gas"

(Continued from Page 141)

weight replied, "There is no answer. Here is a city built *de novo* from new and untried premises."

It would take the wisdom of Solomon to explain exactly what is back of the apparently frantic, certainly the spectacular and to a large extent the very new development of banking in and around the city. The first branch bank in the state was started quite a number of years ago by Andrew M. Chaffey, now president of one of the larger banking institutions, and branch banking has been practiced extensively throughout the entire state by the Bank of Italy, whose headquarters are in San Francisco. But one does not need to be in Los Angeles or vicinity more than a few days to realize why the new state superintendent of banks recently referred to the expansion of branch banking in that particular section as an epidemic.

The latest proposed development is the opening of checking stations, where checks may be cashed, but none of the ordinary banking operations, such as the making of loans, are to be carried on. There appears to be a mad scramble to secure the most favorable sites in the outlying suburbs, and many of the new branches are mere jitney banks, holes in the wall, to serve temporarily until imposing marble structures can be erected. Branch banks are being started apparently much like oil wells or chain stores or gasoline service stations, as offsets, on opposite corners, to prevent competitors from getting all the business.

Extension of Banking

One of the largest institutions started upon its branch-banking career hardly more than two years ago, and on one day some eighteen banks in country districts were taken over by one of the big city institutions. Within two or three years banks have started bond departments and are offering other new services on such an extensive scale as to arouse the ire of many members of the legal profession.

This is no place to go into the pros and cons of branch banking, but obviously its rather sudden expansion in Southern California at least is related to and is in part one of the peculiar results of the influx of newcomers with money. The Security Trust & Savings Bank, an institution that thirty years ago had hardly more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars deposits and now has close to two hundred million dollars with more than two hundred thousand depositors, has for some time been provided with one of the largest safe-deposit vaults in the country. Two years ago there were sixteen thousand boxes in the main office alone, not to count those in the branches. Yet this bank, although only one of many, has since been engaged in enlarging its vault facilities.

The rapid increase in population has resulted in traffic congestion, and residents of outlying districts can no longer go downtown for their shopping and banking. As in other large cities this has brought about the development of outside business centers, of which Hollywood is the best-known example, and the banks are rushing in to get the business.

On the other hand, one of the large banks has within a year or so begun an aggressive policy of buying up correspondent banks in the agricultural communities lying at some distance from the city. Under the leadership of Mr. Robinson and of Charles F. Stern, the executive vice president, who as a former state banking superintendent and also state highway commissioner is familiar with the needs of the state, a theory and practice are being evolved of handling one crop after another. There is a great variety of crops, maturing at different periods, and the idea is that a powerful city institution with branches in the different valleys where the various crops are grown can handle one crop after another better than small country banks are able to

It is hoped that in this way the city, which is a depositing center with surplus funds, can make money available to the agricultural territory, whose more adequate financing will in turn increase the city's growth. In other words, the city cannot become really great industrially unless it is tied up more closely with the irrigated valleys with their cooperative growers' associations.

Largely perhaps because of the influx of newcomers with money, Southern California is shifting with considerable rapidity from a debtor to a creditor country. Most of my informants admitted freely enough that as a financial center Los Angeles is still well behind San Francisco, but its growth as a financial center is nevertheless marked, not only in the expansion of its banks but in other respects.

Ten years ago there were perhaps six bond houses in the city. Today there are at least fifty. In a few years one firm has increased its staff from five to more than a hundred, and its office force works in two shifts, day and night. Probably all the office space occupied by bond houses ten years ago could be put into one of the larger offices today.

The city has been reaching out into such states as Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Nevada in the last three years for municipal, irrigation and industrial issues. In the financing also of its great hydroelectric systems a distinctly larger part is being played locally, as well as in San Francisco, than five or ten years ago. Great quantities of stock and very considerable portions of the bond issues of these companies are now taken in all sections of California, and the fate of these enterprises, so essential to a state that uses white instead of black coal, is not so dependent upon Wall Street as formerly.

The head of one bond firm explained the growth of his business in part by the fact that nowhere else are there so many idle people with money, relatively speaking, who have nothing to do but read the bond advertisements. Naturally the newcomers do not transfer their investments immediately, and numbers of them keep for a considerable time their Eastern brokerage or bond-house affiliations.

But gradually there is a shifting process, especially into securities that are California-tax exempt. Besides, as mortgages are paid off or bonds become due the tendency is to reinvest in what the local banks and brokers have to offer.

Certainly work has been done in Los Angeles in making financial advertising human, appealing and interesting. Not only the bond houses but the big public utilities use the same drawing methods in selling their stock. Unfortunately, also the stock fakers have not overlooked the human touch in their advertisements; but the whole subject of oil in California, legitimate and illegitimate alike, will be covered in another article.

The Building Boom

After all, the most bewildering result of the influx of newcomers with money, the most characteristic accompaniment or aspect perhaps of the city's growth, has been barely mentioned as yet in this article, and is such a large and complicated, withal such a fascinating topic that it can be referred to here only with marked brevity. I have in mind, of course, the expansion, or boom, in real-estate and building construction, and more particularly in the subdivision of suburban property, which since 1920 has resembled a stock-market craze of the first magnitude.

Like other cities, Los Angeles found itself seriously underbuilt at the end of the war. It began to catch up, but unlike some other cities did not have a practically stationary population, but one that was increasing at an unheard-of rate from about 1920 on. Naturally the newcomer buys a house and lot before he invests in factories, bonds, stocks and office buildings.

To say exactly what dimensions this boom has reached would be difficult without the most detailed inquiry, but certain facts stand out. Los Angeles put up in 1922 enough buildings to supply a city the size of Albany, New York, although there are four cities far ahead of it in population, and five of practically similar size. In January of this year resident permits ran just under two thousand. For two years subdivisions ranging from fifty to several hundred or even thousands of acres have been undertaken, roughly speaking, at the rate of perhaps one a day, with 1922 building permits running throughout the year at an average of one every fourteen minutes.

There can be no question that over a considerable period of time real-estate values in this as in many other cities have tended upward. Fortunes have been made in land and buildings, and anecdotes without end can be told along these lines. Time and again people have bought land at prices that were highway robbery at the time, only to sell at an advance in a few years. People have bought into subdivisions and

(Continued on Page 147)

Your Coal Window!

Does It Look Like This?

DOES the coal window in your home look like the one pictured above? *It shouldn't.* Nevertheless, thousands of good homes *do* have a coal window like this — battered, broken, unsightly!

You don't *want* such a coal window in the home you are planning to build. And you won't get such a coal window if you will merely remember the Majestic when you build.

The Majestic Coal Window is *break-proof*, and it likewise prevents costly, unsightly damage to the wall above the window—damage which always occurs when only a wood or steel frame-and-sash window is used. Remember the Majestic—and specify it when you build.

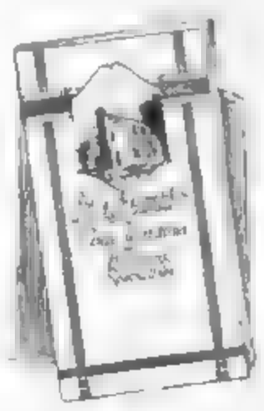
There are eight different styles to choose from—styles with wire-glass panels to light the basement—styles with solid doors—styles with hoppers to catch the coal—styles and sizes for every requirement. The frames are of *Certified Malleable Iron*—a *break-proof* construction throughout. Attractive, improved design adds to the appearance of any house or building. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

Sectional View Can Buried

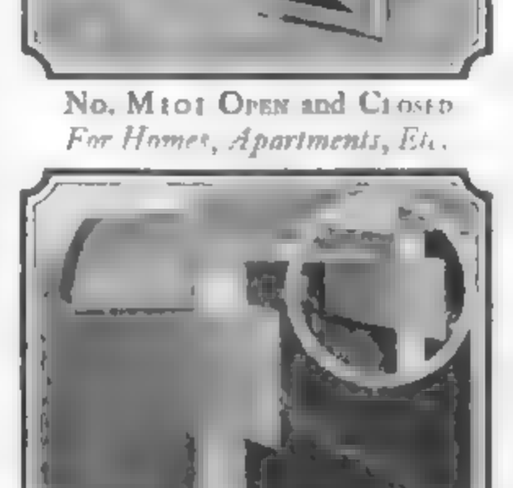
Bury Your Garbage Can!

BURY your garbage can—in a Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver illustrated at left. Out of sight, odorless, dog-proof, sanitary! And in addition to all its advantages, the Majestic will save you money. Made in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons capacity. Comes complete with can. Write for catalog describing Majestic Coal Windows, Garbage Receivers and other building specialties.

Majestic Products are Sold by 5,000 Hardware, Building Supply and Lumber Dealers

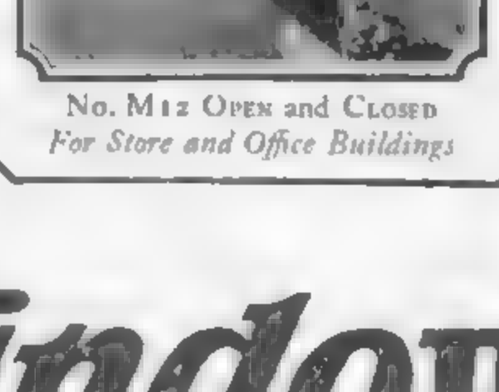


It Should Look Like This!



The Break-Proof
Majestic Coal Window

No. M101 Open and Closed
For Homes, Apartments, Etc.



No. M16 Open and Closed
For Buildings and Low-Set Homes

No. M12 Open and Closed
For Store and Office Buildings

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY - - HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Canadian Factory, THE GALT STOVE & FURNACE COMPANY, Ltd., Galt, Ont.

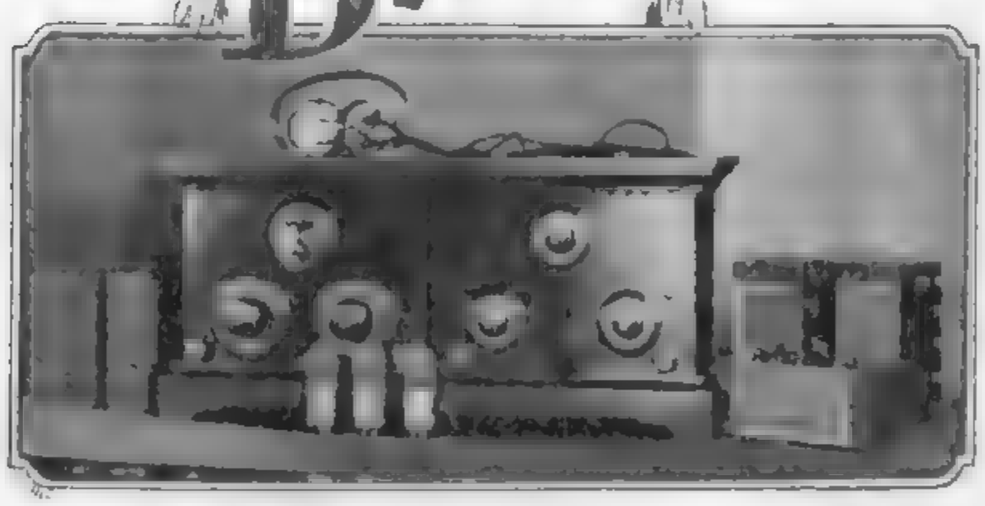
World's Largest Manufacturers of Coal Windows

Majestic Coal Window

IMPROVED & BREAK-PROOF

The Mark of a Modern Home

Take Broadway with you!



Radiola V at a new low price: COMPLETE!

Here is exactly what the price includes: a powerful three [illegible] battery of twice-dry cells, all battery cable units; three Radiotron tubes; headset and telephone plug

REAL Broadway jazz down on the farm! Music from the big orchestras in every big town. Rainy days at the beach without an outdoor thing to do—but a concert, of the finest, coming in by radio. Peaceful days for tired vacationists—bright with entertainment. Lively parties for "the crowd" at far-away places. Church on Sunday. And the big league baseball news—right from the bleachers. What's summer without a Radiola?

Radiola V

The summer cottage set—to perfection. It operates on dry batteries—anywhere—everywhere. Mighty good to look at—compact—attractive. Great for use with a loud speaker. And for big performance—two stages of amplification to bring in every word and note, clear and distinct, over big distances.

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

at the nearest Radio or Electrical Store

Cuba Gets California with a Radiola V
Havana, Cuba

"You might be interested to know what we are getting with Radiola V.
"Several of our clients have received broadcast programs of KHJ in Los Angeles, California. We also receive clearly stations as far as Reno, Denver and Minneapolis. Very truly yours,
A. MARTIN-RIVERO"

RCA

This symbol of quality is your protection

Radio Corporation of America

Sales Department
233 Broadway, New York

District Sales Offices
10 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
433 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. 2066, 233 Broadway, New York
Please send me your free Radio Booklet.

Name _____

Street Address

City R I D

State

Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 144

found themselves unable to sell, exactly as the more reputable real-estate dealers and bankers warned them would be the case. Compelled to build and live on the property, they have in a few years sold at a large profit.

Always the growth of population has pressed and pressed upon the land. Buyers of undeveloped lots or orange groves have lost for a while, but ever the encroaching tide has kept up, sometimes in the form of population, again in that of oil. Pretty nearly every person in the community, old residents and newcomers alike, has at one time or other purchased real estate,' and many have profited. In few communities has the lure of the unearned increment been so strong. As one banker said:

"I never had a servant girl who was not buying a lot, usually two or three of them. It is a good thing, because otherwise their friends and relatives would get their money. That class of people do not know how to invest. By purchasing a lot they lose only a third of their money instead of all of it. Sometimes they don't lose at all. When they retire they put a shack on the lot, perhaps build and rent out an addition and live on crackers. It may not be the best investment in the world, but at least it is something"

Home Ownership Prevalent

One redeeming feature of real-estate expansion in this city and those that surround it has always been the high percentage of home ownership. The fact that most newcomers have money, together with a climate that necessitates a less expensively built house than in the East, has helped to bring about this condition. On the other hand, one is struck not altogether pleasantly by the great number of people who have sold or expect to sell their homes at a profit, by the insistent element of speculation that permeates all walks of life.

Then, too, at the present time one is disgusted by the grotesque, circus character of the subdivision development. High-pressure sales methods have passed their hitherto known peak in an orgy of fantastic blah. Many well-informed authorities maintain that the boom is less dangerous than those of earlier days, because of the greater population and the higher percentage of buyers who actually build. But on this latter point it is difficult to get at the facts, and it must be remembered that an important factor in the large population is due to the very extent of the building boom itself. The city is very top-heavy with one trade, the building trade, and many mechanics would leave with the slightest lull in the boom, as they did from 1914 on.

Last December a warning against the subdivision craze was issued by William M. Garland, past president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, and a citizen whose belief in his own city was shown by his widespread advertisements in 1906 that the city would have 250,000 people in 1910, a statement that seemed preposterous at the time. Mr. Garland recalled the great boom and subsequent crisis of 1887, the bands, barbecues and free turkeys, cows and even lots given away with lucky numbers; and though he did not say so, perhaps he had in mind that at the present time coupon books for gasoline are given away in much the same fashion, not to mention the free bus rides and chicken dinners.

Mr. Garland added that during portions of 1922 there were twenty new subdivisions a week, and that though "an epidemic of frenzied, speculative boom fever doesn't yet exist as a real danger, it threatened." He spoke of one tract of one hundred and fifty acres, sold out in a few days, where the purchasers of only nine lots expected to build, the others holding for a profit. He went on to say:

"Our citizens should realize that depression as well as prosperity comes to every city. It is reported that two thousand real-estate men have appeared in Los Angeles during the last six months, engaged as subdivision promoters or salesmen. We have enough subdivisions and lots for sale and in process of development to accommodate the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Detroit."

"The present attitude—of the banks—toward the real-estate dealers and the real-estate situation in general is or should be that of extreme caution," said J. M. Elliott, the veteran chairman of the board of directors of the First National Bank, in a talk to the local realty board early in March.

"You have in the past provided real estate for the homes of a fast-increasing population, and you have met the situation in general in a most acceptable way. Now you are in a position where you should utilize the information you have gained, to put a check on the selling of subdivision material on small payments so as to prevent any untoward turn in affairs when the influx of population for any reason is retarded.

"Looking back to the boom of 1887, I can well remember the intense feeling of responsibility which oppressed me when, as executive officer of the First National Bank, I determined to decline to make any further loans, no matter how strong the borrowers seemed, when the funds were to be used in the purchase of lands for additional subdivision. In the light of subsequent events, it was the right course to take."

When the writer visited Los Angeles in February most of the bankers and business men with whom he talked agreed that the growth of the city can hardly be wholesome unless there is a pause for digestion in the velocity of subdivision, although several of the best informed admitted that they had expected a slump a year earlier and had been fooled. However, the statement was made that a number of shrewd operators were already beginning to clean up and thus were automatically stopping their followers who had been merely taking a swift ride. One experienced authority said:

"There were too many people betting on the game. Their first purchases may have been serious and they wouldn't have been so disappointed if they had been obliged to keep the property. But as they kept on rising by their boot straps they became light-headed, as stock-market followers do. The saving grace is that a fair proportion of the experienced leaders who have learned their lessons in other days are getting out and looking around before they start anything new."

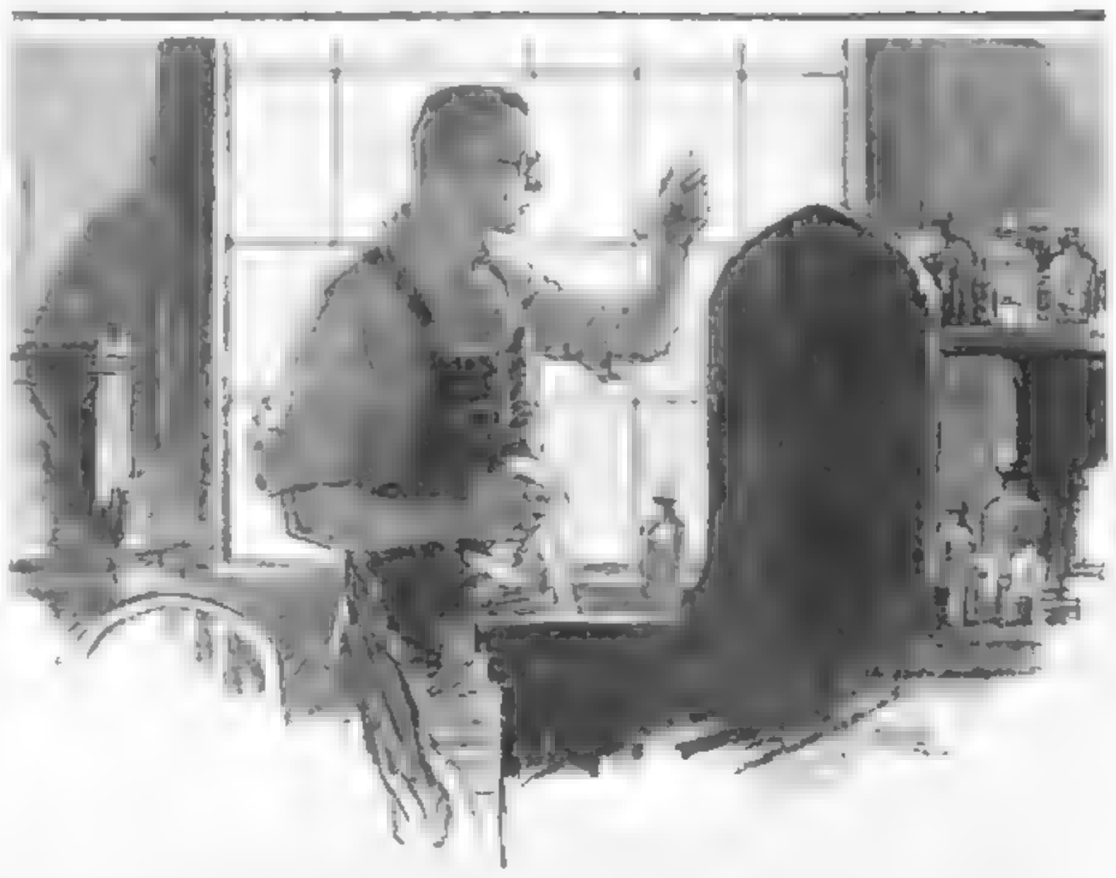
Mr. McKee's Views

Whether there is a temporary slackening in pace or not, and whatever other factors exist or may develop later, the fact remains that the continuance of the influx of newcomers with money is a peculiar, a distinctive and perhaps the fundamental question. The best way to conclude this article is to quote from the banker, Henry S. McKee, previously referred to:

"The growth and progress of this city have been such that our people are discontented and very unhappy when the rate of progress is anything short of prodigious. If the volume of business here falls slightly below the greatest that has ever been known there appears to be immediate dissatisfaction felt among our business men, and they come in and ask when business is going to get back to normal. I think what most of them mean by 'normal' is the very most that has ever been accomplished.

"This city carries on its ordinary general business in about a normal way and, in addition to all this, it is rendered enormously active and prosperous by the perfectly prodigious business of growth, regarded as an industry. I suppose, therefore, that this state of business affairs will continue to exist here as long as the business of growing continues.

"Whether that will continue or not is a question that cannot be answered here. It must be answered in the East, because it is from the East that our population comes. If the people of the East continue to come at the rate of one hundred thousand or so per year, I think we shall probably continue to have rather active times here; and then if we occasionally have intervals when the arriving numbers of new people suffer a temporary slump, our highly organized building industry will be horribly depressed and there will be temporarily acute local business disorder until the growth resumes again."

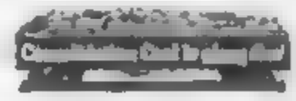


The Quality Consideration in Buying Coal

A list of Consolidation Coal customers would show many of the names that make American industry great.

These companies buy their fuel on a basis of power content revealed in scientific tests, not price per ton. They buy Consolidation Coal because it is clean coal from which all possible waste has been eliminated—thus saving the freight rate and purchase price on impurities present in inferior coal.

Throughout the 58 years of its operations, The Consolidation Coal Company has shipped only clean, bituminous coal to its customers.

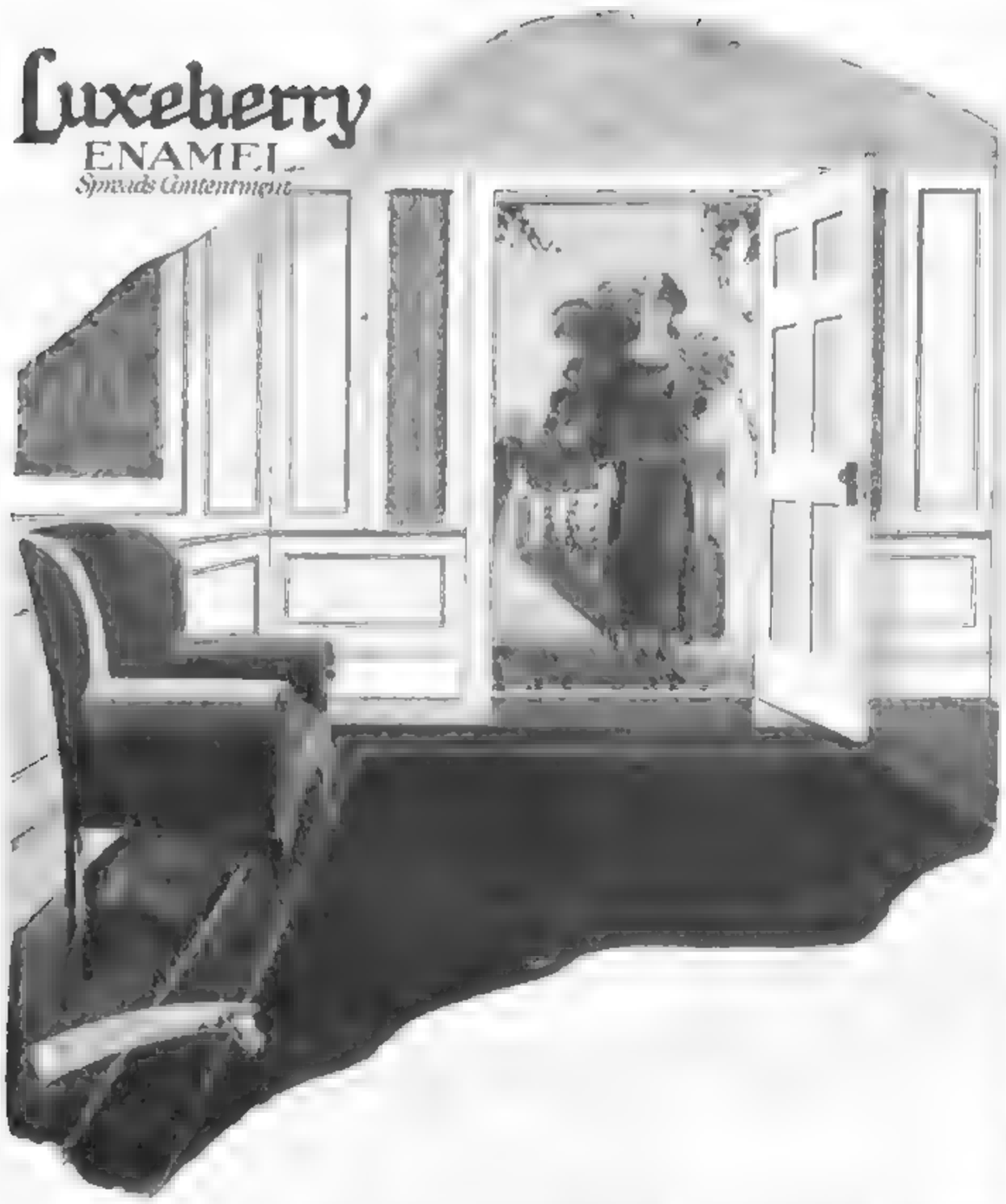


THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

DETROIT, MICH. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg.*
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. *137 Market Street*
BALTIMORE, MD. *Continental Bldg.*
BOSTON, MASS. *State Mutual Bldg.*
PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Land Title Bldg.*
WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg.*
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS *Fisher Bldg.*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg.*
ROANOKE, VA. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg.*
CLEVELAND, OHIO *Kirby Bldg.*

Foreign Offices: LONDON, ENGLAND, *Bolitter Sq. Bldg.*; GENOA, ITALY, *10-Via Roma*

Sales Agents: ST PAUL, MINN. *North W'estern Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.*; MONTREAL, QUEBEC *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Shaughnessy Bldg.*; MILWAUKEE, WIS. *Milwaukee Western-Fuel Company*; GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*



Have springtime in your home the year around

THE things spring is made of—sunlight, warmth, color and life—are the vital qualities possessed by Luxeberry Enamel.

Your happiness depends upon having these elements in your home the year around. The Luxeberry Painter can put them there.

This is more than a "pretty thought." It is a scientific fact. The eye distinguishes 3,000,000 variations in color. The nervous system reacts to them. Berry Brothers has dedicated its art to the production of Luxeberry Enamel in restful, mellow shades that induce harmony and cheerfulness.

Refinish your woodwork and brighten your home with Luxeberry. It dispels dismal atmosphere like sunlight melts shadow—keeps the spirit of springtime alive throughout the year.

Luxeberry Enamel comes in true white and six rare color tones. It is the achievement of the makers of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish and Luxeberry Wood Finish the original hard-oil varnish.

BERRY BROTHERS
Varnishes Enamels Stains
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

LEGISLATING WATER TO RUN UPHILL

(Continued from Page 22)

Coöperative movements are free to develop among the farmers along either of these two lines. The Department of Agriculture is doing much today to help this development. It should be encouraged in every way possible. Any attempt to force it through legislation, however, would be exactly like legislating that people should go to church or become Elks or love their wives! Such legislation is simply contrary to fundamental law. The motives of those who are fathering such legislation may be the very best, but they are going at their work in the wrong way. To develop coöperation among the farmers a great revival of religion is needed. Moreover, the first practical step in such coöperation should be taken by the churches themselves. So long as the Christians of every little farm town are divided among themselves into three or four struggling, competitive churches, not much can be permanently accomplished along the lines of real coöperation.

The Reasons for Wide Spreads

Of course the basic reason for the desire of the farmer for coöperative marketing and other coöperative schemes is to reduce the spread between the farmer and the consumer of farm products. This is a praiseworthy purpose and is in the interest of everyone. Yet farmers should not think they are the only producers suffering from such spread. It applies to every line of business. A great silk manufacturer told me yesterday that his wife was obliged to pay twelve dollars a yard for some goods that he himself sold for two dollars a yard. A New York manufacturer of complete hats showed me some in a prominent department-store window marked at fifteen dollars which he sold for three dollars and sixty-five cents to the store. Hosts of similar illustrations could be given for every line of industry. The farmer is no exception.

A most interesting document was issued by the committee that had charge of the tariff in our last Congress. This report showed a comparison between the prices United States merchants are paying for various imported articles and the prices they are asking. In many cases the profits would be several hundred per cent. The report was exceptionally well prepared and in many instances was illustrated with pictures of the articles and their costs together with photos of the sales slips of the stores selling them. This spread should be eliminated, but the elimination must take place through education rather than through legislation. Moreover, the farmers could at once help reduce this spread by making retailing as easy as possible. The easier it is for retailers to sell, the less the spread will be. The great spread is largely due not to abnormal net profits, but to the high cost of doing business.

Every farmer should realize that 85 per cent of all he sells is distributed by the individual retailers of the country, and will continue to be. Therefore, instead of undermining the confidence of the public in these retailers he should work to establish confidence in them, and become a retailer himself. The retailer is the neck of the bottle of prosperity. But while the Federal Government is spending millions to increase production it has hardly yet taken a census of the retailers, upon whom the farmers are absolutely dependent for the ultimate distribution of their products.

A third dangerous movement is the attempt to fix prices by legislation. This simply cannot be done over any considerable period. It has been tried many times by various governments during the past five hundred years. It has always failed. Legislation might be passed to make the price movements less radical and less abrupt. We can pass laws that require fire escapes, iron stairs, and so on, to enable people to escape from a burning building. We also can legislate to make our structures more fireproof; but simply to pass a law to the effect that wooden buildings shall not burn would, of course, be very foolish. Prices are subject to the fundamental law of supply and demand. The Steel Corporation does not use legislation to fix prices; in fact, much legislation has been enacted to prevent the Steel Corporation from fixing prices. The Steel Corporation simply regulates the production in accordance with the demand, and the price takes care of itself. The same principle must be followed in connection with farm products. To attempt to fix the price of wheat, corn, and so on, by legislation is utter folly. Prices, like water, must ultimately seek their natural level. We can make the changes less swift by legislation, although such legislation, to work, must be used to keep prices from going up too fast as well as used to keep them from falling too rapidly. But of course this kind of legislation does not appeal to the average politician's mind.

Inflated Farm Values

The same principle applies to the price of farm lands. These have risen to unjustifiably high prices because land was the only investment that most farmers understood. Hence, to invest their profits they bought land instead of bonds. As a natural result the price of land went up just as the prices of stocks go up on Wall Street when everyone starts to buy. Only in many cases the increased price of the land is not so justified as the increase in the price of a stock. There is no more dirt in a given acre of land when it sells for three hundred dollars, than when the same acre sold for one hundred dollars. In most cases it is producing no more, and in many cases it is producing less. The only justification is that there is more profit in farming now than when the land sold for one hundred dollars. But if so, why does the farmer need special sympathy? There is some inconsistency somewhere! The truth is that when water, or inflation, gets into stocks or land, it must ultimately either be squeezed out or more value must be put in. The farmer has simply been subject during the past three years to the same economic laws that Wall Street investors have suffered from for fifty years. The water is now being squeezed out of farm-land values. It is an

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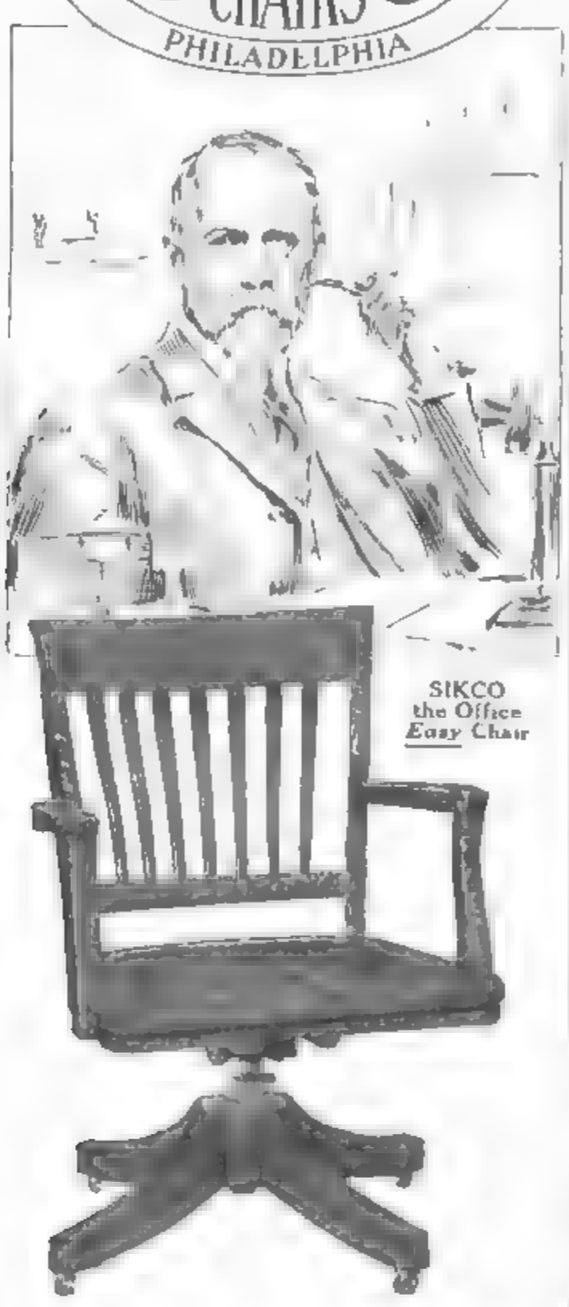

The Object of Sitting Down is to Rest

You could do your office work just as well standing up. Only you'd get tired quicker. You could work just as well sitting on a soap box. Only a soap box isn't comfortable.

You can work just as well in any old office chair—until you begin to get tired and cramped and your efficiency flags.

The object of SIKCO—the Office *Easy* Chair is to keep your body in comfort so that your mind can do a long day's work. That is why SIKCO has a special design of seat, arms and back curved to conform to the natural curves of the body. That is why each of its edges and curves is comfortably rounded off.

But the proof of the chair is in the sitting. There is a Sikes dealer near you. Write me and I'll tell you his name. He can let you sit in a SIKCO. Then you will perceive all those big little differences that make all the difference in the world between comfort and discomfort.

There's more in a SIKCO than meets the eye, but your body will know the difference.

Sikes

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CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

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unpleasant experience for the owners of either stocks or land, but as both profit by inflation, both must equally suffer by deflation. Congress might just as well legislate that decayed teeth should not ache or that hair should not fall out or that people should not die. Everything that goes unduly high in price must come down, and all that goes unduly low must come back. The political advisers of our farmers should remember the old rime:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Even now agriculture, from a financial standpoint, is getting better.

Crop values figured in December show a good improvement when the size of the farmers' crops is taken into consideration. This is shown by the following table:

	1920	1921	1922	PER CENT INCREASE 1922 OVER 1921
Corn	$2,150,332,000	$1,207,2[illegible],000	$1,900,287,000	40.5
Winter Wheat	907,291,000	571,344,000	[illegible]	7.0
Spring Wheat	289,972,000	183,700,000	248,[illegible]78,000	35.7
All Wheat	1,197,263,000	754,854,000	864,1[illegible],000	14.4
Oats	688,411,000	325,954,000	478,548,000	46.8
Barley	137,983,000	64,934,000	97,751,000	50.5
Rye	70,685,000	43,014,000	66,085,000	53.6
Rice	62,030,000	[illegible],802,000	41,8[illegible],000	10.8
Potatoes	401,778,000	308,362,000	2[illegible],508,000	34.7*
Sweet Potatoes	117,834,000	81,804,000	84,1[illegible],000	2.8*
All Hay	[illegible],738,[illegible]40,000	1,099,[illegible],000	1,33[illegible],170,000	21.1
Tobacco	337,67[illegible],000	212,728,000	306,162,000	43.9
Cotton	913,[illegible]58,000	643,953,000	1,190,761,000	84.9
Apples	256,[illegible]91,000	166,343,000	202,102,000	21.4
Peaches	95,97[illegible],000	51,739,000	77,613,000	49.1
Oranges	[illegible],908,000	40,175,000	61,[illegible],000	54.8
Total (including other crops)	$11,25[illegible],290,000	$5,729,912,000	$7,572,890,000	32.1

*Decrease. Above figures are estimates of Department of Agriculture

A fourth danger lies in the misunderstanding by most people of the workings of taxation. The great mass of farmers think that they pay only the taxes that they pay to the town or county collector. This is a great mistake. It is a fundamental law of economics that all taxes—except possibly inheritance taxes—must be paid by the ultimate consumer. When Congress increases the taxes of any corporation, the price of that corporation's product naturally increases a corresponding—and often a greater—amount. When the town increases the tax rates on dwellings the owner correspondingly increases rents; and when a community votes a lot of road bonds the price of all products in the stores of that community will ultimately be raised to pay the bond interest and principal.

Now, there are two important lessons that should be taught in this connection:

That borrowing money does not decrease the cost, but rather increases it. We must pay for what we get, and the more we borrow the more we must ultimately pay. Moreover, if we finally default the ultimate cost is still greater—as then all future credit is cut off and the entire game is up.

Taxes must ultimately be paid by the consumers of goods. To the extent that rich people buy more than poor people, they pay more taxes, but otherwise not.

Who Pays the Taxes?

According to the report of the Internal Revenue Commissioner, the East pays the great bulk of the nation's taxes. New York pays corporation, income and surtaxes of $639,800,000 compared with $322,379,000 for the six states that produce 52 per cent of the wheat crop, and compared with $116,094,000 for the five states that produce 65 per cent of the cotton. There has rightly been an attempt to exempt farmers from taxation as much as possible. The best lawyers and tax experts have been called upon to make the income tax fall as lightly upon the farmers as possible. The rules and regulations of the tax authorities in Washington have been enacted in a way that is favorable to the farmer and it is right that they should be so enacted. Every effort should be made to encourage—rather than discourage—production, but such production should not be limited to production of the farms. The production of moderate priced homes, clothing and other necessities should likewise be encouraged. There is no more practical way of encouraging production than by means of a sane system of taxation. Likewise there is no more certain means of discouraging production than by an insane system of taxation such as we have today.

Yet this is not an article on taxation. My only purpose of mentioning the subject is to emphasize the fundamental principle of taxation—namely, that, whatever the system, the tax is ultimately paid by the purchaser of goods, the user of real estate and the borrower of money. The Government may collect of the corporations and rich men of the East most of its tax money; but this does not mean that the East pays the taxes. The East ultimately pays only an amount proportionate to what it consumes. The rest is passed on to others who buy the goods that the East makes, who live in the homes that the East builds, or who borrow the money that the East saves. Therefore, it is of primary self-interest to everyone to keep down taxes of all kinds, especially corporation, income and surtaxes. As taxes go up, prices, rents and interest rates go up accordingly. As taxes go down, prices, rents and interest rates go down. It always has been so and always will be so. No legislation can prevent it. Reenacting a so-called excess-profits tax or increasing the surtax of Eastern investors will not help the situation for the farmer, and, in fact, in the end will only hurt him.

Fleabitten Business

"If the East can pass on its income taxes, then why does it object to them?" some reader may ask.

The reason is the same as why one objects to fleas. They do no harm and can be brushed away to the next fellow, but this takes a lot of unnecessary energy. Moreover, a man's efficiency is very much reduced by being molested by fleas. Now taxes are to business what fleas are to a man. They take the joy out of business. They tend to take away that incentive, ambition and enterprise which, after all, constitute the mainspring of business. This is the great harm done by our present system of taxation. It discourages investment, enterprise and development. A proper system of taxation will try to penalize the man who does nothing rather than the man with enterprise. In other words, the psychological effect of taxation should be to encourage rather than discourage the man who does things, even though either can ultimately pass on the tax to someone else. All of which means that the Government, the farmers and everyone else would be better off in the long run with simply a flat income tax of, say, 10 per cent, or a sales tax of 1 per cent, cutting out all exemptions and frills that benefit only the lawyers.

As said in the beginning of this article, all good American citizens are anxious to help the farmers; but they want to give them real help and not quack patent medicines, such as paper money, political cooperative societies, price-fixing legislation and harmful taxation measures. These things may furnish temporary relief in some instances, but they can do no permanent good, and may do the farmers much harm. They are like attempting to ease an inflamed appendix by putting on a hot-water bottle.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Babson.

Arrowhead HOSIERY

THERE'S no reason in the world why long wear should be sacrificed for beauty—or beauty for long wear in young Misses' Hosiery.

Arrowhead Stockings are strongly knitted of wear-defying yarn for a *long* life—yet they are *beautiful* in texture and lines. Like all Arrowhead Hosiery they are "ankle-clinging." They make the round trip to the tub and back without stopping at the mending basket.

One of the best examples of this combination is Style "36"—a three-quarter length, turned-over top, corduroy ribbed stocking for young Misses.

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THE NEW HALL OF FAME of Concert and Operatic Stars

Wherever cultivated people gather, current music is a topic of general conversation.

Especially is this true of the present. For the pages of musical history are rapidly turning and the great names of yesterday's concert and operatic stages are rapidly being supplanted by new. World's critics have acclaimed a New Hall of Fame.

Do you know them? Know Chamlee, Easton, Danise—great stars of the Metropolitan Opera of *today?*

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To bespeak the common knowledge of music which the social world expects of a cultured person you must be.

On Double-Faced Records

Now Brunswick offers the most distinguished recordings of these great artists of today, on double-faced records . . . *the world's absolutely true phonographic reproductions.*

Every shade and subtlety, every note and intonation is brought out crystal clear on these amazing records. For it was because of superlative new quality in reproduction—a record years ahead of its time—that Brunswick was chosen as the most fitting means to perpetuate the musical achievements of this day to coming generations.

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Brunswick Records play on any phonograph. Thus, regardless of which make of instrument you have, you can bring the entire New Hall of Fame into your home.

Note, too, that all Brunswick Records are double-faced. Two selections on each record—a radical departure from the old single-faced celebrity record.

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If your ear is accustomed only to ordinary phonograph records, you are urged to hear a Brunswick Record. It will prove a revelation.

"Mechanical" suggestion is refreshingly absent. Tones are sweeter, fuller and more beautiful. Even the upper register of the female voice is achieved without slightest tremor. All the world is turning to the Brunswick Record. And to the Brunswick Phonograph.

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Of supreme importance to every family with a phonograph, is the recent decision of Brunswick to offer Famous Artists' renditions on double-faced records.

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Just twice the music as before. Two selections in place of one! An inexpensive way to quickly acquire a distinguished musical library. Start by obtaining three or four of these records from the new release each month.

Leopold Godowsky, Richard Strauss, Elly Ney, Giuseppe Danise, Mario Chamlee, Max Rosen, Bronislaw Hüberman, Florence Easton, Tino Pattiera, Claire Dux and other internationally acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame will contribute continuously and exclusively for the new Brunswick Gold Label Records —truest of reproductions.

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2 for 15¢ *Wherever you go have a White Owl*

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

(Continued from Page 29

"Well, I'm glad you haven't found it out as yet, but it's true."

"I never quarrel," said Lita.

"You will some day. I expect to quarrel a lot with my wife."

"I shall never quarrel with my husband."

"No? Well, perhaps I'm wrong then."

She was angry at herself for glancing up so quickly to see what he could possibly mean by that except—he was looking at her gravely.

"Look here!" he said. "That's a mistake about Italy. You don't want to go to Italy next summer."

She was aware of two contradictory impressions during the entire journey—one that this was the most extraordinary and dramatic event, and that no heroine in fiction had ever had such an adventure; and the other that it was absolutely inevitable, and that she was now for the first time a normal member of the human species.

Nothing in the whole experience thrilled her more than the calm, almost marital way in which he said as they were getting off the train at the Grand Central, "Now we'll get a taxi."

She was obliged to explain to him that they couldn't; her mother would be at the gate waiting for her—she always was.

Only this time she wasn't.

Meeting trains in the Grand Central, though it has not the phrenetic difficulty of meeting trains in the Pennsylvania Station, where you must watch two crowded stairways and a disgorging elevator in three different directions, is not made too easy. To meet a train in the Grand Central you must be in two widely separated spots at the same time.

Mrs. Hazlitt, approaching the bulletin board through devious subterranean routes, was caught in a stampede of those hurrying to meet a belated Boston express; and when at last she wormed her way to the front she saw that the impressive official with the glasses well down on his nose and the extraordinary ability for making neat figures had written down Track 12 for Lita's train. She turned like a hunted animal; and at the moment when Lita and Dacer were emerging from the gate Mrs. Hazlitt was running from a point far to the west of Vanderbilt Avenue to a track almost at Lexington. It was five o'clock, and many heavier and more determined people were running for their trains, so that she had a good many collisions and apologies before she reached the gate where her daughter ought to have been.

The last passenger, carrying a bunch of flowers and a cardboard box tied up with two different kinds of string, was just staggering through on oddly shaped flat feet. Everyone else had disappeared. Mrs. Hazlitt questioned the gateman. Had he seen a small young lady all alone who seemed to be looking for someone? The gateman said that he could not say he had, but would not care to say he had not. He possessed to perfection the railroad man's art of not telling a passenger anything he doesn't have to tell. His manner irritated Mrs. Hazlitt.

"I suppose you know," she said, "that you have horrible arrangements for meeting trains."

"If some of us had our way we wouldn't have any arrangements at all," answered the gateman.

This shocked Mrs. Hazlitt; it seemed so autocratic. She opened her eyes to their widest and felt she must argue the matter out with him.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that you would not let people meet trains?"

"I would not," said the gateman calmly, and having locked his gate he went his way.

This had taken a few minutes, and by the time Mrs. Hazlitt had gone back to the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance and found her car and driven home, Lita was already in the library—alone.

One of the disadvantages experienced by people who express themselves quickly is that while they are explaining how everything happened the silent people of the world are making up their minds how much they will tell. Mrs. Hazlitt was talking as she entered the room.

"I'm so sorry, my dear," she was saying. "Don't let's ever tell Miss Barton. I wasn't really late—at least I would not have been if I had not had to run miles and miles, knocking down commuters as I went. And do you know what a gateman said to me, Lita, when I found I had missed you? That people oughtn't to meet trains. I could have killed him. I don't suppose you were frightened though. I suppose you took a taxi?"

"Yes," said Lita.

She had had every intention of telling her mother everything—well, certainly that she had met Doctor Dacer on the train and that he had been kind enough to see her home; but the words did not come instantly, and as she paused, her mother rushed on to something else—clothes, and what Lita wanted to see if they went to the theater the next day. The moment for telling slipped away from her in the most unexpected way; it was getting farther and farther; in fact it was nothing but a speck on the horizon.

They had an amusing dinner together. One of the pleasantest features in her parents' divorce was that Mrs. Hazlitt felt not the least restraint about discussing the Hazlitt family.

"My dear," she would say, with her eyes dancing, "don't tell me you never heard about why your Uncle Elbert was driven out of Portland."

Lita enjoyed these anecdotes extremely. Sometimes they contained illuminating phrases: "Of course, your father and I preferred to be alone." "Naturally I knew just how Jim—your father—felt about it, but ——"

When her mother was like this Lita was content that her father and the whole world should remain outsiders. Her mother was a sufficient companion.

When they were back in the library after dinner her father telephoned to her. It was about Italy. She took up the receiver with a sinking heart. Now she wished she had written to him. Her mother was holding the paper as if she were reading it, but Lita knew that she couldn't help hearing the faltering sentences she was murmuring into the mouthpiece:

"Yes, Pat, I spoke to her, and I'm afraid we can't. I mean that, under the circumstances ——" She heard the paper rustling to the floor, and her mother standing beside her whispered to her: "Don't be so timid; don't say you're afraid."

Then both parents were talking to her at once, one over the wire and one in her ear. Now, it is possible to listen while you talk yourself, but it is not possible to listen to two people at once.

Her father was saying: "Of course, if you don't want to go say so, but if you do, and will put the matter as I suggested ——"

PHOTO. BY DE LOU E. ERVING GALLOWAY

Chimney Rock Stands Guard Above Cody Road, Yellowstone National Park

And her mother was whispering sibilantly, "You're giving the idea you wish to go—so unjust to me. Say straight out you won't leave me."

It was one of those minutes that epitomized her life, and her nerves were distinctly on edge as she hung up the receiver, to find that her mother was only waiting for this, to go over the whole matter more at length.

"There are times, my dear," she was saying, "when it is really necessary to speak out, even at the risk of hurting a person's feelings. I do hope you are not one of those weak natures who can never tell a disagreeable truth. It will save your father future suffering if you can make him understand once and for all he cannot come in between us—not because I forbid it, but because you won't have it."

The evening never regained its gayety.

The next morning—Saturday—was devoted entirely to clothes, and Lita now discovered a curious fact. She found she knew exactly how Dacer liked her to dress. In their few interviews they had never mentioned clothes, and yet she did not buy a hat or reject a model without a sure conviction that she was following his taste. Heretofore her main interest in the subject had been a desire to knock her schoolmates in the eye.

She thought of an epigram: "Women dress for all women—and one man."

The morning saw a triumph of her diplomacy too. She and her mother were going to the theater together that afternoon. Coming down in the train, she had learned that Dacer was taking Effie and some of her friends to the matinée to see Eugene Valentine's new play, The Winged Victory. It had not been easy to steer Mrs. Hazlitt toward this popular success; she was displeased with anything that fell short of the Comédie Française. Lita was obliged to stoop to tactics suggested by Aurelia. She intimated very gently that when her father took her to the play he never cared what it was so long as she was amused, and so she wouldn't bore her mother with the Valentine play; she'd wait until she and Pat were going on a spree—that very evening, perhaps ——

Mrs. Hazlitt came to terms at once and sent for the tickets.

They came in a little late. The play had already begun, but Lita's first glance was not at the stage. Yes, he was there—three nice little girls in a row in the front of the box, and he in the back—but not alone. A woman was whispering in his ear. Who was she? His fiancée? His wife? Had he said anything which actually precluded the idea of his being married? "I expect to quarrel a great deal with my wife." That did not say more than that he had not quarreled with her so far. These two were certainly not quarreling. She sat in great agony; not of spirit only, for gradually a distinct physical ache developed in her left side. She tried to glue her eyes to the stage, and did not hear a word, except an occasional murmur from her mother: "What a silly play!"

The lights went up at the end of the act. Lita saw that the woman was rather fat and not at all young—thirty at least—and yet she knew that these sophisticated older women —— There was something sleek and sumptuous about this one, all in black velvet and diamonds and fur. A slight respite came to her when Dacer went out to smoke a cigarette. Did this indicate indifference, or merely intimacy? The white-skinned woman moved to the front of the box and began making herself agreeable to the children, particularly to the girl Lita had picked out as Effie—a regular sister-in-law-to-be manner. She had looked forward to the theater as a good time to tell her mother all about it, with a casual "Oh, do you see that man over there ——" She was suffering too much to permit it. She became aware that her mother felt something tense and portentous in the air; and she said suddenly, with a sound instinct for red herrings, that she thought Valentine the handsomest creature that she had ever seen. Her mother's reaction to this took up most of the entr'acte.

Doctor Dacer never saw them at all. Mrs. Hazlitt was an adept at getting out of a theater and finding her car before anyone else. She and Lita were on their way uptown before the little girls in the box had sorted out their coats and hats. A good

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See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state size, and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models

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many people, mostly men, came in to tea; and when they had gone it was time for Lita to dress to go and dine with her father. Dine! She felt she would never be able to eat again—a very curious feeling.

When Mrs. Hazlitt went to her room Margaret was as usual waiting to help her dress, but it was not usual for Margaret to wear such a long face. She had entered the family as Lita's nurse, but was now Mrs. Hazlitt's maid and the pivot on which all domestic machinery revolved.

As she unhooked Mrs. Hazlitt's dress her solemn voice came from the middle of Mrs. Hazlitt's back: "I think you ought to know, mum, that when I was brushing that heavy coat of Miss Lita's this afternoon I found something in the pocket."

"Goodness, Margaret! What?"

Margaret fumbled under her apron and produced a folded, typewritten sheet a little grimy about the edges. Mrs. Hazlitt seized it and read:

Dear Eugene Valentine: May I not tell you what an inspiration your art is to me in my daily life? I think I have every photograph of you that was ever published, and one I bought at a fair with your signature. Only this is not my favorite. I like best the one as a miner from The Emerald Light. It is so strong and virile. Oh, Mr. Valentine, you cannot guess how happy it would make me if you would autograph one of these for me! I am not at present living in New York, but I am often there for week-ends, and could easily bring one of these pictures to the theater after a matinée, if that would be easiest for you.

I shall not attempt to tell you what your art means to me, and how you make other men seem, and I fear they always will seem like they was pigmies beside you.

I take the great liberty of inclosing my own picture in case it would interest you to see what a great admirer of yours looks like.

Being merely a rough draft, it was unsigned.

Of all the possibilities that crossed Mrs. Hazlitt's mind on reading this document, the possibility that her daughter had not written it was not one. Several suspicious circumstances at once popped into her head—Lita's insistence on going to Valentine's play; her admiration of him; her tentative suggestion about marriage; her alternate high spirits and abstraction.

"And who was he?" Margaret went on. "That young fellar brought her home yesterday?"

"A man brought her home yesterday?"

"Yes—the two of them in a taxi."

"What did he look like?"

"I couldn't see him very good; but I heard him say 'Until Sunday' as he got back into the taxi; and when I opened the door for Miss Lita you could see she was smiling all over her face, but not letting it out."

Ah, how well, in other days, Mrs. Hazlitt had known that beatific state!

She walked to her door and called, "Lita! Lita!"

Probably if one read the memoirs of Napoleon, the dispatches of Wellington and the commentaries of Cæsar one would find a place where the author asserts that the best general is he who takes quickest advantage of chance. Lita, entering her mother's room with her head bent over a fastening of her dress, was wondering what made some fasteners cling like leeches and others droop apart like limp handshakes. For the first few minutes she had no idea what her mother was talking about. She was prepared to feel guilty—she was guilty, but she had written no letter.

"Writing a letter like that—a vulgar letter and making me take you to his play and coming home with him, when I was actually waiting at the gate for you. Perhaps you were not even on that train at all—so terribly deceitful—as if I were your enemy instead of your mother. I felt there was something queer about you at the play! An actor! I wish you knew something about actors in private life. And Valentine of all people! A man ——"

Mrs. Hazlitt paused. She knew nothing about Valentine's private life; but she thought it was pretty safe to make that pause as if it were all too awful to discuss.

"Your father must be told of this. It will shock him very much."

That was the phrase that gave Lita her great idea. Not since she was four years old had she heard the words "your father" spoken in that tone. Perhaps after all, it was not necessary to die in order to reconcile your parents; perhaps it was enough to let them think you were undesirably in love. She had a moment to consider this notion while her mother, in a short frilled petticoat, with her blond hair about her shoulders, was running on about what Mr. Hazlitt would say to this man.

Lita said at a venture, "Mr. Valentine doesn't even know my name. He won't have any idea what father is talking about."

Her Unalterable Decision Not to Discuss Doctor Dacer With Anyone Broke Down, and She Told Aurelia the Whole Story

"Indeed?" cried Mrs. Hazlitt. "Your father is not a man who talks without contriving to make himself understood. And as to Valentine's not knowing your name, you'll find he knows it—and the amount of your fortune, too, probably. Little schoolgirls have very little interest for older men, I can tell you, unless —— And such a letter too. 'Like they was pigmies.' If you must be vulgar, at least try to be grammatical."

"Shall you see my father when he comes for me?"

"Of course I shall not see him; but I shall take care that he knows the facts." At the same time, Lita could not help noticing that Mrs. Hazlitt refused to wear the garment Margaret had left out for her, and put on, with apparent unconsciousness, a new French tea gown in mauve and silver. "He will tell you better than I can what sort of man this Valentine is."

"But, mother, is father's judgment of men to be depended on? You said about his lawyers that he had the faculty of collecting about him the most inefficient ——"

"I never said any such thing—or rather, it was entirely different. How can you speak like that of your father? But it's my own fault, treating you as if you were a companion instead of a silly child."

This was war. Lita withdrew into herself. Parents, she reflected, did not really quite play the game; they couldn't belittle a fellow parent one day, and the next, when they needed to use force, rush away into the wings and dress him up as an ogre. After all the things her mother had said about her father, how could she expect him to inspire fear? And yet Lita knew that she was a little afraid.

Then Freebody the butler came up to say that Mr. Hazlitt was waiting in his car for Miss Hazlitt. Freebody had been with the Hazlitts before their divorce, and when the split came had preferred to remain with Mrs. Hazlitt, although he had been offered inducements by the other side. In her bitterness of spirit she had felt it a triumph that Freebody had chosen her household. She had particularly valued his reason for staying with her. He had said he did not care to work for stage people. This was wonderful to quote. It let people know that her husband's second wife had been an actress, and moreover a kind of actress that Freebody did not care to work for; and it could be told so good-temperedly, as if it were a joke on Freebody. She had always felt grateful to him.

Now she sealed the incriminating note in another envelope and gave it to Freebody.

"Give this to Mr. Hazlitt," she said, "and tell him it was found in the pocket of Miss Lita's coat"; and she added, when he had gone down again, "You can explain the rest yourself."

"No, mother," said Lita; "if you want any explaining done you must do it yourself."

Mrs. Hazlitt was still protesting against this suggestion when Freebody came back and said that Mr. Hazlitt was in the drawing-room, and would be very much obliged to Mrs. Hazlitt if she could arrange to see him for just five minutes. There was a pause; Mrs. Hazlitt and Lita looked at each other; and Freebody, just as much interested as anyone, looked at no one. Then Mrs. Hazlitt said they would both go down.

And so for the first time since she was five years old Lita stood in the room with both her parents—her mother trembling so that the silk lining of her tea gown rustled with a soft, continuous whispering like the wind in dead leaves, and her father, white and impressive, with his crush hat under one arm and the open letter held at arm's length so that he could read it without his glasses. Something hurt and twisted came to rest in Lita by the mere fact that the three of them were together.

Her father spoke first, and his voice was not quite natural, as he said, "It was kind of you to come down, Alita. I know it is exceedingly painful to you ——"

"I've done a good many painful things in my life for Lita."

"I know, I know," he answered gently; "and this not the least. But this letter—I don't exactly understand it."

"Have you read it?"

"Not entirely"

"Well, read it—read it," said Mrs. Hazlitt, as if he ought to see that he couldn't understand anything until he had read it; but every time he began to read it she began to explain all the hideousness of Lita's conduct; and when he looked up to listen to her she said, with a sort of weary patience, "Won't you please read the letter? Then we can discuss it."

At last he said quietly, "Alita, I cannot read it while you talk to me."

She did not answer. She moved her neck back like an offended swan, and glanced at Lita as much as to say, "You see the sort of man he is?" She did, however, remain silent until he had finished, and looking had said, "But this isn't even good grammar—'Like they was pigmies.' Don't they teach her grammar at this school?"

Alita Hazlitt was one of those people who, when blame is going about, assume it is intended for them and consider the accusation most unjust.

"Well, really," she said now, "it wasn't my wish that she should go to boarding school. It has turned out exactly as I prophesied it would. Common girls have taught her to run after actors, and inefficient teachers have failed ——"

"I don't remember your prophesying that, Alita."

"You mean to say I did not?"

"I mean to say I have no recollection of it. I do remember that you said it would make it easier for me to kidnap her. I shall never forget that."

"You cannot deny that I was opposed to school. I only yielded to your wishes—such a mistake."

"You have not many of that kind to reproach yourself with."

Lita, who had felt a profound filial emotion at seeing her parents together, was now distressingly conscious that they had never seemed less her parents than at this moment. They seemed in fact rather dreadful people—childish, unjust, lacking in essential self-control. The last remnant of her childhood seemed to perish with this scene, and she became hard, matured and to a certain degree orphaned.

"What I am trying to say," Mr. Hazlitt went on, "is that we can hardly attribute this unfortunate episode entirely to the influence of the school. I mean that if there had not been some inherent silliness in the child herself ——"

This was too good a point for Mrs. Hazlitt to let slip.

"It was not from me," she said, "that Lita inherited a tendency to run after people of the stage."

"We need not discuss inherited tendencies, I think."

Mrs. Hazlitt laughed.

"Ah, that is so like you! We may criticize the child or the school or my bringing

(Continued on Page 158)

Sunshine
Sunday Menus

Dinner, May 13

Vegetable Soup
Sunshine Saratoga Flakes
Fricassee Chicken
Scalloped Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Banana and Walnut Salad
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Apple Tapioca Pudding
Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuits
Coffee

Dinner, May 20

Boned Sardines on Toasted
Tak hom-a Biscuit
Fried Chicken Corn Fritters
Rice Potatoes
Strawberry and Pineapple Salad
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Ice Cream
Sunshine Clover Leaves
Sugar Wafers
Coffee

Dinner, May 27

Cream of Tomato Soup
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Roast Beef Potatoes au Gratin
String Beans
Combination Salad
(Watercress Radishes
Cucumbers)
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Strawberries and Cream
Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers
Coffee

Dinner, June 3

Bouillon
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Roast Veal Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Hearts of Lettuce
Thousand Island Dressing
(Mayonnaise and Chili Sauce)
with
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Chocolate Pudding
Whipped Cream
Sunshine Per fet to
Sugar Wafers
Coffee

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"It also touches on entertaining, and besides includes a group of inexpensive recipes and everyday meal suggestions, all standardized in my experiment kitchen."

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WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
ALTON, ILLINOIS

Western AMMUNITION

(Continued from Page 154)

up, but the instant we begin to talk about your shortcomings it is discovered that we are going too far."

"Alita," he said, "I came here in the most coöperative spirit ——"

"And do you make it a favor that you should be willing to try to save your child?"

That was unjust of her mother, Lita thought. Her father was trying to be nice. It was her mother who kept making the interview bitter, and yet in essentials her mother had behaved so much better. Why did she suffer so much in the atmosphere of their anger? Why did she wish so passionately that they should treat each other at least fairly? She couldn't understand.

"You have not met me in a coöperative spirit," her father was saying, "and I see no point in my staying. Good night."

"And you're going—just like that—without doing anything at all?"

"Of course, I shall write to Miss Barton—and if you are not able to take Lita back to school tomorrow I'll go myself."

Lita noticed that though an instant before her mother had reproached him with indifference, she treated his last suggestion as if it were impertinent.

"I think I shall be able to take my daughter safely to school," she said. "But you must see this man; that I cannot do."

"I shall do nothing so ridiculous," said Mr. Hazlitt. "Valentine! Why, a man like that gets a basketful a day of letters from idiotic women of all ages! He's bored to death by them."

"I have yet to find a man who is bored by the adoration of idiotic women," said Mrs. Hazlitt, and there was no mistake in anybody's mind as to what she meant by that.

A discussion on the relative idiocy of the sexes broke out with extraordinary violence. Lita's conduct was utterly forgotten. She might have slipped out of the room without being noticed, except that her father was standing between her and the door. She tried to remember Dacer's saying that quarreling meant love, and found to her surprise that that idea was almost as shocking. Could it be that she did not want her parents to have any emotions at all?

When her father had gone, her mother burst into tears.

"I am so sorry," she said, "that you should have seen him like that—at his very worst."

Lita had just been thinking how much the better of the two he had appeared. She felt as hard as a stone. She had no wish to be continually appraising her parents; they left her no choice. Her childish acceptance of them had been destroyed, and at the moment her friendly emotion towards them as companions and human beings had not yet flowered. Instead of wanting to tell her mother about Dacer, she wanted to tell Dacer about her mother.

She saw that her whole scheme about Valentine had been ridiculous—a complete failure. She ought to clear that up at once, but she did not feel up to explaining it; an explanation with her mother involved so much. Mrs. Hazlitt would give those she loved anything in the world except her attention. It was necessary to hold her attention with one hand and feed her your confidence with the other. Lita was too exhausted to attempt it that evening. She would do it the next day, of course.

The next morning—Sunday—Mrs. Hazlitt awoke with a severe headache. Though she insisted on Lita's remaining in sight—for fear that she would rush to the arms of Valentine—it was made clear that no friendly intercourse between parent and child was possible. Lita felt herself to be the direct cause of the agony of mind which had led to the headache.

After luncheon, looking like carved marble, Mrs. Hazlitt got up and announced her intention of escorting Lita back to school. The girl saw that her mother was not well enough to make the double journey, and suggested that it would be better for her father to go with her. Mrs. Hazlitt treated this proposal with the coldest scorn.

"I think we will not trouble your father further," she said.

At times like this she used a flat, remote voice; as dead, Lita thought, as a corpse talking on a disconnected telephone. In old times it had nearly broken her heart when her mother spoke to her in that tone. Today it had lost its power.

They drove to the station in silence, every jar of the car sending a tremor through Mrs. Hazlitt's eyelids. In the train, she put Lita's knitting bag behind her head and shut her eyes. Lita, sitting in silence beside, felt so wooden—inside and out—that, she said to herself, not even the appearance of Doctor Dacer would make any difference to her. But when, before they were out of the tunnel, he did pass through the car—not stopping, just raising his hat—she found it did affect her.

Her mother opened her eyes.

"Who's that man?" she said in an almost human tone.

"I think he's one of the surgeons who is taking care of Aurelia," Lita answered, and instantly regretted the "I think." It was positively deceitful, where she had intended to be merely noncommittal. But all the relations of her life seemed to have gone wrong.

She had not done any of her work for the next day; not the original in geometry or the sonnet she should have learned by heart; in fact she had not opened a book. She couldn't concentrate her mind now on mathematics or poetry, but she might do some of the collateral reading for Greek History. She slipped the book out of its strap and opened it.

"Of Lycurgus the lawgiver we have nothing to relate that is certain and uncontroverted ——" Lita thought: that's at least a candid way to begin a biography. The door opened, letting in the roar of the train and the smell of coal smoke, and Lita's nerves remembered it, as if only once before in her life had she ever known a car door open, and looked up—to see the conductor. She dropped her eyes and went on: "For there are different accounts of his birth, his death ——" The door again; this time a passenger in search of a seat. She made a vow to herself to read three pages without looking up—and did. "Endeavoring to part some persons who were concerned in a fray, he received a wound by a kitchen knife, of which he died, and left the kingdom ——"

She was aware that something in blue serge was stationary beside her. She looked slowly up. Yes, there he was.

She introduced him to her mother. The seat in front of them was now free, and Dacer, turning it over, sat down. Mrs. Hazlitt was not sorry to show that her coldness concerned her daughter only. She was very willing to talk agreeably to a stranger. The conversation was carried on between them as if Lita were too young to be expected to take part. She was not sorry, and went on glancing at a sentence here and there: "He set sail, therefore, and landed in Crete ——" "—— in which the priestess called him beloved of the gods, and rather a god than a man."

At this she really could not help looking at Dacer, and finding his eyes on her, she said, "I saw you at the theater yesterday."

He was interested.

"I didn't see you."

"Oh, yes, we were there," said Mrs. Hazlitt languidly. "Such a poor play! And as for Valentine—these popular actors in America ——"

"He was thought very handsome and dashing, in our box," said Dacer.

And then Lita was surprised to hear her own voice saying, "Was that lady your wife?"

He stared at her for a second as if he had not heard, or could not understand what he seemed to have heard, and then answered quietly, "No, I don't care for them by the cubic foot."

Never had such a perfect reply been made, Lita thought. It reconstructed their relation and the whole world, and yet it took place so gently that her mother had hardly noticed that they had spoken to each other. Life was simply immense, she said to herself; she had been quite wrong about it before.

Then presently Dacer drew from Mrs. Hazlitt the admission that she had a wretched headache—hadn't slept—had had a disagreeable day—so foolish, but she was affected by scenes ——

"Everybody is, you know," said Dacer.

She should not have come on such an expedition. The idea of her driving four miles out to the school in a jiggling car—and right back again—was absurd. He spoke almost sternly. He had a time-table in his pocket; a train left for New York five minutes after their train arrived at Elbridge; Mrs. Hazlitt must take that back, go straight to bed; he would give her a powder. Of course he would see Miss Hazlitt safely to the school—yes, even into Miss Barton's presence. He wrote his prescription. Lita saw that her mother was going to obey.

As they got out at the station they saw the New York train already waiting. Dacer put Mrs. Hazlitt on it; and Lita, watching them, saw Mrs. Hazlitt turn at the steps and give him some special injunction. Well, she probably would not confide to him so soon the scandal of the letter to Valentine; and if she did, it would be easy to explain. Dacer's face was untroubled as he returned to her.

"She's all in," he said.

A sharp self-reproach clutched at Lita's heart, the capacity for emotion having unexpectedly returned to her.

"Did it really do her harm to come out here?"

"It really is better for her to go straight home," he answered, as if admitting other motives had entered into his advice.

They got into the school flivver, which was waiting for them. Rain had just stopped and the back curtains were down. It was dark.

As they wheeled away from the station lights Lita heard him saying, "Didn't you know I wasn't married?" She did not immediately answer. Her hand was taken. "Didn't you know?" he said again.

A strange thing was happening to Lita. She formed the resolution of withdrawing her hand; she sent the impulse out from her brain, but it seemed only to reach her elbow; her hand, limp and willing, continued to remain in his.

They spoke hardly at all. The near presence of Matthew, the driver, a well-known school gossip, made speech undesirable. Besides, it wasn't necessary. Lita was perfectly content with silence as long as that large, solid hand enveloped hers.

As they turned in at the school gate he said, "You'll come over to see Aurelia this evening, I suppose."

She knew it wouldn't be possible, and was obliged to say so. And he was going back to town by a morning train. There was a pause.

As they got out he said, "Do you ever get up very early—as early as six?"

"I could always make a beginning," said Lita.

And then, true to his promise, he turned the chairman of the self-government committee over to the keeping of Miss Barton herself.

One excellent way of waking early is not to sleep at all. Lita hardly slept and was out of bed in time to watch the slow but fortunately inevitable spreading of the dawn. The new day was evidently going to be one of those days in late March when, though the earth has no suggestion of spring, the sky and the air are as vernal as May. Lita could see a light in the upper story of the infirmary. Dacer's perhaps.

It was not yet six when she stole downstairs and across the green. She had a good reason for being anxious about Aurelia—the stitches had been taken out of the wound the night before. That's what she would say if anyone asked her. But no one was awake, except far away in the school kitchen. The door of the infirmary was locked, but as she pressed noiselessly against it a figure faced her on the other side of the glass—Dacer. He opened the door and came out. It shut behind him, and as the night latch was still on, they were locked out. So they sat down on the narrow steps of the cottage, each with a pillar to lean against, and for the first time looked long and steadily at each other, as people who have met by deliberate acknowledged plan.

"Do you like the early morning?" he asked.

"I never did before," she answered.

He smiled at her.

"Do you realize," he said, "that in this lifelong friendship of ours that is the first decent thing you have ever said to me?"

Why, it was true! To Lita it had been so clear that she was more interested than he was; more eager; but it was true, she had given him none of those poignant, unforgetable sentences which he had left with her, to go over in his absence. She smiled, too—very slowly.

"Perhaps it won't be the last," she said.

At half past seven Dacer went in, and a few minutes later Lita arrived at Room 11 to inquire after her friend. When it was time to go, she shook hands with Doctor Dacer in the presence of Aurelia, Aurelia's mother, who had just arrived, and the trained nurse.

It was the last possible meeting before the Easter holidays.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE LAST STRONGHOLD

(Continued from Page 27)

sentiment has come about in far less time than was required to accomplish a similar transition of viewpoint on the part of the residents on the east side of the park. As late as three years ago, when I spent four months in Jackson's Hole, it was a hotbed of anti-Yellowstone sentiment. Last summer I found that several of the most positive antagonists of park policies had not only absolutely reversed their previous views but were able to assign sound reasons for this seeming apostasy.

An east-sider who had been an influential factor in blocking at least one park-service program explained his change of attitude. He had come to see that the possibilities of the region lay in an entirely different direction from that which he had formerly believed; that instead of an extension of the stock industry parkward, the one greatest economic potentiality of the country rested upon the exploitation of its vast possibilities as a tourist center. This realization, once established, necessitated a complete about-face in his attitude, since the two were diametrically opposed. He openly proclaimed the mistake of his previous contentions and instead was urging the retention of every feature that might prove a magnet for tourists. He is now endeavoring, with the aid of several others, to organize a dude wranglers' association that will oppose all moves on the part of nibblers to promote any project that will tend to lessen the tourist possibilities of the country. His reversed attitude and the reasons that brought it about are typical of the rest.

A Fallacy

A CITIZEN of Jackson's Hole gave it as his opinion that the sum expended there by tourists the 1922 season had attained almost to the proportions of the gross total receipts derived from the sale of stock throughout the whole valley during the year. Even if this estimate is a bit high, which I doubt, it proves one point beyond question: The extension of stock grazing parkward and the resulting increase of production and revenue to be derived therefrom, even if developed to the utmost limit, cannot attain any very great proportions, for natural reasons that will be later defined. The tourist business, on the contrary, is yet in its earliest infancy and is susceptible to an almost unlimited amount of expansion. It is inevitable that the valley under the Tetons will soon be overrun with tourists. The motorist who tours the Yellowstone country and fails to drop down the Snake River Road to the Hole will miss one of the most interesting regions in Wyoming.

Notwithstanding all these various evidences of the financial value of the Yellowstone to the countryside, the nibblers still continue to urge various development projects on the grounds of economic necessity. The one most damning arraignment at their command—the one that is most readily believed by all who listen, for it certainly does seem plausible and convincing—is in reality the weakest point in their whole campaign of phony practicality. That arraignment has never been answered in kind, and as a consequence it has headed the list on all occasions, pointed out as the one glaring fact that could not be side-stepped or refuted; so let us answer it now and have done with it.

First let me present the case from the nibblers' side. The Yellowstone National Park contains 3500 square miles. Imagine such a vast body of land remaining idle and untouched, closed to every phase of human activities. Not one sawmill operates within its boundaries; not a reservoir to store water for the irrigation of crops in the barren lowlands; 3500 square miles of it, and not one steer, not one band of sheep grazing on feed that is going to waste when it should be converted into red meat to feed the people of the nation. And for what purpose is it so maintained? For no other reason than the pleasure of the relatively small percentage of our population that travel to those parts. By far the greater part of the park is isolated, much of it practically unexplored. That part which is actually opened to tourist travel by the road loop, though apparently of considerable extent, in reality enables the traveler to enjoy only 20 per cent of the park. If pleasure seekers must be catered to at the expense of practical development, then let them retain the loop with its geysers and its paint pots, its waterfalls, petrified trees and other phenomena; but why permit maudlin sentimentality to block the productiveness of those dormant areas that even the tourists do not utilize? Hundreds of square miles of country condemned to idleness when it might be producing wealth for the nation and furnishing profitable occupation for the local inhabitants. So why should we not discard sentiment and be practical? Money talks! That, in brief, is the substance of the arraignments.

For purposes of comparison, let us concede that money does talk and that its voice should be heard above all others; that sentiment has no place in America; that the recreational value of the Yellowstone and the preservation of its wonders should not be given a thought when the dollar lifts its voice.

There are 3500 square miles in the park. Yellowstone tourists spent $5,000,000 in the park itself and in the immediate vicinity during the three months of the 1922 season, more than $1400 for every square mile in the Yellowstone, including those isolated areas that are seldom visited. If there is another stretch of like extent in all the mountains of the West that produces an equal amount of wealth per square mile I should like to hear of it. Only a rich mining district or a solid agricultural community can compete with those figures. The flat grazing country of the mountain states, even the solid grasslands of Nebraska and Western Kansas, can point to no such return per square mile.

If the nibblers were to attain their ends and develop the commercial possibilities of the Yellowstone to the utmost limit, graze every acre of it, log it from end to end, split it up with railroads and convert every lake within its borders into reservoir sites, they still could point to no such annual return to the countryside as it produces today as a national park.

All the minor slogans and contentions advanced by the nibblers, each based on alleged practicality, are equally fallacious; but it is not necessary to dwell upon them here, as that record of $1400 per square mile covers them all, with a generous margin to spare. There is no sentiment about that. It is merely the voice of the dollar; and the dollar has deserted the ranks of its former adherents and is now arrayed on the opposite side.

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Feeding Time in Yellowstone Park

Park Game

THOSE of the local residents who take account of the present and use their findings as a basis for a survey of the future are quite well aware of the economic situation as I have outlined it; for they have seen, as I have, the despised white elephant of ten years ago transformed into the tremendous financial asset of today. They are working, as has been indicated, for the retention of the country in its natural state as against its overdevelopment commercially. Their reasoning is conducted along purely economic lines and includes a number of items that until very recently have been viewed as matters of pure sentiment, without a financial prop of any sort. But there is one item that is still considered from the standpoint of sentiment while its economic significance remains buried beneath the weight of a tradition; that is obsolete but still exercises its hold. Old customs die hard. It is viewed as a white elephant and its preservation on any save sentimental grounds has been given little consideration, yet its economic potentialities are vast. I speak of the game of the Yellowstone and the adjacent country.

On the occasion of that first trip to the Wyoming hills sixteen years ago the whole region was a veritable paradise for the hunter. The elk in the Yellowstone and the country immediately adjacent were variously estimated at 70,000 to 100,000 head. The higher ranges were plentifully supplied with bighorn sheep; deer, though in no such numbers as the elk, were nevertheless

(Continued on Page 163)

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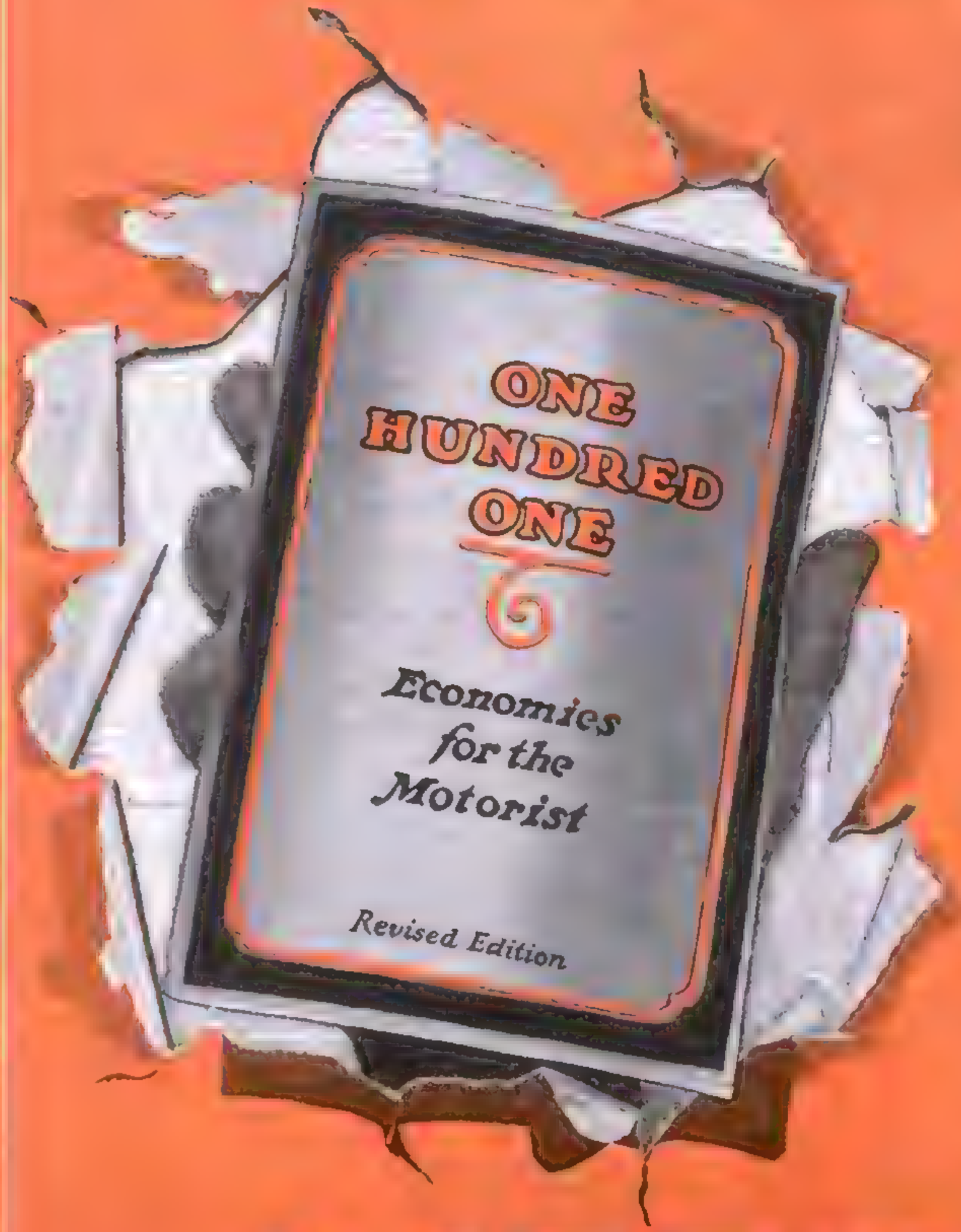

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Water won't hurt this case

SCIENCE couldn't improve the Ever-Ready's shaving qualities, but we sought to improve its finish and appearance—to make it as good to look at as it is to shave with. And so we produced the De Luxe Models—all built to strictest $5.00 specifications, and all as fine and rich and handsome as razor sets can be—yet selling for only $1.00 complete.

The Mahoganite Case De Luxe appears to be of rare old mahogany—beautifully grained and mirror-polished. Interior as well as exterior is given the same rich finish.

The case is fashioned of a vulcanized composition which is water and warp-proof—washable and sanitary.

Mahoganite is a novelty—something never used before for a razor case.

It is thick-walled solidly built—neatly partitioned to hold the Ever-Ready frame, handle, blades, etc.

The Mahoganite case is fitted with the heavily nickeled Ever-Ready frame with the new balanced hexagon handle, and a supply of the famous Ever-Ready Radio Blades—$1.00 complete.

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Drug, hardware, jewelry and general stores everywhere are now showing the new Ever-Ready De Luxe Razors—the "Town," in flat compact case of beautifully-grained imitation ivory—the "Touring," in high, heavily nickeled case the "Sport" in flat nickeled "cigarette" type case—each $1.00 complete.

The Ever-Ready you select would be a good buy at $5.00—a bargain at $3.00—and at $1.00, is unquestionably the greatest value ever offered since the invention of the safety razor.

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(Continued from Page 160)

abundant, and there were hundreds of moose on the Upper Yellowstone and the Thorofare; black, brown and grizzly bear in goodly numbers. The antelope herds ranging south of Cody were estimated at 8000 head. Beaver, otter, mink and marten; red, cross and silver foxes; wolf, cougar, lynx and wolverine; bobcat, coyote and a half dozen other fur bearers prowled that region. Grouse of several varieties were found in profusion on the spruce-clad sidehills and in the lodgepole valleys, millions of sage hens in the foothills, and a great assortment of waterfowl nested along the streams or in the beaver swamps. No other spot in America, not even the game fields of Alaska, afforded such untold variety for the sportsman. There were game laws and bag limits, for we had advanced to that point in game preservation; but the possibility of those great herds having any particular economic value had not been considered.

Conservation societies, then in their infancy and generally viewed as idealistic, impractical and interfering organizations, were putting forth every effort to save the game of this last bit of real hunting country. Their pleas were based almost entirely upon the right of the game to exist, a right that man, in all ages and in all lands, has ever denied unless it suited his purpose. The protectionists themselves had not yet grasped the fact that their cause could be urged on any save sentimental grounds. It would have been deemed most unwise to raise the issue of the economic aspects of game preservation, since the most ardent protectionist would have conceded without argument that the preponderance of evidence would point away from his side of the question and ruin rather than aid his cause.

This was a most natural assumption, since we were still in that period of our national growth when the ruthless reaping of natural resources—no matter how wasteful the method or in what manner it was accomplished, if only it brought temporary profit to individuals or communities was looked upon as constructive, wealth-producing development. This viewpoint had been established by a century-long series of incidents, each further strengthening the precedent.

Great blocks of our public lands and much of our coal and other possessions have been tossed off in huge grants or concessions of one sort or another. Ninety per cent of our national timber supply has either been logged or transferred into the hands of private interests to be exploited in the most wasteful manner and with small regard for reforestation for future supply. These and other wastes of the past are now viewed in the light of economic tragedies, and hasty steps have been taken in an attempt to rectify the blunders. It has suddenly occurred to us that as a nation we have been emulating the example of the farmer who harvests one crop and lives up the proceeds without saving seed for another planting. In each instance we have discovered it after it was just too late. Yet with all this evidence before us, we still continue to discuss game preservation from the standpoint of sentiment and refuse to regard it as an economic problem.

Wild-Life Extermination

The beaver constituted the first link in our destruction of wild life. Every corner of the nation was abundantly populated with these animals, and the exportation of beaver pelts to Europe brought an annual revenue of millions of dollars. Every isolated spot was penetrated by bands of nomadic trappers and adventurers. Long before there was any thought of settling the Western prairies, before the Mormon migration to Utah and before the California gold rush, the streams of the West had been stripped of beaver to such an extent that the fur trade as a great industry was practically a dead issue by 1830. There was not a whisper to the effect that an economic blunder had been committed by ruthless overtrapping and failure to leave sufficient animals for restocking the streams that would produce no other sort of revenue for more than half a century.

The slaughter of the buffalo has been too widely heralded to need more than incidental mention here as another link in the chain. In twenty years of hide hunting the vast herds, variously estimated at from 40,000,000 to 100,000,000 head, had been depleted to the point where the race was virtually extinct. Early observers agree that the pronghorn antelope, though affording no such spectacular sight as the massed herds of bison, existed in greater abundance than the latter and outnumbered their heavier plains mates two to one. Today the pronghorn is in far greater danger of extinction than the bison.

Market hunting for wild pigeons was at one time a tremendous industry. One early naturalist estimated that a single flock that he encountered in Indiana contained literally millions of birds. Some faint idea of the magnitude of pigeon hunting as an industry may be gleaned from statistics set forth by Mr. Hornaday in one of his works on conservation. In 1869, from a small town in Michigan, three carloads of pigeons were shipped to market every day for forty days. Another Michigan town shipped 15,840,000 birds in two years. Remember that these figures apply to but two towns and that the slaughter was being conducted throughout a dozen states. Twenty-five years after those records were established there were rewards posted for a living specimen of a passenger pigeon, rewards that soon aggregated $5000 but were never collected. The species was extinct. There was some regretful sentiment expressed in connection with the passing of the pigeon, but no suspicion that an economic tragedy had been enacted.

An example of one of the minor incidents, one such as was occurring here and there throughout the nation, is furnished by the slaughter of the deer in the Colorado hills. These animals bunched in the fall and migrated to the low country in tens of thousands. Deer saddles brought three dollars apiece in the mining camps, and after a few years of market hunting the migration routes were empty. Market hunting for ducks, shore birds, quail, chickens and all manner of game birds afforded a means of livelihood for thousands of gunners up to the last decade.

The Duck Hunters' Theory

In every instance the end came so unexpectedly that it was not fully comprehended. It was quite generally believed that the disappearance of the beaver and the consequent end of the fur trade were but temporary and that the beaver would soon be found in the streams in as great numbers as formerly. The hide hunters pinned their faith to a legendary lost herd of bison that would one day repopulate the plains. The pigeon netters waited for years for the return of the vast flocks that were presumed to have sought a temporary refuge in South America. Meat hunters of the Colorado mining camps have told me of seeing deer pour down through the passes in tens of thousands; of long strings of freight wagons piled high with saddles of venison; yet when they returned to the hunting grounds another year there were no deer migrating to the winter range in the low country. They refused to credit the fact that the great herds were gone for all time, but believed that the animals had merely changed their range and were following new migration routes.

A few years ago it was common knowledge among duck hunters that the birds were going round some other way on the spring and fall migrations. Season after season, on every great flyway, it was generally surmised that the feathered hosts were following some new route. Instead they were following an old route—the trail previously traveled by the beaver, the bison and the passenger pigeon. The Migratory Bird Act was passed in time to block another chapter of extermination. Without its protection our ducks ere now would have followed those others into the realm of once-there-was.

It remained for some of the older communities, localities from which the game had almost entirely disappeared, to realize that the loss held an economic significance that far outweighed even the sentimental value of the game, the only value that had ever been placed upon it up to that time.

One would naturally imagine that in New York, the most thickly populated of all our states, the game question would long since have ceased to be of any particular importance; yet it is to that state that we are indebted for perhaps the most comprehensive and enlightening survey of the subject that has been tabulated to date. A careful check-up of every game bird and animal killed in the state during 1918

(Continued on Page 165)

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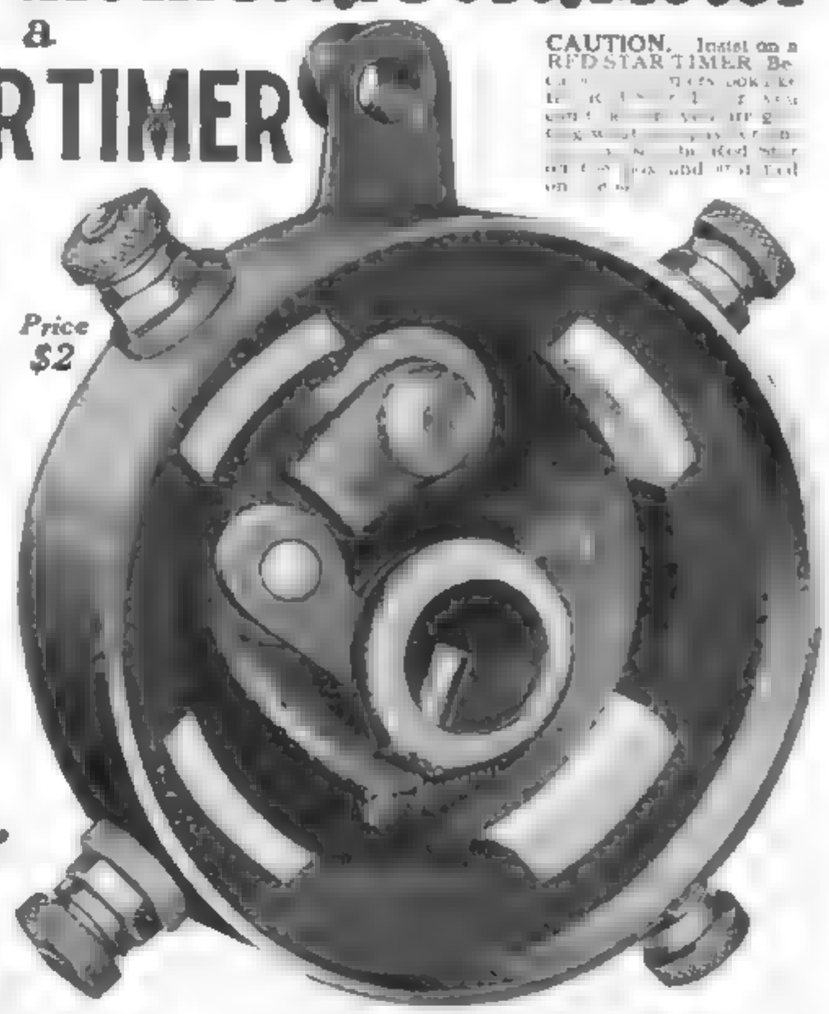

YOUR Ford Motor is a wonderful, rugged power plant, and will give you many thousand miles of service if it is accurately timed.

You can inspect the timer yourself. It's easy to remove. Notice the roller. It's the hardest working, fastest moving part of the Ford car. As the roller passes over the four contact points it distributes to each cylinder a fat, hot spark at exactly the proper instant—when valves are closed and compression is at its height.

This completely burns every charge and keeps the motor free from carbon, making it powerful, smooth running and quiet.

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Release the Hidden Power in Your Ford Motor

REPLACE your present timer with a Red Star and you will make it possible for your Ford motor to deliver its full power. You will restore new life to your motor and have a Ford to be proud of. It will hit on all four, start easily, run smoothly and save you many repair bills.

Install a RED STAR TIMER *and Remove the Cause of Motor Trouble*

Examine your timer. If the roller isn't smooth and even it will wear and pound the race, giving you a poor contact and causing your motor to slowly accumulate carbon. If you continue with a poor timer you will pay many times the cost of a Red Star Timer in your first repair bill. And besides you may injure your Ford motor.

The first cause of engine trouble is a worn timer. The safest and most economical way to prevent it is to replace your timer with a Red Star. This will remove any doubt from your mind. You can then be sure that you are getting all the power out of your Ford motor.

Insist on this Quality in the Timer You Buy

The Red Star Roller is made of 100 point carbon tool steel—uniform throughout. Ground and polished to a mirror surface.

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The Red Star Race of "shock-proof", bone-hard fibre and the butt-welded contact points are carefully lathe turned, ground and polished. Fibre and contact points have exactly the same resistance to wear—ensuring a smooth, even race at all times. Every Red Star undergoes nine tests and a final inspection. This vigilance is constantly maintained in order to assure every Red Star user a mechanically perfect timer. For years Ford owners all over the country have used and insisted on Red Star Timers because they stand up. Some timers look like the Red Star Timer. Be sure to get the genuine. The Red Star is on the box and stamped on the shell.

Red Stars are carried in stock by wholesale houses in every section of the country. Every dealer who is sincerely interested in making your Ford motor operate perfectly and in saving you unnecessary repair bills, carries Red Stars or will get one for you from his wholesale house.

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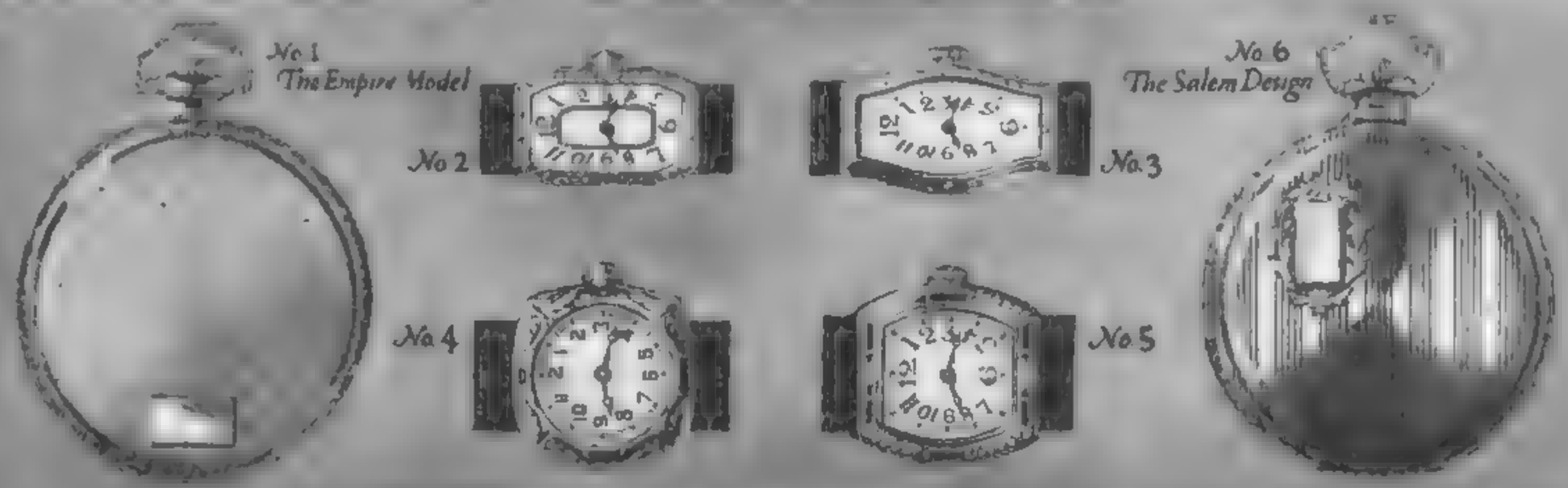

Important WADSWORTH achievements in the art of fine case making

SELDOM has there been shown in one group such a distinguished display of watch cases as is seen in the panel above. Among them are illustrated five of the most important recent Wadsworth contributions to the art of fine case making.

No. 1, the Empire Model, is the first of a series of cases illustrating the new Gravart Process of color decoration created by Wadsworth. Never before has the subtle, elusive charm of this color process been obtained in precious metals. Confined exclusively to Wadsworth Cases, the Gravart decoration may be had in either green or white gold.

Nos. 2 and 3 also represent a new Wadsworth achievement. Unlike other rectangular wrist watch cases, they are hinged at each end so that the front and back may open to give easy access to the movement, which is fastened rigidly to the center. Compact, strong and beautiful, they are designed to give exceptional protection to the movement.

Nos. 4 and 5 are rich examples of the new Wadsworth art of enameling, a method so perfect that designs may be reproduced in enamel in every detail, and in permanent form. Delicate traceries which were impossible under the old methods are now produced at moderate cost.

Each of these wrist watch cases is fashioned in the famous Wadsworth white gold. Harder and more enduring than yellow or green gold, and with a richer warmth than silver, it lends to its hand-chased or engraved designs a brilliance as of full-cut diamonds.

No. 6 is one of the new Wadsworth Salem Cases for men, in which is reflected the spirit of New England Colonial art.

Thus do the six cases shown above illustrate five vital new Wadsworth advancements in the fine art of watch case making.

The watch—a product of two industries

After constructing the movement, the watch manufacturer looks to Wadsworth for a case of such design as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the movements of leading watch manufacturers and importers for more than thirty years.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth Case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

(Continued from Page 163)

brought forth some astounding figures. The actual meat and fur value of game reported killed during the year reached a total of $3,239,277. Looking upon this as a 6 per cent annual dividend on the state's capital stock of wild life, it means that from an investment standpoint the game and fur of the state represent an asset of not less than $53,000,000. The total cost of game protection and of all measures toward increasing the wild life of the state amounted to $182,000 for the year; thus the cost of maintenance is less than 6 per cent of the annual dividend. What other department in any state can point to such a showing?

Oregon steps forth with a statement that her remaining game returns an annual dividend of $5,000,000. Idaho estimates $1,000,000 as the yearly yield of her wild life. Several other states have taken up game preservation from this angle, basing their conclusions on purely economic grounds, though also pointing out its incalculable value in the way of recreational advantages and in the matter of perpetuating our national love of the outdoors.

If you doubt the economic value of the game in your own native state you may easily ascertain the facts by communicating with your state game authorities. In three states out of four you will find that the game department not only pays its own way but actually earns a huge annual surplus, which in most instances reverts to the general state fund and helps pay the way of nonproductive branches that show an annual deficit.

A few years ago the Kansas State Legislature was considering a bill that provided for a bounty on rabbits. While this bill was up I dropped round to see a friend who deals in live birds and animals. During the course of the afternoon he purchased twenty dozen live rabbits from the farmers who had trapped them in the vicinity. This figure was somewhat in excess of his average daily receipts, which had been running somewhere near ten dozen a day for several months. He sold $14,000 worth of live rabbits in four months' time. The people of that one county received that sum in cash in addition to the meat value of the tens of thousands of rabbits, ducks, quail and other game birds that were shot for the table during the same period, proving conclusively that even the lowly bunny has its economic value.

Profits From Game

Those rabbits were shipped to the game authorities of various Eastern states to be liberated in localities where the native stock had become depleted. The majority of these rabbits were sold to the Pennsylvania State Game Commission, and that body did not purchase them through any sentimental consideration. They had discovered the actual cash value of game to the state. Pennsylvania is densely populated and its game was thinned out several decades ago. Protective and restocking measures were inaugurated and the wild life was restored to the point where Pennsylvania stands as one of the real hunting states today. In one year the game commissioners purchased live birds and animals to the amount of $68,000, and would have purchased still greater quantities, but the stock was not available. They spent $125,000 for the purchase of lands that would serve for permanent game refuges that will eventually operate to stock the surrounding country. Three state game farms were operated. The total expense of the department for the year was $500,000. Does that seem too great a sum to spend for game protection? It might seem so except for the fact that the game makes an annual return of $5,000,000 to the state of Pennsylvania, ten times the amount of the annual expense of maintenance.

Vermont, long settled and thickly populated, estimates a return of $500,000 annually from its remaining game.

These and other figures that have been tabulated furnish a basis of speculation as to the economic relation of the Yellowstone game herds to the surrounding country. That they will eventually prove to be an asset of incalculable value there can be no doubt, as that region stands unique in at least one respect. Most localities wait until their native game has virtually disappeared before waking to a realization of its actual value. Then follows a protracted and expensive program of restocking the coverts. The Yellowstone and the country adjacent still retain an abundance and variety of native game. It is by all odds the best hunting country in the United States today, and if proper conservation is practiced it will remain for years the objective of American sportsmen, who will spend their good dollars in the country. Figures from the state game warden's office prove beyond question that the game of Wyoming is an asset of no mean proportion even now.

The receipts from the sale of various hunting and trapping licenses and permits of different sorts amounted to $74,984 in the 1921 season. The figures were not yet completed, but the warden estimated that after the costs of operating the department were defrayed it would leave a net cash surplus of not less than $30,000, which figure is close to the average annual profit during the last five or six years.

That sum represents only the cash profit that accrued to the state government. The returns to the people of the state were infinitely greater. I know of $65,000 that was spent by nonresident sportsmen with local guides and outfitters. Those figures were gathered from thirty guides, and there were somewhere round 200 guides licensed in Wyoming in the 1921 season; so the total of such expenditures, if the figures were available, would perhaps be more than double the sum cited. This does not include whatever amounts the visitors spent with merchants and in other ways. The value of the winter's fur catch may be conservatively estimated at $100,000.

Lengthening the Dude Season

The game, then, netted a cash profit of $30,000 for the state treasury and brought into the country from outside sources somewhere round three dollars for every person residing in the state. That item alone entitles it to respectful consideration as an asset of some importance. There is, in addition to the cash returns, the meat value of the thousands of head of big game—elk, deer, bear, sheep and moose—and the hundreds of thousands of rabbits, grouse, ducks, geese, sage hens and other small game that annually grace the tables of local residents.

New York, with a sale of 208,946 licenses issued in 1918, reported an average of seven game birds or animals killed per license. Wyoming issued 19,569 hunting licenses of various sorts in 1921 and the average kill per license would be infinitely greater. The country swarms with game, and a hunter requires no particular skill to enable him to get his elk, moose or deer or his daily quota of ducks, grouse, and the like. Thousands of residents of the more isolated localities hunt persistently during the season and use but little meat aside from game. The streams of the state afford excellent fishing, and trout is a staple article of diet on most mountain ranches throughout the summer. In view of these conditions I believe it is safe to assert that the catch of game and fish is of sufficient quantity to feed the entire population of the state for a period of two weeks out of every year.

Quite the greatest economic potentiality of the game for the future, however, is its relation to the general tourist business. The tourists have discovered Wyoming, and the last season they poured into the country in such numbers that there were approximately two visitors for every three residents of the state; yet the dude business, though of tremendous proportions, is of short duration, being confined to the three months of the summer season. The dude wrangler, then, is forced to carry his equipment as a dead weight for the other nine months of each year. Any feature that tends to lengthen the period of his activity is of great importance to him; and the game, even now, constitutes the chief possibility along that line.

Bear hunting is best in the spring, when the animals leave their winter dens. The dude wrangler who handles bear hunters for a month or six weeks in the spring prior to the rush of the tourist season has found profitable employment for his saddle stock and equipment at a time when it would otherwise be idle, thereby lengthening his season and providing that much extra working time for his guides, horse wranglers and cooks. After the ending of the tourist season there are yet two months of good hunting for elk, sheep, deer and moose, affording further opportunity for extending his period of profitable activity. The majority of the guides and dude wranglers trap to some extent during the winter months, the trapping season starting at the close of the hunting season.

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Smoke Stains

The film on teeth. Some foods also do it

This is why teeth discolor.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. You can feel it now. Foods, tobacco, etc., discolor it, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. But note how many teeth now glisten—teeth which once were dingy. You see them everywhere. That is due to a new way of teeth cleaning, which millions now employ. A ten-day test is free.

How they fight film

Film does more than cloud the teeth. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

So dental science sought for film combatants. After long research, two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent.

Why 49 in 50 suffer

Research proved two other things essential. The average modern diet frequently fails in certain much desired essentials. As a result, this is reflected in increased tooth troubles.

Pepsodent aims to correct these faults. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids. Certain foods would bring similar results. But Pepsodent brings them twice a day, regardless of the diet.

Used the world over

Careful people of some 50 nations now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You see the results wherever you look, in teeth that glisten now. And those whiter teeth mean safer, cleaner teeth.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

The Pepsodent results are quick and conspicuous. No user can doubt them. A week's test will convince you that this new method is important, both to you and yours. It should not be delayed.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

You will never forget the good effects, and never again go without them. Cut out coupon now.

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Only one tube to a family

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A view of the great Union Station in Kansas City, a gateway capital of the Southwest

City after City votes for Cinco

Study the hundred leading cities, or a hundred villages, or state after state—ask men "What is your favorite cigar?" And the verdict for Cinco will reveal its leadership.

Yet this is not a sudden whimsy. Cinco is an Eisenlohr creation, backed by over 70 years' successful experience. One generation after another smokes Cinco, father and son and grandson. And year after year the sales pyramid, for no finer cigar at two for fifteen is conceivable.

We now offer Cinco friends a new-type pocket-pack—ten in a triply wrapped packet for 75c—a greatly appreciated convenience. It brings Cinco and keeps Cinco in perfect condition.

Don't delay the delight of becoming acquainted with Cinco. Just ask any dealer anywhere for a Cinco pocket-pack. Try the ten. See if you agree that Cinco is entitled to first place.

"STICK TO CINCO — PLAY SAFE"

CINCO

Made by Otto Eisenlohr & Bros Inc Philadelphia Established 1850

Illustration reduced one-fourth

Two guides of my acquaintance caught fur to the value of $6700 during the winter of 1919–20. This, however, was probably the largest catch in the state, and far in excess of the yield of the average trap line; but the expenses of the trapper are light and the most of them make a catch sufficient to meet the immediate requirements of the winter. It is thus quite evident that the fur, game and fish are items of paramount importance to guides and dude wranglers in the conduct of their business.

That they also play a considerable part in attracting tourists is evidenced by the fact that in 1921 the state issued to nonresidents 4389 fishing licenses, 189 general hunting licenses, 327 bird licenses, sixty special bull-moose permits and forty special bear-hunting permits. Those, with thirty-two alien licenses, make a total of 5037 licenses issued to nonresidents, a proportion of one to every six licenses issued to residents. The figures for the 1922 season, when completed, will show even greater returns.

Scores of the more progressive and far-seeing dude wranglers are fully alive to this condition and its relation to their business. They know that if the game herds can be maintained at their present levels the country adjacent to the Yellowstone will become the goal of all American sportsmen. These men are working for the preservation of the game, and with considerable success; but they are not yet sufficiently well organized to wield the political influence necessary to attain their ends.

The Elk Can Still be Saved

Since my first hunting trip in the Wyoming hills I have spent perhaps six years there at different times, and the decrease in the game has been quite pronounced. Then there were 100,000 head of elk. I believe 22,000 is the largest estimate that could be placed on the herds today. The great bands, 50,000 strong, that made an annual migration to the winter range in Jackson's Hole have been sadly depleted in numbers, and 9000 head would be a liberal estimate of the present number of this southern herd. The western herds that summered in the Yellowstone and moved west into Idaho for the winter, bands that numbered 20,000 head, have been completely exterminated. The northern herds, rated at 30,000 a few years ago, will not total over a third of that figure.

Many friends of the game, men who would see these remnants of the elk herds preserved if it were at all possible, have become resigned after watching this swift decrease and now accept the end as inevitable, believing that there is no remedy.

But there is a remedy! It will positively save the game of the country if it is applied in time, which in this case means at once.

Before specifically stating the remedy let us consider a few of the reasons why it should be applied. The chief obstacle is the contention that the game has always disappeared before the advance of the stock industry and that the same economic law must prevail in this last stronghold of the game. This precedent has been established by an unbroken chain of events, and its necessity so far as it relates to the settlement of the plains and the better grazing areas in the mountains is open to no argument. Those same conditions, however, do not apply to these last few isolated pockets of the hills. Here, from a dollar-and-cent standpoint, the game has all the best of it by 500 per cent.

A few years ago I made a survey in one locality that will prove relatively typical of the rest. Elk Fork Creek, a branch of the North Fork of the Shoshone River, had been reserved as a winter range for the elk and closed to stock grazing. The stock interests exerted constant pressure to have it thrown open. The reasons presented were the usual ones—a given amount of feed would produce only so much meat and the game must go; the game brought in no revenue, while grazing fees would help defray the Government's expenses in the neighborhood; and other items.

Those contentions are sheer fallacies; but they carry conviction for the reason that the officials to whom they are presented have no way of determining the opposite side of the question, while a century-old precedent backs the arguments for opening the range. In considering these points it will be well to remember that the nibblers still insist that the 3500 square miles of the Yellowstone remain dormant and unproductive when actual statistics show that it produces $1400 a square mile in tourist money that is left in the country annually.

The first of these minor contentions may be disposed of with equal dispatch. When the Elk Fork was grazed it supported 350 head of stock for four months in the summer season. The claim that it will support 600 head for six months in the year is a fabrication, and the local stockmen know it. Yet there were over 2000 head of elk that wintered through in that little area. The difference is this: The domestic stock feed out the bottoms and the most accessible grass on the lower slopes. When the first fall snows appear the stock starts drifting down country to avoid starvation. The elk summer back in the peaks, subsisting on feed that would otherwise go to waste. When heavy storms force them down they live on the feed in the bottoms until such time as the after-storm winds have scoured the bald ridges free of snow, then return to those higher areas. The year-round existence of over 2000 head of elk was dependent upon the feed in this one valley that 350 head of stock would feed out in four months. There is your so-much-feed-produces-a-given-amount-of-meat theory. It really is not a theory. It's a pose.

The relative revenue-producing qualities of that bunch of elk and of what cows might be grazed in the area are quite enlightening. The grazing fees could not possibly exceed $500 a year, and would go to the Federal Government.

There were seventeen guides operating on the North Fork of the Shoshone that year. Their guides' licenses, the nonresident licenses of sportsmen they handled and the licenses issued to residents on the river netted something over $2000, which accrued to the state government. The guides took in a trifle over $35,000 from hunting parties and the sportsmen spent considerable sums in town while outfitting for the hunting country. The game killed during the season provided local residents with far more free meat than the grazing of Elk Fork could produce in two years. This one example will serve to illustrate the fact that the relative positions of stock and game have been reversed in the last few small areas that still shelter any considerable quantity of game.

Montana has passed a law that will afford protection for the northern herd of elk if one of its provisions is properly applied. It is provided that the state game warden may suspend the open season in any part where unforeseen conditions may endanger the game of a locality to a serious extent. Four years ago the heavy early snows forced the big herds of elk out of the Yellowstone during the open hunting season. Thousands of hunters waited just across the line and over 8000 elk were shot down as they bucked the drifts and crossed out of the park. Under the present law the season could have been suspended and the herds saved.

Incorrect Methods

The chief problem now concerns the southern bands, which winter in Jackson's Hole. For years the annual death rate, both through shooting and through starvation, has been excessive, and the residents of the valley have been made the targets of well-meaning but poorly informed protectionists throughout the country. Game hogs, outlaws and tusk hunters are a few of the titles bestowed on them by outsiders who understood nothing of the conditions that confronted the local inhabitants. This campaign, though waged with the best of intentions, has reacted to the actual detriment of the elk. In the final analysis nothing of any importance can be brought to bear on the situation without the hearty coöperation of those local people, and the one certain method of alienating all chance of that coöperation is the continuance of a program that is shot full of high-sounding fallacies that are quite apparent to anyone who is even partially posted as to the true situation.

An outline of the actual conditions, a few of the serious problems of the residents and the citation of several of the misdirected efforts to remedy matters may help the outsider to a clearer perspective. A few years ago, when the droves numbered far more animals than now, the ranchmen suffered great inconvenience and quite frequently experienced serious losses. The elk, driven out of the high country by the snow, swarmed into the valley in tens of thousands. The grass in the bottoms, on which they had formerly wintered, had

(Continued on Page 169)

NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

SATISFY 4,000,000 WOMEN

In every tongue, women tell of the never-ending satisfaction that has made the famous Blue Chimney NEW PERFECTION the world's most popular oil stove.

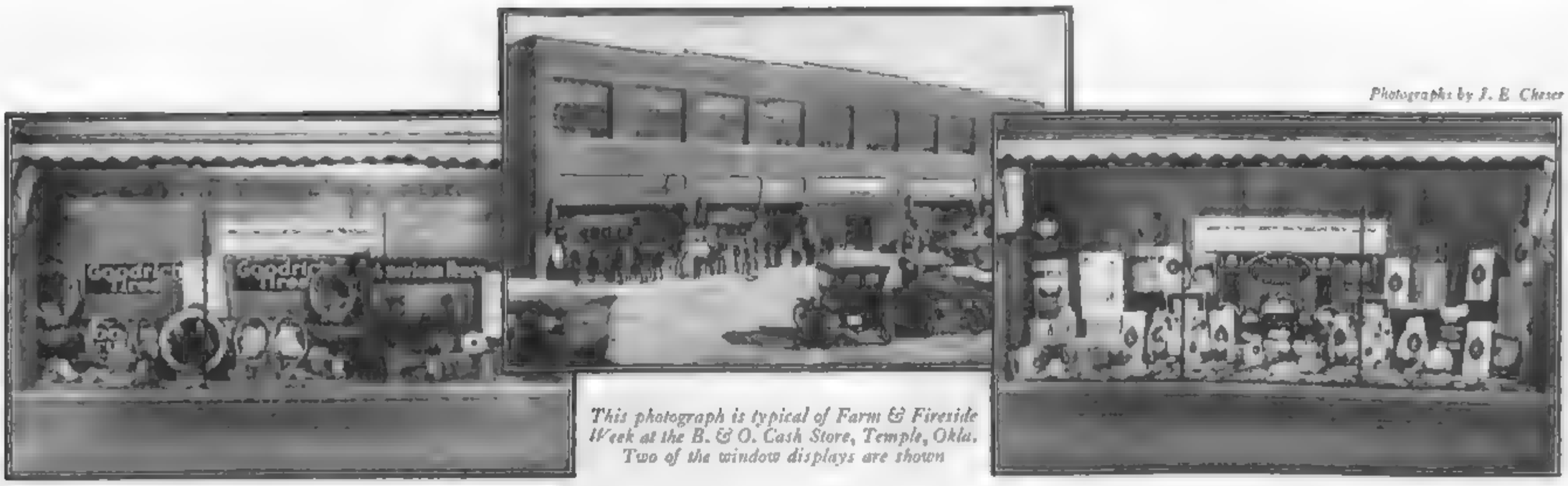
Styles and sizes from $7.00 to $109.00.

50,000 home tests last year proved that our newer and higher-priced models with SUPERFEX Burners add gas-stove speed to accepted NEW PERFECTION comfort.

NEW PERFECTION dealers everywhere.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY, 7644 Platt Avenue, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made in Canada by Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.



Photographs by J. E. Chaser

This photograph is typical of Farm & Fireside Week at the B. & O. Cash Store, Temple, Okla. Two of the window displays are shown

The store that did a $21,000 business during a special FARM & FIRESIDE week

How the B. & O. Cash Store of Temple, Okla. (population, 906), tied to the products advertised in Farm & Fireside and brought 10,000 people to their store in a single week

WHEN Bob and Otho Mooney bought out a little grocery store in Temple, Oklahoma, fifteen years ago, they little dreamed that in 1923 they would be possessed of one of the greatest stores in the entire Southwest—a store that today, in a town of 906 people, is doing a business in excess of $1,250,000 annually.

"Taking advantage of every opportunity we can safely swing" has been their guiding motto throughout these fifteen years. Year by year they prospered—and now their store, in its appointments and fixtures and in its stock of high grade merchandise, is the equal of some of the finest metropolitan stores.

Standard merchandise, backed by national advertising, represented one of the opportunities upon which they have capitalized. Early in their career they learned that it was far easier, and took much less time, to sell merchandise about which their customers already knew something through the advertising of reputable manufacturers.

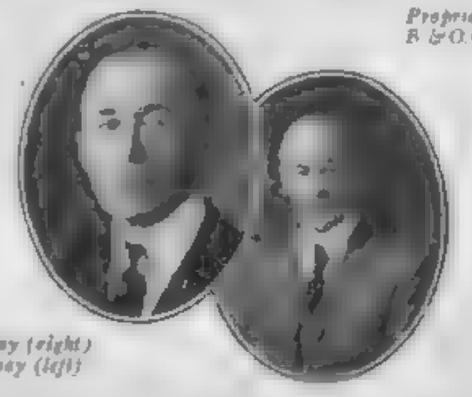
The Farm & Fireside Week

At the beginning of the present year, when the Mooney brothers were planning a spring style show, it occurred to them that some additional attraction would be valuable in bringing in more customers.

"Why not a showing of the products we carry which are advertised in Farm & Fireside?" they asked. "Why not give our entire window display to these products? Hundreds of our best customers are readers of Farm & Fireside—and it would be worth a good deal to us to show these people the merchandise which they have read about in Farm & Fireside."

The idea was no sooner conceived than it was put under way. Twelve products, as advertised in Farm & Fireside, were selected for this display:

American Fence, Colgate's Toilet Preparations, Gillette Razors, Goodrich Tires, Hartshorn Shade Rollers, Ingersoll Watches, Mulsified Cocoanut Oil, Pepsodent, President Suspenders, Renfrew Devonshire Cloth, Swift's Products, Wright Bias Fold Tape.



Proprietors of the B. & O. Cash Store

Bob Mooney (right)
Otho Mooney (left)

How the display was arranged

In each of the four windows large signs, "Come in and see this Standard Merchandise—as Advertised in Farm & Fireside," were displayed across the backs of the windows.

Each of the products was attractively grouped, and accompanying each display was a large cardboard sign bearing the words, "As Advertised in Farm & Fireside" (Farm & Fireside being indicated by a cover from the magazine), together with pasted-on copies of several advertisements of the product.

$21,000 in sales

What were the results of this display? No special price inducements were offered—and yet the sales for this one week reached the remarkable total of $21,000. More than 10,000 people visited the store during the week.

Sales on each of the Farm & Fireside-advertised products increased from 25 to 200 per cent. More than $1,250 worth of American Fence alone was sold. Sales of Goodrich Tires were $300. Sales of Swift's Products doubled. And so on—with every item.

"We are going to keep this advertising in our windows another week, as we think it is very attractive and the windows are selling merchandise for us every day," Mr. Mooney writes.

An opportunity for you

The Mooney brothers saw an opportunity in Farm & Fireside advertising—and cashed in on it to the extent of several thousands of dollars.

There is a similar opportunity in your community. Whether you handle one or a dozen of the products advertised in Farm & Fireside, there are hundreds of prosperous farm families, readers of Farm & Fireside, who will be interested in seeing the merchandise about which they have read. A window display, similar to that of the B. & O. Store, will make sales for you.

We will gladly help you

If you would like to try this plan in your store, we will be glad to help you. Just write us, "Tell me how to put on a Farm & Fireside Week," and name the products from the list below which you carry, and we will send you display material and suggestions. We will also include a copy of our new booklet, "Projected Selling," if you request it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Brown's Beach Jacket
Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company

[illegible] Cars
[illegible] Gasoline Products
[illegible] Cars
[illegible] Seeds
[illegible] Cotton
[illegible] Tires
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Diamond Tires
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic

Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
[illegible]
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Essex Cars
Freesome
General Motors Corporation
Gilbert Musical Instruments
[illegible] Underwear
[illegible]
[illegible] Rs
[illegible]
[illegible] Preparations
Harley Davidson Motorcycles

Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating [illegible]
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
[illegible]
National [illegible]
Northern Pacific Ry.

O-Cedar Polish
Oliver Oil-Gas Burners
Overland Cars
[illegible]
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[illegible] & [illegible] Varnish Products
[illegible] Stoves
[illegible]
[illegible]
Royal Fence

Sapolio
[illegible] Buttermilk
[illegible] Vulcanizer
Smith & Barnes and Strobber Pianos and Player Pianos
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Stewart Custom Built Auto Accessories
Swift's Products
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Willys-Overland, Inc.
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

(Continued from Page 166)

either been cut for hay or had been fed off by domestic stock during the summer. The elk were forced to browse on the bark and twigs of aspens and willows. A moose or deer can winter through on browse, but the elk is more strictly a grazing animal and must have grass or die. The winters in the Wyoming hills are long and cold, and even the floor of Jackson's Hole is blanketed with from two to four feet of snow for at least five months in the year, during which time all domestic stock in the valley is entirely dependent upon the hay that the cattlemen have put up in the preceding summer.

Every winter the elk, starving, many of them dying from complaints occasioned by exclusive browse diet, reached the point of desperation where they lost all fear of man or death in the face of hunger and made determined assaults on the haystacks of the settlers, charging in bands of hundreds. The loss of his hay meant but one thing to the ranchman—the necessity of watching his stock die of starvation before spring. Several stockmen were completely cleaned out in exactly this manner. The settlers were compelled to protect their stacks. Some built pole stockades twelve feet high, but the snow drifted against them to a sufficient depth to permit the elk to clear the fences and leap into the stack yards, where many of them were crushed to death. Scores of settlers slept on their haystacks throughout the winter, enduring bitter temperatures to protect their hay from the determined assaults of the starving hordes. Many ranch men, too humane to ignore this suffering, wintered small bunches of elk through with their stock. They saw them starving, the bottoms dotted with the carcasses of the winter-killed. Small wonder, then, that many of them, when in need of meat, shot an elk in preference to butchering a steer.

Throughout this time various outside protectionists, having found that a closed season was an excellent remedy for conserving the game in some localities, and feeling that the same measures would apply with equal efficacy in every case, were waging a bitter campaign toward the elimination of hunting in the Jackson's Hole country, attributing all the decrease to shooting.

There is no doubt that the shooting was somewhat excessive, but if never a shot had been fired in Jackson's Hole for the last ten years I doubt if the elk census in the valley would run 10 per cent higher than it does today. The one big factor was scarcity of winter feed. Every winter, after the hunting season was over, elk starved in hundreds, sometimes in thousands. Those that wintered through were in such weakened condition that the calf crop was light. Even during the winter of 1921 22, when the shooting was rather less than usual, and with only 8500 head of elk in the valley, the spring calf crop was practically a total loss. Contrast that with the record of the northern herd for the same season. Wintering in the Yellowstone, where both snow and climatic conditions were identical, but where hay in sufficient quantities had been provided in advance, the herds showed a calf increase of between 25 and 30 per cent.

Misunderstandings

The elk have decreased to a point where more stringent restrictions as to shooting must necessarily be inaugurated in the very near future, which fact the people of Jackson's Hole freely admit; but the chief factor of that decrease in the past—as it is also the most vital element today—was the poor condition of the winter range.

This widespread misunderstanding of this side of the problem, and the apparently deliberate refusal even to consider it, along with the decidedly uncomplimentary assertions as to their game-hog tendencies, engendered an exceeding amount of bitterness among the local residents of the valley. It reached a point where they resented any outside interference in their affairs and were prepared to block any program that did not originate among themselves. When the Federal Government—already maintaining a hay ranch where elk were winterfed—after a careful survey of the situation, in which the forest service, national-park service and Bureau of Biological Survey participated, would have assumed Federal control of the herds and saved them from extermination, the local people fell back upon the old question of states' rights and refused to consider it. The state would handle its own game. No doubt this attitude prevailed for the reason that the suggestion came first from the same outside sources that had previously antagonized them.

This same attitude operated in the matter of the proposed extension to the Yellowstone National Park. There are many points in favor of this extension, but the assertion that it would definitely settle the elk question and preserve the herds for all time was an overstatement. The area under consideration is buried under many feet of snow for six months out of the year, and the elk could not winter there if it were to be included in the park any more than they can winter there at present. When this matter came up the local people on the east and south arrayed themselves against it, and in view of this sentiment the Wyoming State Legislature passed a resolution against the measure. Congress, therefore, out of courtesy, refused to pass the bill.

All this, as I have pointed out, resulted from the fact that the outsiders failed to grasp the local problem. But there was misunderstanding on the part of the local residents as well. This outside agitation seemed so much unwarranted interference, and an attempt to inflict an alien viewpoint upon the residents, regardless of the facts of the case and of their own wishes in the matter. In reality, however, the whole campaign resulted from the fact that millions of our sportsmen took a vital interest in saving the game of this last great hunting ground left within our borders. It was that desire, rather than any intent to antagonize, that swayed them, and their efforts were quite sincere even if a trifle misdirected. The misunderstanding was mutual and the breach widened year by year.

Merging Viewpoints

Now, quite suddenly, natural causes have brought the matter to a point where it is quite possible that this breach may be permanently healed by the exercise of a little discretion and forbearance on either side. This possibility has arisen from within, not from without, and is merely a part of the general change of viewpoint that local residents adjacent to the Yellowstone are experiencing—first in regard to the park itself, after watching its swift transformation from a white elephant into the greatest economic factor of the countryside: then the concerted endeavor to preserve all features that might serve as attractions to tourists, followed by the realization that the game is chief among these, with particular reference to the lengthening of the season of profitable activity. This attitude may soon extend to an indorsement of the proposed Yellowstone extension, once the local people are convinced that it will be for their best interests. Several men who were largely instrumental in blocking the extension originally are now in favor of it.

A guides' association has recently been organized in Jackson's Hole and now has forty members. Many of these men are stockmen, which item eliminates the old issue between the stock interests and the dude wranglers, since this organization stands squarely for the preservation of the game. At a conference that was held in Jackson this winter it was brought out that the tourist money spent on the dude ranches of the valley the past season amounted to $200,000. That was exclusive of the sum spent by motorists and campers, which was estimated at $100,000. Three hundred thousand dollars is no small sum to be dumped into one little valley in the three months of the summer season, and the local people know it.

During the last few years there has been a gradual merging of the viewpoints of all factions. The national-park service, originally concerned exclusively with recreational problems, has inadvertently developed into an economic factor of tremendous importance in many localities; yet it stands now, as it always has, for absolute conservation, and has recently checked overdevelopment of the parks from a resort standpoint.

The forest service—originally a strictly commercial organization for marketing and reforesting our national forests, with the grazing of those areas under its control as an important side line—viewed all things from a strictly commercial angle. This original policy has undergone a pronounced change, and today the forest service is carefully weighing the recreational advantages of certain areas against the commercial possibilities before permitting development.

Some of the finest bits of game conservation under way in the United States today are being conducted under the auspices of

If the Underwear isn't right can a Man really be well-dressed?

NO man objects to people saying that he carries his clothes well.

The best tailor in the world can't do it *all*.

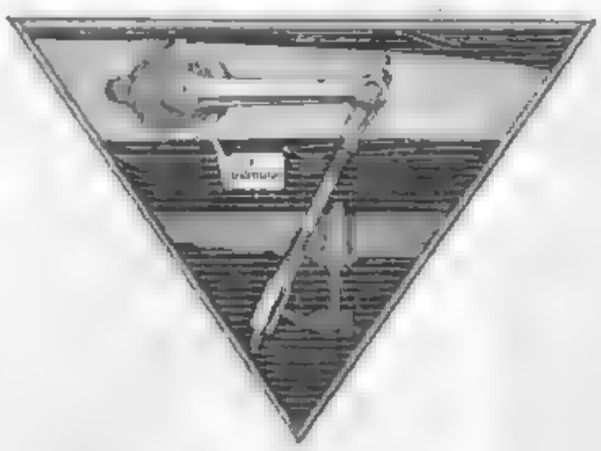
If an ill-fitting piece of underwear has ever cramped your style, remember this—

The makers of Allen A Summerwear and Spring Needle Knit Underwear have done more to develop the *underneath* art of good dressing than any other group of people in the business.

Each season more and more men find this Allen A one-piece suit with knitted top and nainsook drawers gives just the combination of absorption and loose-fitting freedom they have long wanted.

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Makers of Allen A Hosiery for All the Family

HOO-DYE



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MONARCH COFFEE

None Better Obtainable at any Price — and it costs less

SWEET PICKLES.
SALAD DRESSING.
CATSUP.
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Salesmen Wanted:
We have immediate need for 100 more salesmen for our New York branch
Men with retail grocery experience apply at once

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ESTABLISHED 1853

the forest service. The Bureau of Biological Survey, in addition to its research work, stood foursquare for absolute game protection in the beginning. The bureau's chief concern along this line was the preservation of species, its aims almost wholly idealistic and with a tendency to accord no consideration to either the recreational or economic utilization of the game, carrying it to the extreme of refusing to permit the killing or removal of surplus bulls and weaklings of any game herds under its supervision, even though the animals were a serious detriment to the well-being of the game as a whole. The attitude, in short, was that of the rampant protectionist; but that system is rapidly being abolished by the present personnel of the bureau.

These three branches have discovered a community of interests and are working toward the same general end. Exactly the same thing is true as relates to the stockmen and the dude wranglers. At least 75 per cent of the guides and dude wranglers of the Wyoming hills are now, or have been at some time, interested in stock raising to a certain extent. The closing of certain areas to grazing, thereby violating the precedent that their stock should run wherever there was grass, occasioned the cattlemen some concern as to just how far these restrictions would be carried. Foreseeing a widespread tendency in the reverse direction that might deprive them of a large part of their range, it was very natural that they should organize to fight the movement. Those engaged in the tourist business felt that the stock interests sought to take over the whole country and drive them out of business.

The Shortage of Hay

At present there are many dude wranglers who raise stock, many stockmen who handle summer dudes on their ranches and guide hunting parties in the fall. Scattered throughout the West there are hundreds of ranchers who protect the game on their lands and leases. All this has worked toward a common viewpoint and has lessened the suspicion that one faction sought to monopolize the country to the detriment of the other. And it is this merging of ideas that renders it possible to take quick action and save the game of the Yellowstone and make that region the great hunting ground of America for a century to come.

With particular reference to the situation in Jackson's Hole, the residents realize that they face the same problem with the elk that they have always faced with their cows. The two are identical. There is no mystery about either.

The cattleman knows that the shortage of range is occasioned from the fact that it is overworked, which in turn is the result of the general scarcity of hay in the valley. Fearing a shortage of hay, he leaves his cows on the range until the latest possible date. On the first early storm of fall his cows eat the larkspur that stands above the snow, and the losses by larkspur poisoning are tremendous. I have seen scores of dead stock on Spread Creek and the Blackrock after a snow in September. The range is grubbed to the grass roots.

Spring arrives and the rancher is out of hay. He must throw his stock back on the range at the earliest possible moment. The grass is just starting to green up, and the cows are weakened by this first green feed and by their efforts to crop a sufficient quantity of the short grass. A late spring storm, and the larkspur episode is repeated. The same is true of loco on the east side of the park. During the time that I lived there the range was cluttered with locoed horses, and I doubt if there were a dozen colts raised on the North Fork of the Shoshone in five years.

What the stockman needs is not more range but more hay to feed his cows through the winter months until what range he has is in condition to support them and the poison danger is eliminated. When he can put up sufficient hay so he can gather his stock off the range a month earlier in the fall and turn it out a month later in the spring his problem will be solved, and not until then. Throwing open the last few closed areas will not aid him materially.

The expansion of stock raising in the high country adjacent to the Yellowstone is confined to definite limits. Even if the whole expanse of the Yellowstone Park and the near-by closed areas were grazed to capacity, there is the vital question of just where the hay could be obtained to winter-feed the additional stock that would be thrown on the summer range; and if it could be obtained the value of the additional production of beef would still fall far short of the actual sum left last season by tourists in the Jackson Valley alone, which in turn was but 8 per cent of the total of tourist expenditures in the countryside as a whole. There you have it. The stockmen know it. Most of them, if they believe their listener a sympathetic one, will admit the truth of it without qualification. Some few still adhere to the old tradition that their prosperity hinges upon the opening of these last closed areas. By far the greater number, however, know that their salvation rests not upon added summer range but upon sufficient winter feed.

The question of saving the elk is exactly analogous. The high country of the Yellowstone and the adjoining game preserves provide ample summer and early fall range for the game. It is only when the elk, driven down by heavy snows, reach the country that is grazed to the roots that the actual trouble begins. Small areas in the Grovant and at other points have been closed to grazing and small bunches of elk winter there. The Federal Government maintains feed grounds near Jackson and the elk that gather there are held through the winter.

Game does not require the same quantity of feed as domestic stock. Figures carefully compiled at both the Gardiner and Jackson feed grounds, as well as experimental feeding of small bands of elk, show that one-third of a ton of hay will see an elk through the winter in good shape. Even so, the animals crowd in to the government ranch at Jackson in such numbers that there has been an annual scarcity of hay. Conditions on the ranch for the past winter have been better than in any other season in years, and 3500 head of elk wintered through in good shape on 1000 tons of hay. There is every hope that the spring calf crop will be saved.

And right here is the specific remedy that will positively save the game in the southern herds—by increasing the capacity of the government ranches. There is no mystery about it; neither is it a secret. The national-park service, the forest service and the Bureau of Biological Survey are all aware of it and have been working jointly toward its consummation for years. The Wyoming State government is alive to the situation, and the local residents of Jackson's Hole, knowing every detail of the solution, are overwhelmingly in favor of it. It is certain that the millions of American sportsmen and conservationists everywhere will indorse it.

Shortsighted Economy

Right today, while this unity of viewpoint exists, is the time to bring the matter to an issue. Again the question is strictly an economic one. The sum of $100,000 will serve to purchase hay lands adjacent to the government ranches at Jackson. This additional land, along with the present holdings, will furnish sufficient hay to feed between 6000 and 7000 head of elk annually. It will winter the cows in good shape, so that the frightful spring calf loss will be eliminated and the herds will be enabled to hold their own.

Millions have been spent in the preservation of the last few bands of bison. Pennsylvania spends $500,000 annually in game protection and shows a tremendous yearly profit. The figures for New York State, Oregon and other localities have been cited. Millions of dollars are expended yearly in various sorts of game-protection propaganda. In the face of all this, when for years past the expenditure of the relatively insignificant sum of $100,000 would have saved the game of our last great hunting grounds it has not been forthcoming. This procrastination hinges rather largely on one point—the jealous insistence upon states' rights in matters of game protection, yet without applying the remedy from within.

Wyoming has set aside thousands of square miles of game preserves wherein shooting is prohibited, has coöperated with the forest service in closing certain areas to grazing and has passed several wise protective measures. The state legislature last year appropriated $2500 for the purchase of hay for feeding elk, $5200 for reimbursing settlers who suffered losses through depredations of starving elk, and in many other ways has evidenced an interest in the preservation of the state's game; but has not deemed it expedient to appropriate a sum sufficient for the purchase of the little block

(Continued on Page 173)

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-ko
GINGER ALE

For you—and you—and you

SAY HELLO to the happy Eskimo boy—everybody—old or young or in between, men and women and kids. Say it every time you're thirsty—he's one of the best little "unthirsters" on earth.

He thinks that his is the most refreshing drink that ever was—a ginger ale with all the tang and sparkle and freshness you want. That's why you like it. That's why all sorts of people always ask for Clicquot Club Ginger Ale—*they all like it.*

It's such a *good* drink, good in taste, good in the way it's made. The pure spring water, the real Jamaica ginger, the fruit flavors and all the rest—everything in Clicquot is the purest to be had.

All blended in the perfect blend that has been a favorite for thirty-eight years.

Other good drinks come from that great sunlit building at Millis which is the Clicquot kid's home — Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer, and Root Beer. Order them all from your grocer or druggist.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

"AND HERE IS YOUR BATHROOM"

When the hostess says simply, "And here is your bathroom," she is in fact saying, "The freedom of the house is yours. You need not shape your habits to ours, nor be fearful of incommoding us."

An additional bathroom often spells the difference between easy, gracious hospitality and embarrassed, apologetic hospitality. And when no guests are present it adds immeasurably to the comfort and convenience of every member of the family.

* * *

Let the capable plumbing dealer who sells Kohler Ware in your neighborhood show you how a model bathroom can be installed in a space as small as five feet by six, no larger than a good-sized closet. And let him demonstrate in figures the reasonableness of the investment that will insure your obtaining the unsurpassed quality that every piece of Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware represents.

You will find nothing more sightly than Kohler designs, nothing more certain to reward you with lasting satisfaction than Kohler fixtures with their enduring covering of glistening, glassy-hard enamel.

* * *

Let us send you our booklet of Kohler Ware for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries.

KOHLER

Look for this name, unobtrusively fused into the enamel of every Kohler fixture. It is your guaranty of genuineness and of these distinctive Kohler qualities—(1) the beautiful snowy whiteness of the durable enamel (2) the *uniformity* of that whiteness in every fixture

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin • *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

(Continued from Page 170)

of hay lands that would largely solve the problem for all time.

The wise course would be that of temporarily diverting the $30,000 annual cash profits that the game earns and devoting it to the perpetuation of the agency that produces it. The cash surplus earned by the game over a period of three and one-half years would remedy the whole matter, after which time the money could again be allowed to revert to the general state fund. It is doubtful, however, if such a measure could be put through the state legislature in time. The Federal Government, through courtesy in the matter of states' rights, and since the state seems desirous of handling its own problem, has hesitated to step in and assume control of the situation. It is precisely this deadlock of political courtesy that is responsible for the fact that our elk are starving every year on the winter range.

There is only one solution, and it must be put in operation at once if it is to be of any avail. The hay ranch in Jackson's Hole has been Federally owned and operated for years, so there can be no logical objection to its enlargement.

The Bureau of Biological Survey has requested an appropriation of $100,000 for the purchase of those additional hay lands. The forest service and the national-park service are solidly in favor of it, which means that two great departments of our Government, the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior, will be interested in the movement through coöperation of their branches. The local residents favor it, and every American sportsman and conservationist will indorse it. And the time is now!

When I say that this is not a local matter, but in a large sense a national one, I do not mean to imply that the state has not full right to the ownership and disposition of its game. It has. But the question is also one of vital importance to millions of American lovers of the great outdoors.

Our Best Hunting Ground

The hills adjacent to the Yellowstone are populated with a greater variety as well as a greater abundance of game than any other spot in the nation. In addition to the elk herds there are hundreds of moose. With a few more years of protection in their Idaho and Wyoming ranges near the park that region will afford the best moose hunting in the United States. The bighorn sheep is holding its own in Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. There are still thousands of whitetail deer and mule deer; mountain goats are plentiful in parts of Idaho and Montana. The grizzly, so nearly extinct within our borders, still ranges the country in and near the Yellowstone in fair numbers, while the fifty or so of the species that inhabit the park constitute a reserve of breeding stock that may serve to restock the surrounding region. Black and brown bears are still fairly numerous and will remain so if bears are given adequate protection. A bag limit should be placed on bears at once, and particularly on the grizzly, if this supply is to be perpetuated.

All three adjoining states contain antelope in numbers that may be increased under proper protection and with the coöperation of local residents. The buffalo herds of the Yellowstone are increasing so rapidly that the surplus bulls are becoming a nuisance and a detriment. It is not impossible that within the next ten years or less these surplus animals may be diverted to the surrounding country in small numbers annually and hunted under some form of special license similar to that recently adopted for hunting bull moose in Wyoming. The mountain lion, lynx, wolverine, beaver, otter and fur bearers of a dozen other varieties abound here, along with an abundance of waterfowl, grouse and other small game. Here in fact is the best hunting ground of our country, and we still can save it if we act in time

The items herein set forth have been confined exclusively to the economic importance of conservation, since it is upon that side that its enemies most frequently assail it. The economic side of conservation far outweighs any considerations that may be placed in the scales against it, and it has been the purpose to show that it can stand on its own feet financially.

Yet there is another element, which, in the minds of the millions, is of far greater importance than the dollar value. That is the inestimable worth, from the standpoint of recreation and sentiment, of our game and fish, our lakes, streams and our forests and all that goes to make up our great outdoors. Just for good measure, you may add all that to the overwhelming array of economic facts.

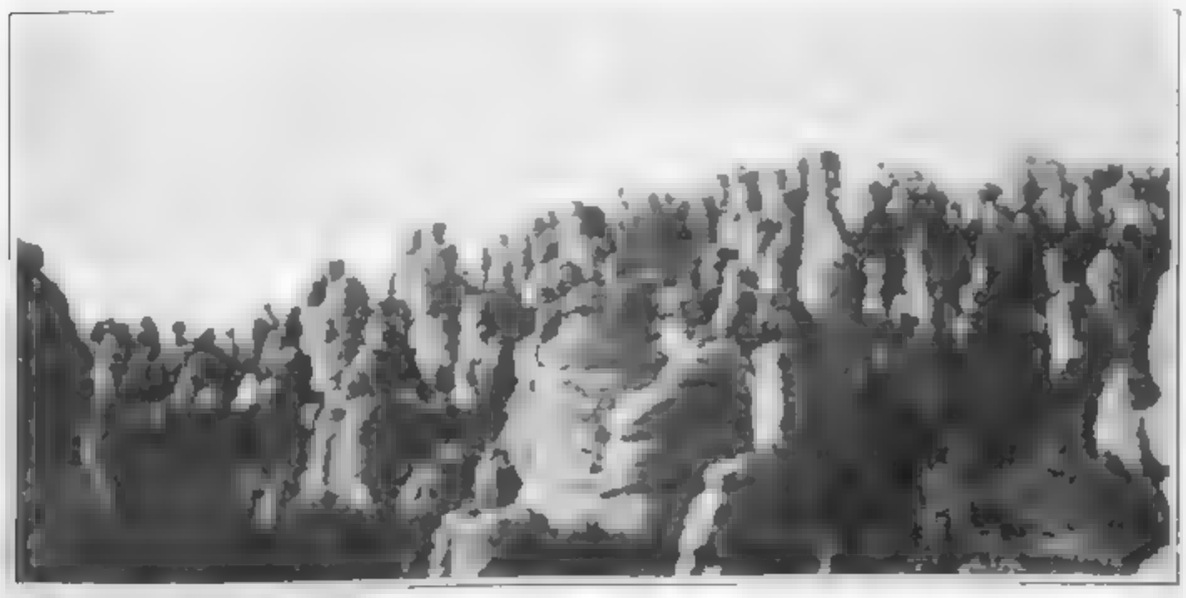
Not a Question of States' Rights

For the very reason of the variety and abundance of game in the districts of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming that lie adjacent to the Yellowstone, the saving of it constitutes perhaps the most vital present element in the whole nation-wide program of game conservation; and the most important part of that element concerns the immediate welfare of the southern elk herds of the Yellowstone; and the solution rests upon the granting of that $100,000 appropriation that has been requested by the Bureau of Biological Survey for the purchase of the hay lands that will save the greatest game herds that are left to us. That is the remedy!

It will in no way interfere with the right of the state to have final say in all matters pertaining to its game, as to the regulation of open season, bag limits, license fees, and the like, except in the one matter of actually feeding the elk on the Federal ranch, during which period the state hunting season is closed; so it matters little in any event. The operation of the Federal ranch through the course of the years has not in any way infringed upon the state's rights in game matters. Its enlargement will not infringe. The state, on the contrary, will be decidedly ahead under this arrangement. It will have the counsel and active cooperation of the forest service, the national-park service and the Bureau of Biological Survey in all matters of game protection, which, in view of the number of rangers and other field men maintained by those three branches, is a very considerable item.

All the minor differences of opinion between the several governmental branches, between the stock interests and the dude wranglers, the local residents and outside conservationists—all have been ironed out and have become merged in a single outlook in this matter that has been hanging fire for years. Every consideration of economics, of recreation or of sentiment points to the same end. When that appropriation is allowed it will constitute the first and greatest step toward preserving for all time our last and greatest hunting ground, and millions of outdoor Americans will applaud.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr Evarts



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To wear FLORSHEIM SHOES is to enjoy the best there is in shoemaking—comfort—good looks—long service. No shoe can give you greater satisfaction.

Most Styles $10

Look for Name in Shoe

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers · CHICAGO

The Beverly — *Style M-113*

"21-22-23-24-"

Fifty jumps without stopping! Can she do it? Has she the endurance, the reserve strength?

It is estimated that one child out of four is malnourished and, therefore, has less than normal weight, strength and endurance.

One important cause of this malnutrition is deficient foods—foods that lack the vital element which is found in such great abundance in Yeast Foam Tablets.

Have your children start eating these tablets today. They're unexcelled for poor appetite, indigestion, and for helping change food into robust strength and vigorous health.

Yeast Foam Tablets are not a medicine; they are a pure, wholesome, palatable, tonic food made of selected yeast. For this reason and because our yeast doesn't cause gas, it is *safe* for children as well as adults.

Sold by druggists and made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast

Yeast Foam Tablets

A Tonic Food

SEND FOR LARGE FREE SAMPLE —

Name _____

Address _____

Mail coupon to Northwestern Yeast Co.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

"The Happy Daisy Boy"

When Your Boy Asks For a Gun—

How are you going to answer him? Put him off, and let him eat his heart out, wishing and dreaming, like every boy does, for a gun all-his own?

The better way—the way many American parents are meeting this natural boy's desire for a gun—is to start him with a harmless one—a Daisy Air Rifle. Millions of American men got their first training in marksmanship with a Daisy. Why not get your boy a Daisy now, and encourage him to develop in this clean, fine, manly sport?

Different Daisy Models range in price from $1.00 to $5.00, in size to suit the younger as well as the older boys. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer.

DAISY
AIR RIFLES
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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Straight down the fairway!
—a free, unhampered swing, and a snug fitting, trim looking "travelo" go together.
FREE BOOKLET. Tells how to make your clothing dollars go further. Ask for a free copy where you buy your clothes or furnishings. If this dealer cannot supply you, send us his name, and we will mail you a copy.
PECKHAM-FOREMAN, Inc.
1909-1915 Park Avenue
New York
"travelo"
KNIT JACKETS
TRADE MARK

FILIBUSTERS

(Continued from Page 7)

reason at all. At any rate, his outburst was interesting, as are practically all Senator Borah's speeches, but it was not particularly nourishing for the Ship Subsidy Bill.

When he had finished, that sterling and persistent Republican, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, was moved to defend the Administration by showing in a somewhat condescending and aloof manner that conditions in Russia, instead of being as harmonious as Senator Borah claimed, were singularly sour; that Senator Borah was wrong on every count, and that recognition of the soviet government by the Administration would be little short of criminal. Being favorably disposed toward the Ship Subsidy Bill, Senator Lodge wasn't filibustering, but he might as well have been.

The rest of the day was occupied by a great deal of conversation on the part of the Democratic senators, notably on the part of Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, who wears a white vest, a Prince Albert coat and long hair, and devotes great quantities of his time to bursting into impassioned protests against the wolves of Wall Street, and also on the part of Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, whose duty it is to worry the Republican Party whenever an opportunity presents itself.

The Unsilent Senator From Iowa

February twenty-second was enlivened by the activities of two enthusiastic filibusterers, Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, of Tennessee, and Senator Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa.

Senator McKellar dug back into the graves of past filibusters and stirred up the remains in his most ruthless manner, reminding the Republicans that they had filibustered just as energetically against past bills as the Democrats were filibustering against the Ship Subsidy Bill.

Senator Brookhart's effort had been awaited with keen anticipation, for during the progress of the filibuster he had been as active on the floor of the Senate as a flea on a hot griddle, restlessly trotting from one filibusterer to another with advice, encouragement, exhortation and good cheer—a combination guardian angel and Pollyanna of the campaign.

Senator Brookhart has never been deeply stirred by the unwritten rule of the Senate which decreed that a new senator should be seen and not heard until he had been in the Senate for a year and had had an opportunity to cut his legislative eyeteeth and dry off behind the ears, as one might say. In fact, Senator Brookhart seemed to count that day lost whose low descending sun didn't see him rising to his feet to rid himself of a more or less powerful piece of thought. He entered the Senate in 1922.

He began to talk as soon as he entered the Senate, and with each succeeding week his speaking power increased. No other senator, with the possible exception of Senator Heflin, was able to come within a mile of him as a speaker. During the last month before Congress came to an end he was speaking with the regularity and persistence of an active Yellowstone Park geyser.

The index of the Congressional Record for the two weeks starting January twenty-ninth and ending February eleventh shows that Senator Brookhart, as a speaker, is in the same class with the French dancers who dance for twenty-four hours without rest. The Record index reads as follows:

BROOKHART, SMITH W. (a Senator from Iowa).
Remarks by, on
Coöperative banking, 2835, 2840, 2842, 2843, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936.
Farm bloc, 2896, 2897, 2898.
Night sessions, 2888.
Rochdale Coöperative Association of England, 2891, 2892, 2893.
Rural credits, 2673, 2702, 2772, 2773, 2832, 2833, 2835, 2840, 2842, 2843, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2904, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936.
Ship subsidy, 2702, 3391, 3396, 3398, 3449, 3152.
—— article on, 3096.
War Department appropriation bill, 3092, 3093, 3106, 3331, 3387, 3388.

It was therefore opined that such a persistent and willing talker ought to be able to introduce something rather snappy in filibustering lines—that he ought to be able to break all records for both the running high filibuster and the standing broad filibuster. Fourteen hours was a conservative estimate of the length of time he ought to be able to speak; while pessimistic observers thought he might be able to hold the floor for eighteen or twenty hours.

Senator Brookhart chose a jocular, semi-humorous vein for his speech, and opened it by referring to a celebrated filibuster of the past, when certain Bostonians, annoyed by a tax on tea, "filibustered the tea over into Boston Harbor." As a humorist, it might be added, Senator Brookhart proved himself to be an excellent filibusterer. His whimsical jests provoked an occasional gale of laughter, as the saying goes, but it was a chill gale. After an hour or so of talking he got his first laugh by stating that Senator McCormick, of Illinois, "came out into Iowa and made one speech, and it did not defeat me." (Laughter). The comeback from the laugh was somewhat distressing, however, and it ran as follows:

MR. MCCORMICK: Mister President, does the senator mean that he did not want the help of the senatorial committee in the campaign?

MR. BROOKHART: Oh, no; I was awfully glad to get it. I would not have gotten a silk-stocking vote in the state if the senator had not come out there.

MR. MCCORMICK: What about the more material assistance that the senator received?

MR. BROOKHART: Oh, yes; it was all very welcome. I hope the senator comes out again. I did not want the senator to take that so seriously. That worries me a good deal. I was just joking, you know. I will say to the senator further that they have been making me a lot of trouble here this evening. They have been bothering me a good deal. You know, I am new and quite green, and I get mixed up a good deal as I go along.

By labeling his jests in this way, Senator Brookhart was frequently able to have them recognized as jests. His filibustering, however, was disappointing to those who had expected records to be broken; for he stopped at the end of three and one-half hours, with every sign of having exhausted himself, his audience and his subject, which was the thrilling one of railroad finances.

Republicans Caught Napping

In this he differed considerably from the Boston filibusterers who filibustered the tea into Boston Harbor. They restricted their activities to the tea, but Senator Brookhart and his colleagues were unable to confine themselves to the Ship Subsidy Bill.

It was at this point that the Republicans might have had a chance to beat the filibuster if they could have kept a majority of senators within calling distance. Brookhart couldn't think of anything more to say, and wanted to quit. If the Republicans could have kept a majority they might have jumped in when he finally weakened, and forced a vote. But many of the Republican senators, instead of going to the cloakroom or to their offices, where they could be found when needed, took their hats and coats and sneaked home. The Republican leaders, seeing that their forces had scattered, saw that a continuation of the fight was useless, and permitted a recess to be taken.

The filibuster continued, nevertheless, for another three days, during which period the filibustering senators talked about everything under the sun, and affected the business of the Senate—which, in a way, is equivalent to the business of the nation—in the same way that an automobile engine would be affected if a nut sundae were placed in each of its cylinders.

When all hope of securing the passage of the bill was finally relinquished, a matter of five legislative days remained in which to untangle the jam.

Under existing Senate rules there is practically no way of preventing a minority of the Senate from blocking all the business of the Senate by talking interminably about things that have no bearing on matters under discussion, and by forcing countless roll calls by every parliamentary trick that can be devised. As a rule, any discussion of the merits or demerits of filibustering must be viewed with alarm, since nearly every discussion of that nature is purely

(Continued on Page 177)

Ide Streetline Shirts

Beginning at Broad and Wall, Streetline Shirts have now made their way into every street in America where well-dressed men do business. Their well-cut soft collars have given them, of course, additional endorsement at leading country clubs and universities. This famous line includes every desirable model and material. Downingstreet is the shirt illustrated.

The Downingstreet style can be obtained in Zephyrus (the Ide light-weight cloth) and also under the name of Kentstreet

GEO. P. IDE & CO., INC.
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Ide
STREETLINE SHIRTS

The "Streamline" Elgin cased in Yellow, White or Green Gold or Gold-filled—Plain or Engraved. $100—$75—$60—$35

When You Give a Graduation Watch —*Give It for a Lifetime*

ELGIN Watches have a metropolitan reputation. If the Elgin people were trying to build just a fashionable business, they could probably sell their whole output in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco and a few more of the larger centers.

This might be a good commercial thing to do —but absolutely opposed to the Elgin *professional* view.

The Elgin Watchmakers do each day's work with the idea of making *better time-pieces* for people everywhere in the United States, big town or small town.

If Elgin Watches were made just for metropolitan sale instead of *universal service*, Elgin Railroad Watches would not be so celebrated as time-keepers for the men who run American trains.

There have not been enough Elgin Watches to meet the demand for the past two years.

There is, in fact, a *waiting list* of distributors who wish to carry Elgin Watches.

But in spite of this shortage, the Elgin Company still maintain their policy of seeing that Elgins are *fairly distributed* regardless of the size of the town or city.

Because in every place there are always a certain number of people who demand the *better* watch, and who won't accept anything but the *Elgin professional standards*.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

IT takes a year or more to make an Elgin Watch. The procedure is very similar to laboratory work—so far away from factory methods that no terms of commercial manufacture apply.

People call the Elgin "The professional time-keeper." It is the natural reaction of carrying a time-piece of *authority*. *Elgin is a preferred time-piece on the Railroads of America.*

(Continued from Page 174

political. In other words, the Republicans regard filibustering as all that is loathsome while they control a majority of the Senate and the Democrats are filibustering against them; but when the Democrats are in the saddle and the Republicans are in the minority the Republicans regard a filibuster as a sacred duty and a heaven-sent gift. Similarly, the Democrats, who crow with delight when they are filibustering against the Republicans, may be heard gnashing their teeth with rage and horror when they are the object of a Republican filibuster.

It makes a great difference whose flivver is being pushed into the ditch, so to speak

There are, however, certain senators on both sides of the Senate Chamber who do not look at everything from a purely political angle. Prior to the sad election of 1922, no presidential-mentioning bee was ever opened without preliminary mention of Senator Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio, as a probable Democratic candidate for President in 1924.

He led all the other mentionees by a nose and by the width of his benevolent bald forehead.

It is true, of course, that a great many total losses are mentioned as presidential possibilities; but Atlee Pomerene was always mentioned with pride and affection, for he was a regular possibility. Subsequently he was ruined as a political possibility by being defeated in his senatorial fight; but his defeat failed to lower his ability to any noticeable extent.

Opposition to Filibustering

Senator Pomerene, in the closing days of the ship-subsidy filibuster, expressed himself on the matter; and in digesting his words it should be borne in mind that he was a member of the party opposed to the passage of the bill.

"I came to the Senate twelve years ago," said Senator Pomerene, "ardently opposed to the filibustering program which had been adopted theretofore to defeat legislation. I was then told that I would change my mind before I had been long in the Senate. Since I have been here I have witnessed a number of filibusters. I saw the Republicans in 1915 defeat the Merchant Marine Bill, which was championed by a Democratic President and Democratic members of the Senate.

"I am now witnessing a filibuster by some Democrats and some Republicans to defeat the pending Ship Subsidy Bill, which likewise has for its purpose the establishing of a merchant marine. In 1916 I favored the then pending shipping bill and was opposed to the filibuster. Now I am opposed to the pending bill in its present form, but I am likewise opposed to the filibuster that has been engaged in for the purpose of preventing a vote upon the bill, but not for the purpose of preventing its legitimate consideration.

"Minorities in a legislative body have their rights, and so have majorities, and one of the rights and responsibilities of a majority is to legislate. Full and fair opportunity to be heard should be given to the minority under any and all circumstances; but in my humble judgment no minority at any time, under any circumstances, has the right in a test of physical endurance in the expiring days of a Congress to prevent legislation simply because they are opposed to it.

"It would be just as consistent for a minority in a popular election to seek to prevent the declared choice of a majority from functioning as it is for the elected minority in a legislative body to prevent the majority from functioning. This is my view frankly and dispassionately expressed. . . .

"Since the Ship Subsidy Bill has been before the Senate I have heard various arguments made for and against a filibuster. Some senators who have heretofore favored it are against this one. Others who favor the present filibuster have been against others of like character. Fine discriminations have been drawn between proper and improper filibusters, but reduced to their final analysis, what the distinguished senators who use them seem to mean is this: They are for the filibuster when they are opposed to legislation which is at the time before the Senate, and they are opposed to the filibuster when they favor legislation pending before the Senate. A filibuster is either right or it is wrong, and it ought to be controlled under any and all circumstances to the end that legislative bodies can function."

Another Democrat who for some time has been and who still is mentioned with the utmost fluency as being plenty large enough to stand in anybody's shoes as the next Democratic candidate for President is Senator Oscar Underwood, of Alabama. Senator Underwood, having long held the position as the Democratic floor leader, is heard with considerable attention by the other Democratic senators.

When, however, they heard what he had to say on the subject of filibustering in general and the filibuster against the Ship Subsidy Bill in particular, their rage and fretfulness was extensive and virulent.

Senator Underwood had urged the Democratic senators not to filibuster, and had promptly been reminded by one of his colleagues that he had filibustered against another bill some time before. He at once made answer as follows:

"One of the great issues before the American people, one of the great problems confronting the country today, is the question of human rights and human liberties. I think if the freedom of government under which we live now means anything it means that the guaranties of the Constitution of the United States, as provided by the fathers, should live; and they are being torn down every hour and every day for special interests. The great mass of the American people are having their Government taken away from them because somebody wants something; and I can see a very grave distinction between the mere appropriation and spending of money, bad as the object may be, and a trespass on the fundamental rights of the states of this Union.

"I did filibuster the antilynching bill, but not because I stood for lynching. The question involved in that bill was whether the Federal Government should enter the states of the Union and exercise a police jurisdiction that has been vested in the states of America from the beginning. If the Congress of the United States continues to trespass upon the liberties, personal rights and freedom of the people of the several states of this Union, they will build up a sentiment in disregard of law which will shake the whole fabric of our Government."

Obstruction by the Minority

"When we come to purely economic questions—and, of course, all economic questions have behind them some principle, because the mere taking the money out of the Treasury involves a principle—when we come to questions that do not involve fundamental principles of government, I say in the last analysis the majority must govern.

"I think if the senators on the other side of the Chamber make a fundamental proposal and it works out all right, it is for the good of the country; and if it works out all wrong, and they have made a mistake, the country will hold them responsible, and it will be a liability instead of an asset for them.

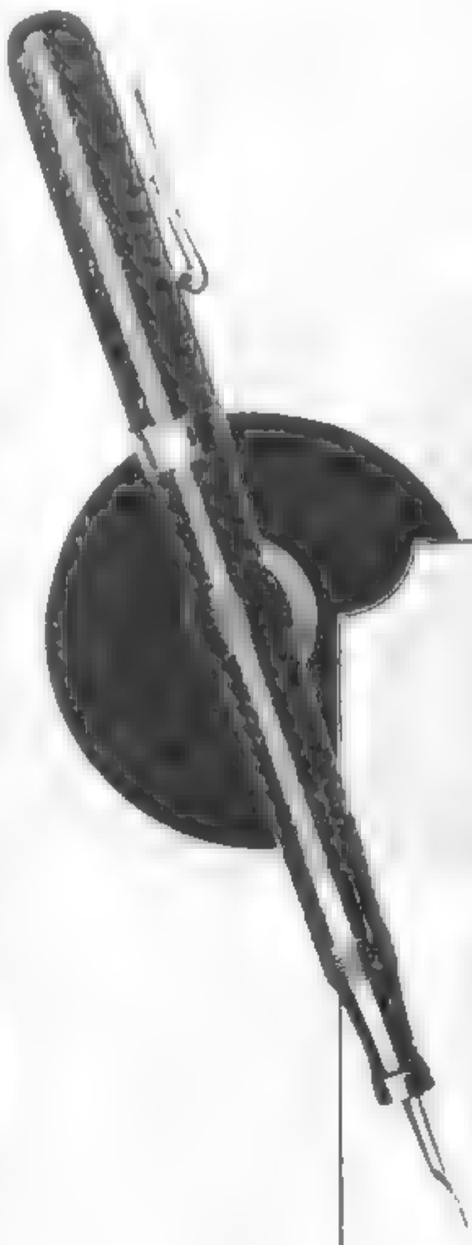
"The difficulty in the situation is that we have on the calendar many important bills, some good and some bad. They are entitled to be disposed of. But everything must go down under the rules of the Senate because there is one particular bill that is objected to.

"I believe a time will be reached when the United States Senate will be discredited by the American people unless it learns how to do business. The country has a right to expect that its chosen representatives will perform the functions that they are elected to perform in a legislative way."

Now all this talk brings prolonged and wolflike howls of protest from the politicians of the Senate, and from the members of the very small minorities or blocs whose chief strength will always lie in their ability to prevent some other party from getting something that it wants.

Under the existing Senate rules, a bloc of ten or twenty senators—a farm bloc or a so-called Progressive bloc or an overall bloc or a La Follette bloc or any other sort of bloc at all—could carry on a filibuster against any measure whatever, and hold up all business in the Senate for an almost indefinite period, or until a majority of senators agree to purchase immunity from a filibuster by making the concessions that the filibusterers demand.

The prime movers in the ship-subsidy filibuster were members of the so-called Progressive group. The Progressive group likes to devote a great deal of its time to telling how progressive it is; but in the



Before you have written ten lines, you sense the Conklin superiority—in writing ease, in balance, in instant adaptation to the hand. The longer you use the Conklin, the more forcefully you are impressed by its greater excellence.

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Boston San Francisco Chicago
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Pen-Better Built For Better Writing-Pencil

A boy in a Kaynee is always well dressed

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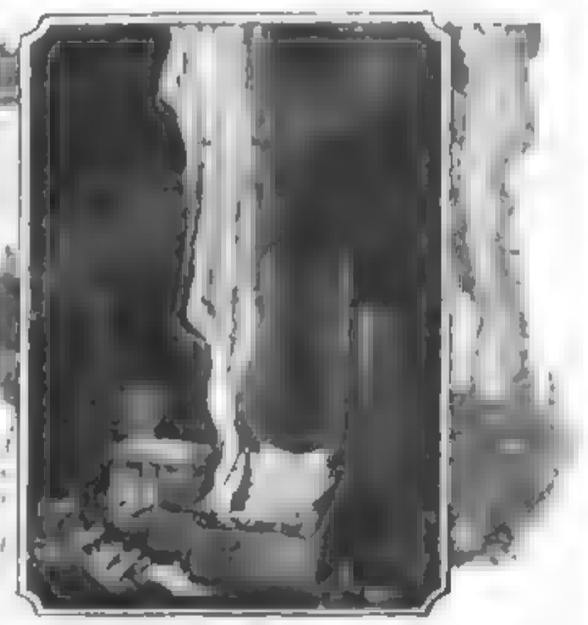
KAYNEE patterns are delightfully boyish, exclusive fashionable checks and stripes, smart, solid colors, all tub and sunproof. The shirtings are the finest quality fabrics used in boys' waists. They are cut to fit real boys. The thorough workmanship makes their tailored trimness proof against hard play and laundering. Better class stores, everywhere, carry the Kaynee line.

Kaynee *Blouses for Boys*

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY FAST COLOR

A Million a Year —for Rubbish



Rubbish accounts for a million dollars a year in fires that are charged by the National Board of Fire Underwriters with a loss of $ [illegible] in one year

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

INSURE in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company and secure a policy backed by ample financial strength and a loss-paying reputation built up during a century of fair dealing. You will also be entitled to free service that may help you reduce the probability of loss.

An unusual booklet, "The Red Plague," will be mailed to owners of property who write for it.

Knapp-Felt Hats *for* Men

KNAPP-FELT Straws are comfortable because they conform easily to the shape of the head. The best hatters everywhere feature the wide variety of KNAPP-FELT styles.

Write for THE HATMAN

The Crofut & Knapp Company 620 Fifth Avenue New York

matter of Senate rules it prefers to stand pat on rules that should have been thrown overboard two generations ago. It is willing to scrap the Supreme Court, but it isn't willing to scrap antiquated Senate rules that give them the whip hand over the majority

The Senate, when its present rules went into effect many years ago, was a smaller body, and a body that wasn't overburdened with work. The old rules were based on the dignity of the Senate, which scarcely exists at the present time, and on the profound courtesy that grave and reverend signiors were supposed to show to one another—but which they seldom show at the present time. In recent years the business of the Senate, keeping pace with the growth of the nation, has increased tremendously. In the old days Congress regularly took a five or six months' recess during the long term. From 1912 to 1923 it has taken practically no recess at all. Each year the business of Congress grows larger, especially since various special interests and local ties have begun to insist that Congress attend to matters that should rightfully be attended to by cities, by counties or by state legislatures. Under such conditions the Senate does not and cannot function under the old rules, which allow any popeyed senator to rise to his feet and bellow for hours on any and all matters that surge restlessly through his heated brain.

Dilatory Tactics

Early in 1922 Senator Wadsworth, of New York, moaned in a heartbreaking manner over the apparent impossibility of getting any work done in the Senate. "Whenever," complained Senator Wadsworth, "the Senate sets aside a day, or perhaps two days, to accomplish some business, it proves impossible or next to impossible to do it. Generally, along about the middle of the afternoon, some senator takes the floor and speaks until about five o'clock. By that time most of the senators have left, and it then is impossible to secure a quorum to continue to transact the business of the people. It is a ridiculous situation where this great body apparently cannot or will not do business. I cannot help suspecting that it is a very clever and effective way of preventing the Republican majority in the Senate from accomplishing anything."

As a matter of fact, under present Senate rules a perpetual filibuster is going on, due to the fact that the Senate is cursed with so many small-bore politicians who love to hear themselves talk and never know how to stop. The soundest and most broad-minded senators have long realized that this unfortunate state of affairs can be ended only when the Senate adopts new rules that will make it possible for flannel-mouthed senators to be gagged when they threaten to disrupt the entire legislative program of the nation.

The very suggestion of such a thing technically known as cloture rule—causes shrill cries of protest to burst from the flannel-mouths, the bloc members and the hard-boiled politicians of the Senate. Most of them base their protests on the claim that the United States Senate is the only remaining place where speech is really free, and that this final citadel of liberty must remain undefiled.

The Proposed Cloture Rule

Such talk is poppycock. Nobody wants to take the privilege of free speech from any senator. What the wise senators want to do is to take the unwarranted privilege of meaningless speech from persons who are always willing to abuse the privilege for the purpose of defeating majority rule and furthering their own cheap political ends.

The cloture rule that thoughtful senators advocate is somewhat as follows: If, after three or four or five days of debate on any measure, the debating senators persisted in wandering from the subject to such an extent that they were obviously filibustering against the measure, then any twenty senators might petition for a rule to limit debate.

Having petitioned for the rule, the matter would be put to a vote. In order to pass, three-fifths of the senators would have to vote for it. If three-fifths voted for it the evidence would be conclusive that a cloture rule on that particular measure was demanded by more than a bare majority. If it passed, each senator who then wished to speak on the measure would be limited to one hour.

Such a rule is no infringement on free speech; for there is not and never has been a senator who couldn't say all that there was to say on any subject in one hour's time.

The Senate needs both a cloture rule and the elimination of absentee senators. Senators are supposed to be elected for the purpose of filling a vacancy in the United States Senate. It is coming to be more and more fashionable for senators to be absent from their seats for weeks at a time. One senator who has held his position for four years has been in attendance for little more than thirty days.

Narada Falls, on Paradise River, Rainier National Park, Washington

Is Your Skin

Like A Clear Stream – or A Muddy Swamp?

SOME faces you see fairly glow with thorough cleanliness. They are clear and wholesome-looking —good to gaze upon—faces that will stand the searching test of sunlight.

Others, apparently clean, are obscured by a certain cloudiness which denotes an impaired pore condition. There is as great a difference between complexions as there is between a clear stream and a muddy swamp.

It is the difference between *really* clean and *nearly* clean . . . Which is yours?

Today people are fast adopting the habit of *American white cleanliness*—pore-deep cleanliness. They have learned that ingredients so often found in *impure* soaps offset the very purpose for which soap is intended —that they *clog* the pores instead of *cleansing* and *invigorating* them.

And this accounts for the increasing number of users of Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world.* Fairy means more than *surface* cleanliness. Its mild, soothing lather reaches into the pores, leaving them free to do the work which Nature intends them to do. After a Fairy Soap bath the entire body is not only thoroughly clean, but invigorated as well. *The body breathes*—and that is most essential to robust health.

Try Fairy Soap for a week. Its very simplicity will charm you. Constant use will prove that Fairy *is soap in its purest form.* Its whiteness and firmness endure to the last thin wafer. It floats. It fits the hand —and its small price fits every pocketbook.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Factories in United States and Canada

It Makes Absolute Cleanliness Easy

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DR. R. S. CURRY, Supt.

Jackson, Mississippi

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Gentlemen:

Fairy Soap has been used for a number of years in this institution and in our opinion its purity and skin refreshing qualities are excellent.

The importance of the proper care of the pores of the skin cannot be emphasized too strongly, and our experience with Fairy Soap has caused us to endorse its use.

Mississippi Baptist Hospital
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Speedy as he is you can beat Father Time when it comes to industrial buildings. We ship from stock—erect at once—save you time and money. Whenever you need a building it pays to get prices and plans on

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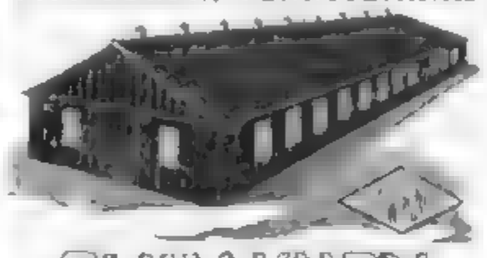

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

finance the so-called wars of defense that were being waged a thousand miles away against the Turks. Modern sanitation was unknown in Venice, and refuse and garbage floated in fetid canals that flowed through squalid, narrow slums, past rows of dingy, dilapidated hovels that were almost toppling into the water. Amid these drab, unwholesome surroundings dwelt the poor, in strange contrast to the luxury and magnificence of the ducal palace and the senate chamber. The cellars of the houses were generally filled with water, and colds in the head, due to wet feet, were prevalent.

The council chamber is filled with senators. They do not wear, as one might expect, the conventional senatorial frock coats; they are dressed, rather, in the picturesque, though unsenatorial costumes of the sixteenth century. SENATOR LOGGIO, *a distinguished-looking man with a small pointed beard—a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic Venetian families—is seated at a table, conversing in a low tone with* SENATOR LA FOLLETINO, *a fiery Italian with an imposing mane of bushy white hair.* SENATOR LA FOLLETINO'S *family is not quite so ancient as* SENATOR LOGGIO'S. *Other senators wander about the council chamber and converse in little groups. One of the senators,* SENATOR UNDERWOODERINO, *is making a long speech about an appropriation of seventeen million ducats for widening the Adriatic, but no one appears to be paying any attention to him.*

THE DUKE OF VENICE, *who is the presiding officer, is seated on the throne. He is a tall man, firm, dogmatic and commanding. His long gray beard and his sharp, piercing eyes, his keen forehead and his thin sensitive mouth indicate shrewdness as well as intellectuality. If he had not been born to the purple he probably would have been a successful merchant; perhaps in the wholesale hardware business or wholesale groceries.*

SENATOR BRABANTIO *enters with* GENERAL OTHELLO *in uniform,* IAGO *and* RODERIGO, *officers on* OTHELLO'S *staff, and a number of other officers.*

OTHELLO *is a Moor—that is, he is a negro. The fact that he has been able to rise to the rank of general is striking evidence of the liberality of spirit that prevailed in Venice in the sixteenth century. If* OTHELLO *had been born several centuries later he might have been an army cook or an orderly, despite his innate military genius.*

Nevertheless, he has not achieved his present position without a struggle. He is a man of about forty years of age; his crisp, curly hair is streaked with gray, and deep lines furrow his face. Poverty, frequent humiliations and rebuffs, the contempt and intolerance of his white associates have left their mark upon him. He is shrewd, crafty and unscrupulous in his professional activities. In private life, however, he is rather diffident and self-conscious. His manner of speech is blunt and straightforward, as a rule, although he has a habit of breaking loose at times and delivering long, flowery harangues in polished blank verse.

OTHELLO *stands at attention, facing* THE DUKE. *His officers are grouped behind him.* BRABANTIO *stands at his side.*

THE DUKE: Will the senator from Padua (MR. UNDERWOODERINO) yield to the senator from Venice (MR. BRABANTIO)?

SENATOR UNDERWOODERINO: I yield.

BRABANTIO *draws a roll of manuscript from his pocket and adjusts his eyeglasses. He is apparently greatly agitated about something. He is one of the oldest members of the senate, having just been reëlected on the Democratic ticket for the tenth time. He prides himself upon his progressiveness and the liberality of his views. In a much-quoted epigram uttered by him in a speech during his campaign for reëlection he expounded his philosophy of life. "I believe," he said, "that all men are created free and equal." He is chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and he is an ardent advocate of a bonus for the gallant boys who fought in the recent war against the Turks. "Nothing," he once exclaimed in a fiery oration in the senate, when the bonus was being debated, "is too good for our brave soldier lads!" However, he has just learned that his only daughter,* DESDEMONA, *has eloped with a colored soldier; and that, as someone has pertinently remarked, is something else again.*

BRABANTIO *(agitatedly, and yet, withal, secretly pleased that he is about to create a sensation):* Your grace, this Moor *(indicating* OTHELLO) has eloped with my daughter!

There is great agitation in the council chamber. THE DUKE *leans forward incredulously.* OTHELLO *stands immobile with his arms folded. A cynical smile hovers about his lips as the curtain slowly descends.*

—*Newman Levy.*

Elegy

Written in a Bush-League Ball Park

(After Gray)

THE town clock tolls the knell of parting day,
The fans file out the gate by two and three,
The flivvers homeward clank their cheery way
And leave the park to darkness and to me.

Now fade the ball game's echoes on the ear,
The yells of "Take him out!" and "Atta-boy!"
The loud approval and the raucous jeer,
Mixed with fierce threats the umpire to destroy.

Above these benches, rough and rudely made,
Upon these base lines, pocked with many a stone,
The lowly bushers of the village played
Knocked the pop fly and pulled the frequent bone.

European Diplomacy: I C'n Take It, or Leave It Alone

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is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality, style and workmanship at the lowest possible cost.

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W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
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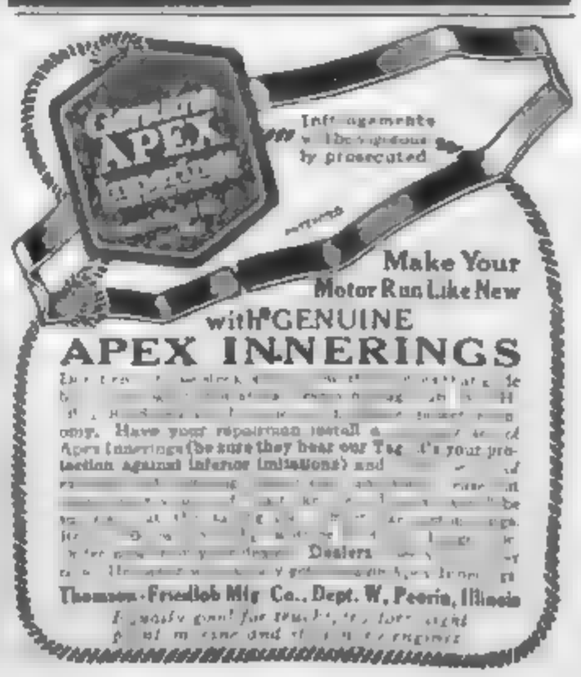

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NEW-SKIN

Always in Glass Bottles

New-Skin is always put up in glass—never in tin tubes. Be sure to get the genuine.

The bottles are contained in small red pasteboard cartons, with gold band printed at top and bottom.

15c, 30c and 50c sizes. At druggists'.

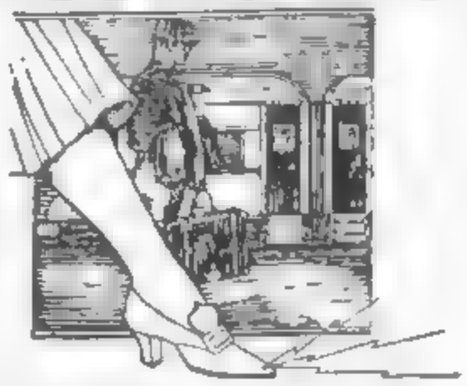
Made only by

NEWSKIN COMPANY

NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Corns Go



The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

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Blue-jay

Make your Town Spotless Town

Clean Up!

and keep it up

use SAPOLIO

Nor let the majors call their efforts vile,
Let them not be the mock of big-town clubs,
Nor Pittsburgh read with a disdainful smile
The short and simple box scores of the dubs.

The boast of batting eye and hitting power
That raise the big boys up above the push
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the bush.

Can fulsome blurb or sport-page photograph
Back to its vigor call the weakening whip?
Can praise speed slowing legs? It is to laugh!
Can flattery save you when you start to slip?

Perhaps in this Southwestern village played
Some kid that might have knocked the sport scribes flat;
Hands that the hottest grounder might have stayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the whanging bat.

Full many a Ruth of purest ray serene
The dark unscouted sand-lot teams may bear;
Full many a Hornsby's born to blush unseen
And waste his homers on the Texas air.

Th' applause of watching thousands to command,
The threats of hurled pop bottles to despise,
To scatter base hits o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in the bleachers' eyes.

The Epitaph

In short, before the reader starts to cry
Or this affecting chronicle fatigues,
Some baseball players rise, like Wagner, high,
While others stick right in the minor leagues.

—Baron Ireland.

Pæan

THE sun shines fair, the sun shines true,
The sun shines golden bright;
The sky takes on a lovelier blue,
The clouds a daintier white.
The birds trill out a roundelay,
The rosebuds dance with glee,
Each living thing holds holiday;
The world belongs to me!

My heart beats loud, my heart beats strong,
My heart beats fast and high;
Within my soul's a rousing song,
A light within my eye.
Go, raise the banners high in air,
And spread the tidings round!
Let drums and trumpets boom and blare,
For I have lost a pound!

—Dorothy Parker.

The Reason

YOUNG husband, coming home, finds bride in tears and a frantic hurry.

"Why, darling, whatever is the matter? Don't cry, sweetheart!"

"But I s-said I'd have your dinner all r-ready, and it isn't—boo-hoo!"

"Well, never mind; we'll be a little late to the theater, that's all. But I told you, dearest, to have a plain dinner, just split-pea soup and lamb chops and potatoes."

"I know—but it took me all day to get it ready ——"

"All day! To prepare that simple meal!"

"Yes, and I haven't begun on the chops or p-p-potatoes yet. You see, it took me seven hours to split the peas!"

—Carolyn Wells.

Lobbying for the Young

"WHAT! You have a hard time entertaining your children at a hotel? Why, my dear! It's not that way with my little Paul. I simply take him down to the lobby and the big sitting room and leave him to himself. He just plays and plays with everybody there except those bad-natured old cranks you find in every hotel. I can't help but think it's remarkable for a child of his age.

"It always amuses him to go around and collect all the ash trays. After he's emptied them in a flowerpot or mail box or somewhere, he has the dearest tea party with them. And would you believe it? He passes his make-believe cups around and makes all the old gentlemen reading papers or books stop and pretend to drink tea. He's so polite he offers it to them several times—as young as he is!

"Active! That child is never still a minute. I've had any number of people remark on it to me. When he isn't climbing over the backs of chairs he's in the writing room drawing pictures on the hotel stationery that make me think the little dear really has talent, or playfully jogging the elbows of cross folks who forget they were children once.

"You should hear him whistle with the orchestra. The child has taste. He never joins in when they are playing these loud, vulgar jazz things, but he always selects something quiet and classic when the violinist is soloing. I thought I once saw the creature poke at little Paul with his bow, but I couldn't be sure or I would have carried the matter at once to the management.

"It's in the dining room, though, that he's really boyish and prankish. He has some tricky matches that explode which he slips in with the others and people don't suspect until they go bang in their faces. It's the same way with the pasteboard chocolate éclair he sneaks on the pastry tray in the cutest way. And you should have been there the day he stuck the fork in the waiter! Laugh!—I thought I'd die!

"Paul and I never stay long at hotels, though. Too much hotel life isn't good for a child."

—Fairfax Downey.

THE SILENT PARTNER

Spring—"The Egotist! Where Would His Real-Estate Business be if it Weren't for Me!"

The extra H.P. safe fast motor

SAFE!—because rudder steering makes dangerous pivot turning impossible and insures boat manageability under all conditions. Safe—because the ELTO has the extra H. P. needed to "buck" currents, wind, tides and sudden storms.

Fast—because it is full 3 H. P. by piston displacement—a full extra H. P. over all other lightweight motors. It is the **most powerful** lightweight and the **lightest** motor per H. P.

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Atwater Kent Ignition with Hot Shot waterproof battery means big, hot starting spark, independent of cranking speed. The ELTO starts on the first quarter turn under all conditions. No ropes needed! Battery guaranteed to last entire season. No parts to be returned to factory for remagnetizing. Every hardware store is a service station.

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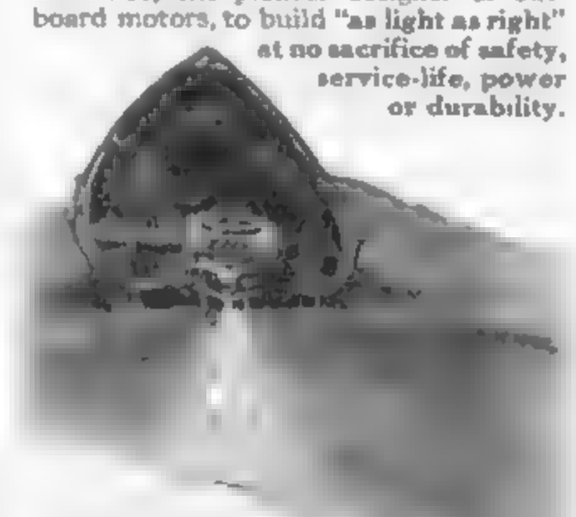
More than double the bearing area of any other lightweight motors. Trust Ole Evinrude, the pioneer designer of outboard motors, to build **"as light as right" at no sacrifice of safety, service-life, power or durability.**



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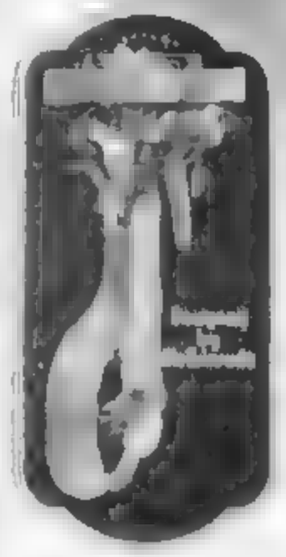

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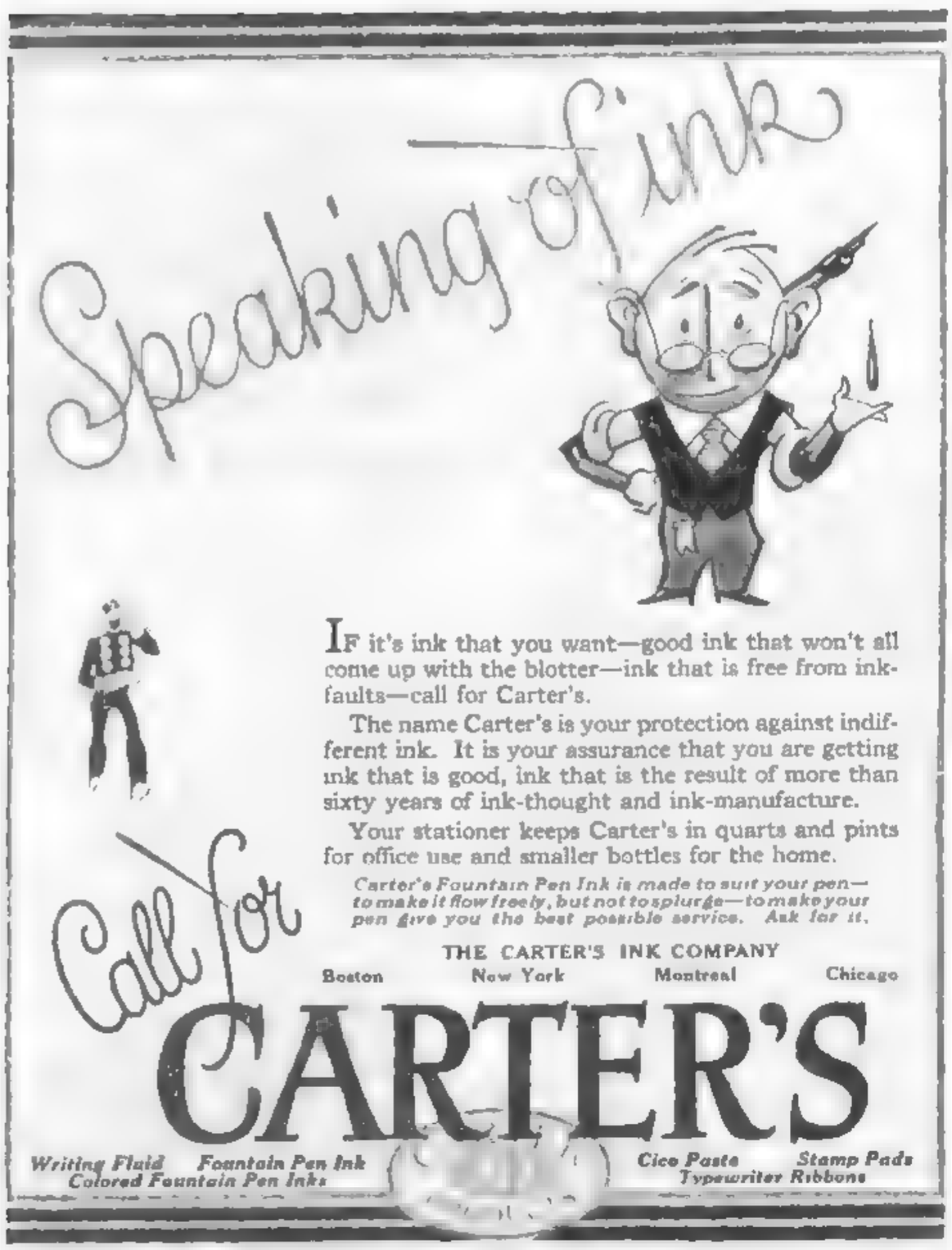
—"As light as right"—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TOPPING 'EM OFF

(Continued from Page 19)

I haven't been hurt bad yet. But some day, I suppose, I'll get it."

How does a mounted cowboy diagnose the intended deviltry of the beast beneath him? The cowboy, unlike the effete park rider upon a well-schooled hack, can take no messages from suddenly flashing eyes, from abruptly cocked ears, from quickly averted head, from hasty snorts. During bucking, eyes, ears and head are all down there somewhere about the horse's knees, probably between them, entirely out of sight, while snorts emit in uninterrupted sequence—uninterrupted, unless perhaps the busy bronco interjects an occasional howl of rage, a howl technically termed a bawl. How does the cowboy diagnose? By very simple means—by muscle reading.

A horse, in order to buck with violence and variation satisfactory to itself, in order to be able to shoot its back with complete abandon, must lower its head and keep its nose in close proximity to its knees. This posture arches the brute's back and produces along the top a muscular ridge colloquially termed the fin. Almost invariably a horse when about to make a buck jump curves his neck so that its outer end—the end where the ears appear in time of peace—points in the direction toward which the brute intends to spring. To achieve this curve the beast necessarily contracts the muscles on that side of his neck lying toward the direction of his prospective jump. All this causes the fin to curve accordingly, and thus to register definite prophecy.

Then, too, prior to every jump, particularly prior to every jump after the initial one, the horse prepares itself by twitching or gathering the muscles of shoulder, flank and hip on that one of its sides lying in the direction toward which the brute intends to leap.

Wherefore, the jolting cowboy is, through his eyes, receiving constant messages from fin and withers; is, through the nerves on the inner surfaces of his own legs, obtaining constant warnings from twitching or gathering muscles on the flanks of the living earthquake that fights beneath the saddle.

Every rider of a bad actor, a horse that promises viciousness, is on the watch for kicks and bites, and keeps himself in hand for the dreaded rear-back, back-throw or less dangerous side-throw, but, because of its great rarity, can dismiss the pin wheel from the list of prospective probabilities.

Safety Last—If Ever

If a horse rears and threatens to fall backward the lead-filled end of a loaded quirt striking between his ears will knock him down to normal position, will make him do what the cowboys term come down in front; but, if stunned, he may promptly roll onto his side. Incidentally, the quirt's blow may kill him. This roll onto the side, or the side-throw itself, can crush the leg of the rider; but notwithstanding this danger, the man has a good chance of landing clear of the horse. If, however, the animal, suddenly rearing, throws itself directly backward, there is some chance, though very little, to escape crushing by the saddle's horn. There is no escape from the pin wheel, and no method of preventing it.

The cowboy may, if he wishes, employ any one or more of five mechanical devices to aid him in his attempts to stick to the hurricane deck of his frisking mount. These devices are as follows:

Stirrups may be hobbled, or tied; which is to say, may be connected with each other by a strap or rope passed beneath the horse. This hobbling, or tying, keeps the stirrups from bobbing skyward, and thus tends to hold the rider to a proper level; but the scheme is latently dangerous, inasmuch as it somewhat lessens the rider's flexibility within the saddle, and also vastly increases the chance of entanglement with a falling horse. Moreover, the device has ever been considered a tacit confession of puerility, and so has ever imposed a social stigma upon its user. Westerners always have believed that riding is a test of horsemanship and not a test of string.

The rider may, with one or both his hands, cling to the saddle's horn. A grasp of the horn, if merely momentary, can permit recovery of balance temporarily lost; but steady clinging prevents ability to keep in rhythm with the horse's leaps, and means that within a second or two a man will sun his moccasins. Again the sporting spirit enters, and it frowns upon this usage of the horn, upon making oneself a human top pack. The West has ever socially demoted him who chokes the horn, strangles it, or squeezes the biscuit. Hunting leather, taking, touching, pulling or going to it has ever been frowned upon.

The rider may employ a buck strap, a leather loop fastened at the horn's base, and offering a convenient handhold. But the social result from this!

"Say, boys, that new corn-fed dude that's come in and bin talkin' about his ridin' ability—say, he's packin' an extry thong on his saddle fork. He carries his horse in a shawl strap; when it twitters with him he pulls leather, and yet he says he kin ride! Woof!"

The rider may use buck hooks and locked spurs. A buck hook is a blunt-nosed, upcurved piece of metal added to the frame of the spur and rising directly behind the rider's heel. Forced into the girth, the so-called cinch, it allows a partially dislodged rider to regain his equilibrium. Jamming or wiring the spurs' rowels in such way as to prevent their revolving will produce another tool available for like employment. A continuous holding to the cinch by either buck hook or immobile rowels is termed locking spurs. Locking has ever carried a modicum of disgrace.

How to Stay On

Finally, the cowboy may, if he wishes, employ a roll. This is a padded welt that stands out for a third of an inch or more from the saddle's surface, and by pinching into the rider's muscles it tends to hold him to his saddle. The roll ordinarily runs cornicelike across the front face of the cantle just under its top rim. Again it may appear as a swelling that is set on each side of the saddle's front, and is intended to arrest the rider's knees. Rolls have never been anathema upon the ranches, but their habitual users have been unable to claim equality with the proficient youths who customarily avoid all artificial aids, thereby ride slick, and so perform upon a real man's saddle with no fancy holts about it.

Each of these proficient youths gambols faunlike on his unstable platform, and by frequent waving of his hat or slapping it on his convulsive platform's sides, thereby fanning the brute; by frequent withdrawings of a foot from its stirrup, and swingings of this foot far forward and backward to spur or scratch the horse on neck and rump, thereby raking the beast; by steadily refusing to use spurs for purposes of clinging; by rolling and smoking cigarettes amid the whole delirium—each of these proficient youths proclaims the joy of living.

**Just a-ridin', a-ridin',*
Splittin' long cracks through the air,
Stirrin' up a baby cyclone,
Rippin' up the prickly pear
As I'm ridin' —

That an ostensibly defiant hat wave may, in fundamental purpose, be an arm swing planned to rectify a loss in balance or in rhythmic swing the West tolerantly forgives. It knows, as did bygone Freckles Rafferty, that "fine ridin' is sure plumb art."

There are, for the rider, two types of saddle posture during bucking. One is to sit it, or, as otherwise termed, to ride straight up—that is, to sit uprightly and squarely in the saddle, and to maintain this attitude except when temporarily swinging or leaping to offset an anticipated motion by the horse. Save that for battle purposes the rider may somewhat shorten his stirrup leathers and thus impose a slight change upon the normal position of his knees, he strives throughout the entire plunging fracas to maintain, so far as possible, the typical saddle pose employed by punchers in time of equine peace—body loose-jointed and relaxed, legs hanging limply and straight downward. For appearance's sake, the body, though relaxed, is not let to sag in wholly spineless way lest hypercritical bystanders raise accusation of riding sloppy.

If a man sitting it be an expert, a top rider, he rides with close seat—keeps his seat and legs so closely to the saddle as never to bounce appreciably from it and thereby, even for an instant, to show daylight. But to satisfy the onlookers he

*From Sun and Saddle Leather, by Badger Clark.

(Continued on Page 185

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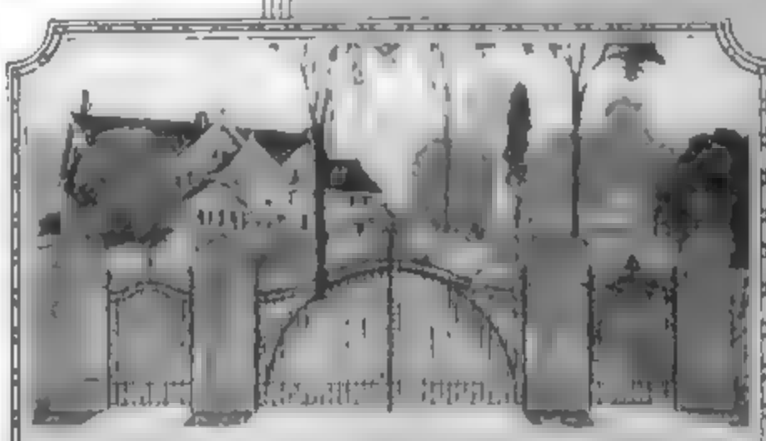

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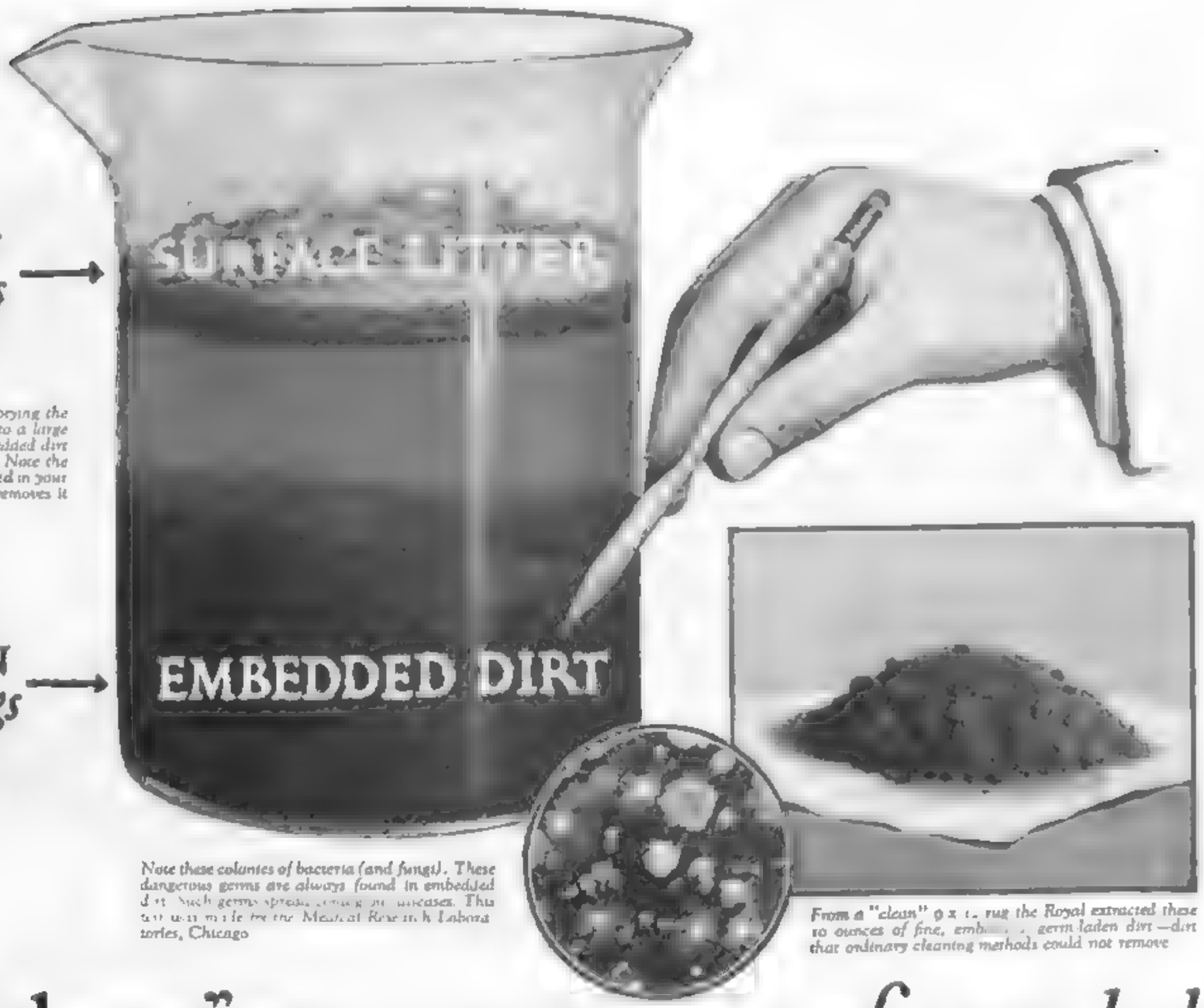

This laboratory test was made by emptying the dirt, taken from a rug by the Royal, into a large glass jar of water. The fine, gritty embedded dirt sank. The light surface litter floated. Note the much larger proportion of dirt embedded in your rugs—and how thoroughly the Royal removes it

Note these colonies of bacteria (and fungi). These dangerous germs are always found in embedded dirt. Such germs spread contagious diseases. This test was made by the Medical Research Laboratories, Chicago

From a "clean" 9 x 12 rug the Royal extracted these 10 ounces of fine, embedded, germ-laden dirt—dirt that ordinary cleaning methods could not remove

From a "clean" rug—10 *ounces of germ-laden dirt!*

Let a Royal Man show you the facts about embedded *dirt*

THERE is not a better housekeeper in Chicago than Mrs. Alice McCarthy, 2746 Logan Blvd.

She had just gone over her rug thoroughly with ordinary cleaning methods. It looked spick and span.

Imagine, then, her consternation when in 8 minutes the Royal Man extracted with the Royal Electric Cleaner 10 ounces of heavy, black dirt!

Embedded dirt, all of it—dirt that ordinary cleaning could not remove from the depths of the rug.

The worst dirt as well as the most dirt is in your rugs—not on them. *Worst* because it swarms with living disease germs—a positive menace to health, especially the health of small children. Science proves this.

That the Royal Electric Cleaner gets this dangerous embedded dirt, *as well as* the surface litter, was thoroughly proved in Mrs. McCarthy's home.

We now ask you to have the same test made in your home.

Clean one of your rugs in any manner you wish. Then arrange with the Royal dealer to have a Royal Man go over the same rug with the Royal Electric Cleaner.

You will be amazed at the amount of embedded dirt the Royal will extract from your "clean" rug—hidden, germ-laden dirt that ordinary methods cannot remove.

With powerful air suction the Royal gets this embedded dirt, *as well as* the surface litter.

Along the entire 14-inch nozzle the powerful suction of the Royal Electric Cleaner is applied directly to the rug surface. This is done by two things, (1) the scientific nozzle design, (2) the patented Royal adjustment screw. The rug is lifted, the nap opened up, and the embedded dirt as well as surface litter sucked into the bag.

No other cleaning method can do the work as easily, as quickly or as thoroughly as the Royal.

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Arrange with the Royal dealer in your vicinity to clean a rug in your home without obligation. Have it cleaned by another method previous to his call, or not—just as you wish. If you don't know the Royal dealer in your neighborhood, write us and we will put you in touch with him.

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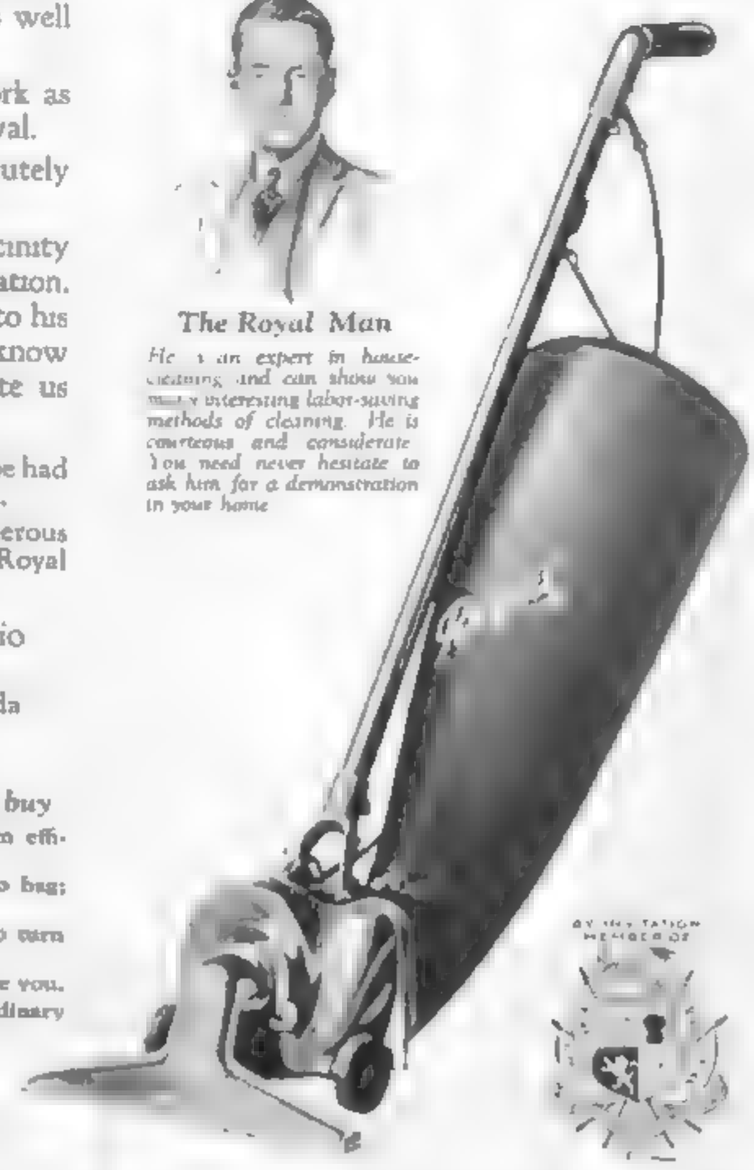
The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate. You need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home



Look for these seven features in the cleaner you buy

1. **Patented adjustment screw which produces maximum efficiency from powerful air suction.**
2. **Scientifically designed nozzle—carries dirt directly into bag; goes easily into corners and under furniture.**
3. **Convenient trigger switch on handle, saves stooping to turn current on or off.**
4. **Light weight, easy to carry or roll around, will never tire you.**
5. **So simply and sturdily built it lasts a lifetime with ordinary care; *every part guaranteed.***
6. **Cleans hardwood floors, linoleum, concrete, etc.**
7. **Powerful-suction attachments clean upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, pillows, registers, automobile upholstery, etc.—a complete housecleaning plant.**

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ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!

(Continued from Page 182)

should not be too conservative in his bodily self-control, too averse to giving any advantage to the horse, since riding safe tends to lessen the warmth of the onlookers' acclaim.

Sitting it is, for such men as are able to accomplish it, the efficient type of attitude, as a man, when sitting it, is ever in position to swerve when and whither he desires. Sitting it is the one method that brings plaudits from the bystanders.

The other type of saddle posture involves the rider's seizing the horn by one or both hands, pushing himself sideways out of the saddle and standing in one stirrup, with the knee of his leg on that side flexed, and his other leg at its midway point between hip and knee resting horizontally across the saddle's seat. His flexed knee joint and his two hip joints thus collectively absorb the shock. Some users of this system, sometimes called monkey style, stand in the left stirrup, others in the right. But however they stand, they have but limited ability to countervail wide swinging plunges by their horses, and their method patently necessitates choking the horn, taking leather and showing daylight.

Upon the typical tall-horned, deep-dished saddle of the cowboy the West has never frowned, this for the reason that the West has ever known that only when in a stock saddle could one hope with surety to outfox a pretty bucker. True it is that ranchers in Australia have for years ridden Australian buckers; and in so doing have used the familiar flat, so-called English tree, modified a bit at times by a deepening of the seat or by the addition of a roll before each of the rider's knees. But horses in Australia have not displayed the cruel vigor, and particularly the bewildering fancy steps practiced by American steeds. The Australian horses but crow hop, unless within recent years they have worsened in their manners. True it is that American punchers often have ridden American broncos, mules and cattle bareback, spurless, bridleless, even when facing the animals' tails. But even these exuberant youths take to the tried and trusty stock saddle when called upon to fork a beast that promises to bust wide open and hump himself to glory hallelujah. Jouncing about on top of a cavorting, purposeless idiot is one thing. Sitting atop a cunning, scheming fiend, with ingenuity in every motion, power in every move and murder at heart, is quite another matter.

It is this latter type of animal that makes the puncher prefer his grotesque-appearing saddle to the English postage stamp.

Many years ago an Englishman, visiting at a Western horse ranch, said, "I really would like to try your buckers, but I don't like your saddles. I'll ride my own. I'm quite used to it."

European Buckers

Disregarding all references to swimming with iron dumb-bells, all allusions to kidney pads, he mounted, gave instructions to loosen the lariats that imprisoned the snorting beast beneath him, and forthwith lit head down in the sagebrush. Within a year he was sittin' 'em pretty, but he was doing it in a kack of the sort that he once had scorned.

To another English visitor with like experience, Andy Adams, dean of all accurate writers on cowboy subjects, attributes the following remark: "The beasty lowered 'is 'ead, 'umped 'is back, and Hi didn't remain."

Occasionally a horse in Europe bucks, but in doing so seems to rely on muscular force rather than on fancy steps. A large stallion in France years ago pitched with such vigor as almost to kill one of the ablest cowboy riders in the late Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. The American punchers who in successive years accompanied this so-called Bill Show in its invasions of Europe agree that Europe lacks the fancy steps. European horsemen, with their flat saddles, do not attempt to ride the European buckers if of any power.

"They just nacherally keep off them brutes, look at 'em a while, and then eat 'em," if the testimony of erstwhile Bill Show men be accurate.

America has had a monopoly of fancy steps intelligently mixed by saddle animals; has been preëminent in the topping off of insane asylums that eat hay.

In the old days of the unfenced plains, in the erstwhile glorious days of West-wide ranching, every unbroken Western horse enshrined within itself the power to buck. During the earlier period of those days this power functioned with thorough constancy. The horses of that earlier period were almost wholly of the unmixed mustang type; represented, almost in their entirety, gleanings from the wild bands that once, in gleeful independence, and before the white man's coming, pranced about the Western plains. Accordingly throughout that earlier period every puncher who planned to mount a horse took it for granted that the beast would surely hop for papa.

Presently the ranchmen, by selective breeding and the admixture of imported livestock, gradually absorbed the former wild horse into a more tractable and somewhat larger type physically, into the so-called graded-up range pony. This latter animal, after early in the '70's, was the almost universal horseflesh of the West. He was allowed to keep his wild progenitor's name, and thus was known as bronco, mustang, cayuse, fuzzy, range horse or range pony, according as the speaker's geographical sectionalism dictated.

That though more tractable than his impudent forbears, he was not supinely so is a fact appearing from the record he has left. This record is as follows: After early in the '70's practically every steed upon the now bygone ranges, at its first saddling, even if most tenderly and wisely handled, would buck the saddle. However, if the beast were not abused at this stage of its training, and while held by a hackamore—a bitless bridle—or by a lariat about its neck, were cajoled, in eighty cases out of one hundred it quieted down; and either later on that same day, or else at the second saddling on the morrow, tremblingly, hesitatingly permitted itself to be mounted by a skillful horseman, and this without offering to buck the rider.

Outlaws and Man-Killers

A few of these estimable eighty might for a while crow hop; but any thoroughly competent park rider, if a real horseman, could have stayed in the saddle—at least if he had been warned as to when the hopping would commence.

There were thus left from the hundred animals, twenty. Of these twenty all would buck more or less at their first riding, ten would continue to buck more or less at their second or even third riding, and but two could be counted on to remain permanently versed in the art of pitching.

Of these two one could, with patience, be so well broken that it would go after its rider only when long rests in pasture had lessened recollection of human supremacy. The other, though ridable, would buck whenever it became excited or irritated.

One horse in approximately each five hundred was an outlaw, a brute that never could be broken, and that bucked whenever it was mounted, or thought that it might, could, would or should be mounted.

Scattered about the West were spoiled horses—animals which man, by kicks in the face or other abuse during the breaking period, had ruined as to character and turned into chronic pitchers. They were merely man-made outlaws.

One horse, it was supposed, in approximately each ten thousand was sufficiently like a man-killer as deliberately to jump on his thrown rider's prostrate body.

The actual man-killer, traditionally always a male, was a horse so rare that the average ranchman in his whole business life saw not more than one. The beast was an animal with homicidal mania, a very demon masquerading in the body of a horse, a demon that at sight of man cunningly planned to kill him. Lurking amid the livestock placidly feeding on the range, the brute would sight an approaching horseman or pedestrian, would gently disengage itself from its fellows, would trot quietly forward as though mild and friendly curiosity were its only incentive, and then suddenly and without warning would spring ahead in a frenzied rage and strike down the man, together with the saddle animal, if any, under him. Though the man-killer at times would kill riderless horses, the favorite prey was the human being.

No man had instinct to detect the murderous brute when it was quiescent. A man's own mount might have this instinct and might evidence it by quivering and by timorously slinking from the neighborhood; but man, unless thus forewarned by the animal that carried him, would remain insensate until roused to activity by suddenly bared teeth, the hammerlike blows of demented hoofs and the strident warning of a fellow puncher. The cry of "Man-killer to your right! Shoot quick!" sounded more than once on the Western ranges of long ago.

The old-time puncher had no foreknowledge of the peculiarities of any particular beast he might encounter when saddling time came at the breaking corral. Moreover, in those days of individual ownerships of tremendous bands of horses, all quite indifferently bred, in those days of rapid breaking and of wholesale marketing, the number of horses to be gentled at any particular ranch was often so large as to deny opportunity for careful inspection of a beast before its forking was required. As a result, the remote possibility of encountering a man-killer, the certainty of sooner or later meeting a back-throw, a side-throw or a back-fall had always to be reckoned with.

As compared with this, there is one advantage to the cowboy of the present day. Horse raising today is done in a relatively populous country, and in terms of relatively small individual ownerships. Accordingly the idiosyncrasies of practically every horse are apt to be known to its owner before the time for the first attempt to mount the brute. Thus the man-killer and the back-thrower have largely ceased their former menace.

Has the real bucking horse ceased to exist? Has the actual cowboy wholly disappeared? Not as yet.

The Western pony still merrily shoots his back, still cheerily rollicks all over the lot. The strain of bronco blood still obtains in Western horses; and, as was sagely stated by John Yancey long years ago, "Where there's broncos, there's allus likelihood of promptitude in doin's."

And as for the cowboy ——

In bygone days, when ranching was the principal industry of the West and immense herds of cattle trod the vast and uninhabited stretches of the Western range, the puncher was, from his numbers and the economic importance of his vocation, the social and political dictator of all the country that lay westward of the Missouri River. Then came the farmer, who homesteaded upon the range, and with his fences cut it into little fields and pastures. The immense herds had no place to graze, their trails were blocked by farmers' fences. The herds, the range and the trails passed into history. Many of the punchers quit the saddle and turned themselves to new types of industry.

Fencing-in the Cowboy

With the advent of the farmers' fences there virtually disappeared necessity and opportunity for the long outridings that had so often made the old-time cowboy a solitary moving speck upon the range, as week after week he, with no companion save a nickering pony, patrolled unending houseless miles. Disappeared also the great round-ups and the lengthy drivings of vast herds of cattle pregnant with possible stampedes. Disappeared also the chance of attack by Indians, by rustlers or by prodding long-horned cattle. Disappeared also the gambling with thirst in the desert or with freezing in either northern blizzard or Texan norther. Disappeared also the enforced adventuring of the quicksand, the river's whirlpool, the cloudburst, the cyclone, the prairie fire and the winter drifting of the livestock.

All this is gone; but, nevertheless, the cowboy still exists. Though with much restricted numbers, he still lopes his pony on the byways of the West, in the few and little corners at which the cancerous wire fence has not as yet deeply gnawed. Though his domain be lessened, his tasks curtailed, he still rides jauntily, rides as a lusty youth actually galloping across hard prairie, and not merely as a historic character metaphorically drifting ghostlike before memory's eye.

Not only have the cowboy's ranks thus much decreased, but also he has lost forever his social and political dominance. He has been crowded from the proud place of a social and political dictator, and been relegated to the status of being simply a member of society. Ranching, formerly acclaimed in the West to be the capstone of aristocracy, its followers accorded locally something of the homage that in still earlier days was reserved for knighthood, is listed now as a mere industry and takes its place but alphabetically in the long roster of the callings. Nevertheless, the cowboy's pride of vocation continues wholly unabated. The spirit, the manners, the customs and the traditions of the old-time punchers have not changed a whit in the hands of

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present-day successors. The puncher of today, in every phase save the incidental one of costume, is a replica of the cowboy vancouriers who, upon the plains of long ago, formed that great, compelling and unwritten code, the spirit of the West.

Developments the last few years in America's West have made it possible now to see the cowboy ride at close hand and at his best. No longer is it necessary for the spectator to travel miles for a viewing seat, and to find it amid uncomfortable chaparral or greasewood. A tufted cushion on a grand stand quite near to a railway station is the present substitute. No longer does the spectator's quest take him miles through sagebrush and to the dreary buildings of widely scattered ranches. The cowboy now brings himself to the spectator's presence.

All this has resulted from the West's having fostered a system of riding competitions—generically known as shows—these competitions courting spectators and being held annually in very many of the places that lie westward of the Missouri River. Of these contests some are of pygmy scale and quite naïve complexion; others are great dignified spectacles of truly national importance. At one end of the gamut is a tiny privately owned and thoroughly commercial enterprise—two mediocre riders, a little band of indifferent buckers, a few mangy steers, a much-mended lariat, a back lot, a two-bits admission fee, a ticket seller and a garish sign, which, in huge letters upon wrinkled oilcloth, strenuously advertises wildness and the Wild West. At the gamut's other end are the civic offerings of Pendleton, Oregon, and Cheyenne, Wyoming, the so-called Round-Up of the one, the so-called Frontier Day of the other; two offerings that are truly great; that in their scope and excellence are well-nigh majestic.

Along the gamut, and between its two extremes as thus described, are many other competitions; those at Colorado Springs, Las Vegas, Bozeman and certain other towns claiming for themselves equality with Pendleton's Round-Up and Cheyenne's Frontier Day; those at the dude ranches supplying an opportunity for excellent entertainment and some self-publicity.

Only in the West may the riding contests be seen at their best, for any transplanting of them eastward means a decrease in the number of contestants, in the quality of the livestock, in the suitability of the arena, in the picturesqueness of the spectators; means also that the contenders, when amid strange surroundings, lose no little of their native abandon and enthusiastic recklessness.

At Pendleton and Cheyenne

The performances, at least those in the better classes of the shows, are honest to the backbone. The contestants in these shows of the better classes are, by tradition, by code, by pride of vocation, by the nature of their contests and by the extraordinary spirit of pure amateurism that illumines the entire business—a spirit that leads a contestant to pay a large entering fee, to pay all his own expenses, whether traveling, hotel or otherwise, to receive no wages, no recompense save in such prizes, if any, as he may win—these contestants are beyond suspicion of attempting to trick the public. Buying or selling a chance of winning is a business that for them has not yet been invented. Some of the contestants may, however, try to take sly advantage of each other; but this to no greater extent than that, for instance, a man, wishing to readjust his balance when atop a bucking horse, may for a moment—and if willing to risk the judges' panoramic eyes—either lock a spur into a cinch or hook his flaring leather gauntlets against the horn. Both these acts are pulling leather, and if detected earn demerits in the riding contests.

The bucking horses are all honestly disreputable, all outlaws or spoiled animals, all self-taught in pitching, all natural buckers; this last, despite the fact that the two cinches about each plunging beast may well suggest to tenderfeet that such is not the case. The presence of the second cinch has no effect other than to expedite or vivify bucking that otherwise might remain tardy or anæmic. It does not either create bucking or teach or guide its motions.

Man deliberately to set himself to teaching bucking? As well attempt to teach the lightning to remain within the clouds. In connection with these exhibited outlaws the modern West uses a colloquial term that is most misleading. It is "trained buckers." By it, however, the West means chronic, not trained in the sense in which the latter word ordinarily is employed.

At Pendleton or at Cheyenne the spectator of today sees riding and roping done as well as ever they were done upon the ranches of long ago; and in a single afternoon sees more of expert riding and roping than he could have seen during a term of years on the now bygone range. In the plain workday era of the old West, no ranch, no range, no state assembled or tried to assemble so many top riders and ropers, so many top horses, so many mean horses, as Pendleton and Cheyenne crowd into their arenas. These towns skim the entire West for men and horses, and throw the cream of them into the acre before the grand stands.

During the progress of many of the shows, notably those at Pendleton and Cheyenne, there are interlarded, between successive bucking or roping contests, various other events; some in the form of pageants of historical accuracy; some in the mood of cowboy playtime, others in the shape of contests invented since the old ranching days, and therefore unpracticed on the bygone ranges. One of these events, bulldogging—wrestling with a running steer—can, from its nature, be safely attempted by none save cowboys, and is quite appalling to behold. Others of these events, like complicated trick riding, cowgirls' racing, the throwing of lariats the loops of which are of prodigious size or follow eccentric courses, are also, because of the great excellence of their performance, well worth observation.

The Old West Passes In Review

The attendant Indians, by their costumes and their large array, give no small tincture of romance. Finally there are the citizens of the local town, for they unwittingly become, to a visitor, a part of the spectacle. These people give their town to its guests and make it a veritable shrine for the spirit of the West. That the extreme and enthusiastic hospitality may be traceable in part to civic pride rather than to admiration of the particular guest, works not at all to the latter's disadvantage. His concern is results, not motives. And civic pride is a forceful motive, inasmuch as confessedly the primary object of all the principal shows is to attract prospective settlers to the towns in which the shows are held.

The shows of major size, if considered as mere athletic contests, utterly dwarf the most important of the intercollegiate football games, the most important of the professional baseball games. In number of highly trained performers the shows make the football and baseball games seem pitifully undermanned. In quantity and continuity of action the shows have again a vast advantage.

Considered as spectacles, the shows stand unique. They alone have historic background. They alone can appeal to national sentiment. Behind them stand the story of the pioneer and the saga of the cattle country. They are not mere contests to determine a mere victory, to give pride to a particular college, to carry enthusiasm to a town that is represented by a successful team. They are the last parades of the men in a salient and historic calling, the final passings in review by the surviving remnants of the type that made the empire of the West, the accurate pageantings of America's most dramatic citizen, of her one knight on horseback, of perhaps the last dominant horseman the world may ever glimpse. Their spectator, if familiar with the various Western localities, can turn an instant from the bucking, glance past the limits of the arena and, just beyond it, see epic objects such as, at Cheyenne, the very trail up which, in heroic days, myriad cattle plodded on their dusty route from Texas to the Chugwater and the grasslands north of it; such as, at Pendleton, the very flats still untouched by plow, the very flats across which countless cowboys, in days long bygone, drove countless Oregon cayuses to the markets on the more eastern ranges.

The shows are not shows in the sense in which America, colloquially and in general usage, employs the term. They are mosaics of honest pieces rescued from such little corners of the old West as still exist, these pieces welded into great, dignified and very stirring spectacles that are of historical accuracy, of great educational value, and of unlimited possibilities of influence in patriotism and in Americanization.

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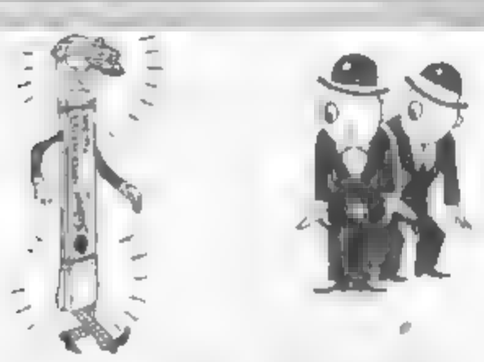

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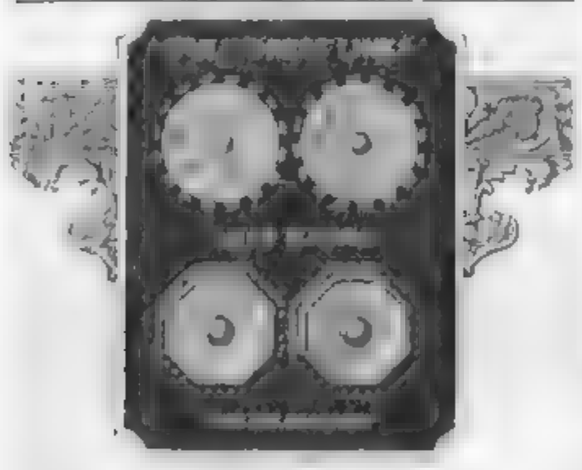

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THE SIREN AND THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 25)

she did not look at them with the chagrined businesslike manner of Miss Cutting, the other bond-department stenographer, for instance, who would have said briskly, perhaps, "I'm sorry. I'll type them over correctly at once."

Not Millicent.

"Oh, dear," she said, "is 'receive' really 'ei'? Honestly, now, wouldn't life be a sweeter place for all of us if there were any sense at all in the way words are spelled?"

There was an unmistakable tone of camaraderie in her voice. She evidently considered spelling a science against which both she and MacKenzie battled in vain.

"There's a little dictionary on your desk," he suggested. "Whenever you're in doubt it might be a good idea to look up the word."

Millicent slanted a roguish smile up at him.

"You know," she said admiringly, "I can tell at a glance you're a young man that's going to get ahead in the world."

MacKenzie turned curtly back to his office. It was painfully necessary to snub the girl, and equally difficult. He had taken only a half dozen steps when he felt a light touch on his arm.

"Oh, Mr. MacKenzie," she was saying in a coaxing, childish voice, "don't be mad at me."

For the next few days he kept a critical lookout for mistakes in her letters, but they were painstakingly perfect. Friday afternoon, however, he rang for her at three o'clock, and Miss Cutting, answering in her place, informed him that Miss Allen was still out for lunch.

"She went out with a young man at quarter past twelve," Miss Cutting volunteered.

On his way out that afternoon MacKenzie spoke to Miss Allen about it. She was very meek; promised to be careful about observing the one-hour luncheon rule in the future.

"You know really, though," she observed conversationally as he opened the door, "I wish Miss Cutting'd have a beau once in a while. It might make her—well, a little more charitable; don't you think so?"

"I don't think of Miss Cutting in a personal capacity at all." MacKenzie's tone was crushing; but Millicent was quite uncrushed.

"No," she agreed amiably, "I don't imagine I would either, if I were a man."

Obviously the wisest thing would be to let the girl go at the end of the month. She should never have been placed in her position at all. MacKenzie could not conceive of her ever coming to fill it conscientiously. The sensible thing would be to let her out at the end of the month.

But when the end of the month came he didn't have the heart to do it. It was so pitifully evident that Miss Allen was trying. Her spelling had undoubtedly improved; she might have joked about his dictionary suggestion, but it looked as though she had accepted it. Then, too, one evening MacKenzie found that he had left an important key on his desk and went back to the office at six o'clock to get it. To his surprise, he found Miss Allen still there, alone in the huge office. She was typing over some letters she had made mistakes in during the afternoon. She seemed embarrassed at having him find her there; and MacKenzie, going on into his own office, found himself contrasting her life now with what it was a year ago—a round of luncheons and teas and dances, a round of easy conquests.

He went on out again, leaving her still at work in the bright circle of her desk light. And after that, whenever he thought of letting her go, he recalled the pathetic little figure alone in the huge, silent office. Without a word Millicent Allen had done what the sob sister, with her whines of better days, with her appeals for sympathy, had never been able to approach. She had made MacKenzie sorry for her.

So she stayed on for another month. MacKenzie treated her with a curt impersonality very different from his friendly manner with the brisk young business women who did not need to be kept in their places. He gave her, of course, very little responsibility, calling Miss Cutting for any work requiring particular care and for any letters whose contents were important and confidential. Miss Cutting, however, was at home with the grippe at the time the bid on the year's biggest municipal bond issue must go in; so he was forced to let Millicent take the letter.

"Now, this is what we call a sealed bid," he explained as to a child when he had finished dictating. "It is a twenty-five-million-dollar issue with serial maturities, and it means a profit of possibly a quarter of a million to the Founders' City. I'm telling you this so that you will realize how important a matter it is. Of course I know you understand that everything you learn here in the office is strictly confidential, but this happens to be more important than the usual run of business."

"I see," she said. And then, curiously: "Is this specially confidential because if some other bank or bond house should know what your bid is they could just overbid you and get the issue away from you?"

"That is the idea exactly," said MacKenzie, surprised and pleased as one is to find a child unexpectedly intelligent.

She looked down at her notes.

"You mean," exploringly, "that if some other firm should outbid you just a fraction they'd get all the bonds?"

"They undoubtedly would. Now, you see, the city that is issuing the bonds ——"

MacKenzie found himself explaining the rudiments of the banking system. The girl leaned forward, her lips parted in eager interest, an ardent, flattering listener. MacKenzie was surprised. He had not expected such intelligent interest. But when he paused she sighed, a sigh suspiciously warm and sweet to have been the breath of the banking system.

"To think," she said dreamily, "of our having a twenty-five-million-dollar secret!"

MacKenzie ceased abruptly. The girl was running true to type. Her tone, even more than her words, pretended that his businesslike explanation was a confidence, attempted to make their sharing of a bit of Founders' City information into a bond as romantic as names carved inside a heart on a tree trunk. But when he went briskly on to the other business in hand he noted that she was taking dictation more easily now, asked him less frequently to repeat a phrase or sentence.

In his self-appointed task of making a self-respecting young business woman out of this lily of the field he discovered a day or so later that he had a quite unsuspected ally. He had come into the little anteroom that Millicent shared with Miss Cutting one morning and paused to get an envelope out of a high rack just outside his door. The rack hid him completely from the anteroom and neither girl knew that he was in the room. It was an idle half hour before the day's work began and the two young women were talking. A snatch of their conversation caught his ear and he stopped, eavesdropping shamelessly.

Miss Cutting was tendering gratuitous advice. Miss Cutting was the kind who would.

"—— and you ought not to wear those chiffon stockings in any office," MacKenzie heard her saying.

"I suppose not," Millicent's voice agreed mildly. "But a body has to economize somewhere, you know."

"Economize!" Miss Cutting sniffed. "There's no economy in wearing five-fifty stockings every day."

"Oh, but when you've dozens of pairs left on your hands and haven't any others —— Besides"—MacKenzie, of course, missed the approving look she cast at her slim ankles—"besides, I think they're rather fetching."

"They are all very well in their proper place," said Miss Cutting primly; "but it's very unwise to wear that sort of thing in an office. A girl who does is simply inviting insults from men."

"Oh, come off! Mr. MacKenzie is the man we see most of here. You don't think he's likely to insult me, do you?"

Miss Cutting stuck to her point, retiring behind a generality.

"Well, even Mr. MacKenzie is a man, you know."

Millicent laughed delightedly.

"Oh, Catherine Cutting, you're a joy! Why, I could come in here with a rose in my teeth as far as Mr. MacKenzie is concerned!"

MacKenzie, his ears burning hotly, retired into his private office. The eavesdropper, as usual, had heard no good of himself. The conversation left an irritating

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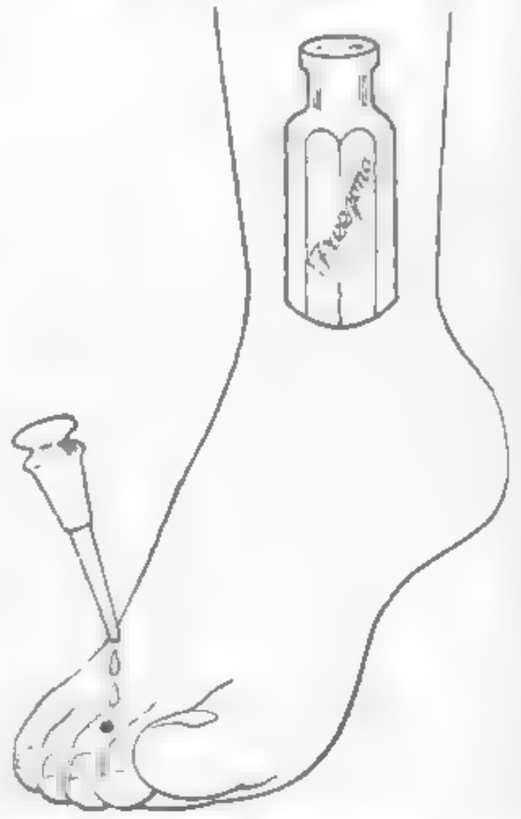

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taste in his mouth. After five years spent building just this reputation he found himself suddenly resenting it. No normal man really relishes being considered quite so safe.

And then, as though Millicent's position in the office were not already tenuous enough, the man nuisance had begun. The men nuisance, rather, for there were two of them—Rodman Evans, a snappy young broker, and Eddie Pickthall, the old Founders' City president's adored nephew. Evans apparently called her up by telephone every morning. MacKenzie, passing through the anteroom on his way in at ten, would find her obviously engaged in dalliance over the wire; and occasionally, coming out again fifteen minutes later would find the badinage still going on. There was no Founders' City rule forbidding personal calls during office hours; the good sense of the employes was depended upon to keep the privilege from being abused, and Millicent didn't have much good sense.

She didn't have enough even to discourage Eddie Pickthall's daily, semidaily and sometimes even tridaily visits. These had been going on, as a matter of fact, for two or three weeks. Eddie, a fatuous young ass in spats, would drape himself over a corner of Millicent's desk and remain there for an hour at a time, exchanging airy nothings. Young Pickthall's position in the Founders' City, though a bit ambiguous, was too powerful for MacKenzie to feel free to order him out of the office.

At first MacKenzie attempted merely to give the two of them a hint. He would come out of his office, apparently to speak to Miss Allen on an urgent matter, find Eddie there, and pause, looking at them, obviously waiting for Eddie to finish his errand and be gone. But Eddie never took the hint, and Millicent instead of dismissing him would merely smile sweetly at MacKenzie and endeavor to include him in the conversation, as gayly gracious as though she were pouring at a tea and MacKenzie were a stranger guest, who might be feeling a bit left out and awkward.

So MacKenzie tried ringing for Miss Allen to take dictation whenever he heard Eddie's voice in the anteroom. This was more successful, but a dreadful nuisance. Eddie seemed to arrive at the times when it was least convenient for MacKenzie to dictate.

Besides, he realized suddenly, after the third or fourth time, it was an absurd situation for the head of the bond department to have to dictate at the convenience of his stenographer and her young man.

He would speak to Miss Allen about it instantly. At that very moment he heard Eddie's voice outside and rang Millicent's buzzer sharply. There was a moment's pause, and then she came in, her dictation pad in her hand. He turned at her step, a sharp order on his lips. But Millicent spoke first.

"You know," she said plaintively, "I believe you're trying to do me out of a brilliant match." He was so taken aback that for a moment he merely stared at the girl. "Calling me in here every time Eddie Pickthall comes to see me. I just know the letters you're going to give me right now could have waited a half hour as well as not."

Of all the brazen effrontery! The Scotch blue eyes narrowed.

"Did it ever occur to you, Miss Allen, that the Founders' City is not paying you a salary for making brilliant matches?"

This was exactly what Bruce MacKenzie meant to say. To his own amazement, instead, he heard himself saying:

"I can't say that I consider Eddie Pickthall an especially brilliant match."

"You don't!" The soft brown eyes widened in incredulous amazement. "Why, old Mr. Pickthall hasn't any children of his own, and he thinks the sun ought to come up and go down to accommodate Eddie."

"So does Eddie," MacKenzie observed.

"And even if his uncle should never leave him a penny," Millicent went on, "he has three-quarters of a million right now, from his mother."

"He's a spoiled young fool, just the same. He couldn't earn the salary Miss Cutting does if he weren't the old man's nephew."

"Well, for that matter, Miss Cutting couldn't kid the old gentleman along as well as Eddie does. Everybody's got his own line."

"And you want to marry a man whose line is flattering an old man for his money?"

"I didn't say I wanted to marry him," she temporized. "I said he would be a brilliant match. It would be a fine thing for any girl if—if she could just make herself want to. Don't you think so?"

Suddenly, arrestingly, bankers' caution laid a warning finger light on MacKenzie's shoulder. Or it may have been the ghosts of all the clinging vines who had said, "I know it's awful of me to bother you with my silly love affairs, Mr. MacKenzie, but someway I feel *you* could understand and tell me what *you* think I ought to do." He pulled up short, like a motorist at the very edge of a broken bridge. Well might he shudder at the danger that had been so narrowly averted. In another moment he would undoubtedly have asked, "Could you marry him if you could make yourself want to?"

It would have been a thoroughly outrageous question, but its possibilities piqued more curiosity than MacKenzie knew he had. It was full of intriguing conjectures, the idea of this incompetent little stenographer dangling the Pickthall fortune on her beckoning finger. For a moment his impulse was to shake off the ghostly warning touch and ask the question. But a wise old bird had learned better than to obey that impulse.

"Well, I imagine young Pickthall's talents—such as they are—would always keep the wolf from the door," he admitted, and then began to dictate briskly.

The next afternoon at quarter past four he rang for Miss Allen. He seldom called her after four, and Miss Cutting appeared instead, pad in hand.

"Miss Allen left fifteen minutes ago," she paused, virtuous satisfaction in every tone of her voice. "I thought, of course, she had asked you. She was going to a tea."

MacKenzie said nothing. As he dictated he found his natural resentment dying in a whimsical reflection of what a satisfaction it would be to young Mrs. Eddie Pickthall to sail into the Founders' City office in sables and snub her old associate.

Just ten minutes later he was recalled sharply to the situation as it was, not as it might sometime be. He was sent for by the Founders' City president. The municipal bond issue on which the Founders' City had bid, Pickthall informed him, had been secured by Rodman & Evans. The rival house's bid had been just a hundredth per cent better than MacKenzie's.

Pickthall and MacKenzie knew equally well what the loss of a quarter-million profit meant. There was little to be said. It had been MacKenzie's big chance of the year and he had lost it.

"Tough luck!" He cloaked his biting disappointment in casual comment.

Pickthall turned in his swivel chair and regarded the head of the bond department coldly.

"It is not a matter of luck," he said levelly. "There has been a leak."

"A leak!" MacKenzie's surprise was clutched by the cold hand of premonition.

"A leak," Pickthall repeated. "Rodman & Evans knew what our bid was to be before it went in."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Positive! Their intended bid was on a four-thirty basis. They learned that we were bidding on a four-twenty-nine basis and they outbid us a small fraction.

"Good Lord!"

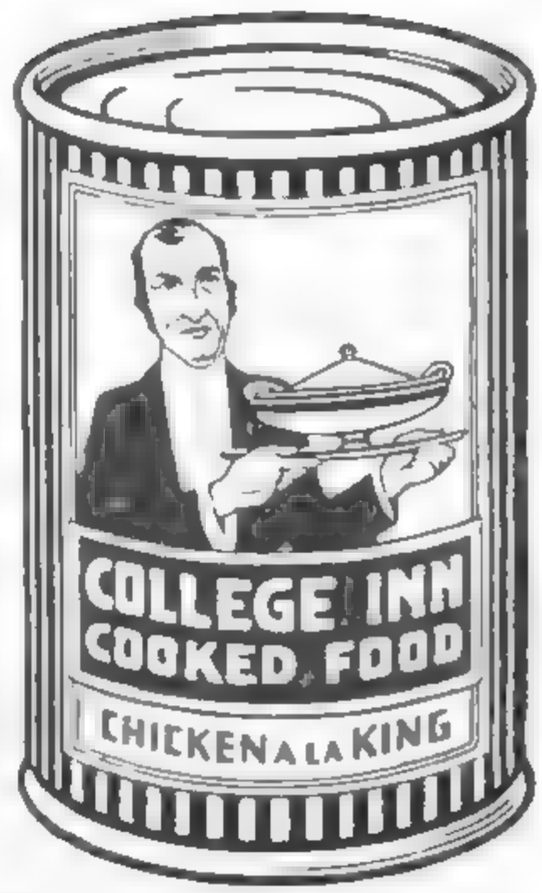
Pickthall blinked at him coldly.

"It's for you to find out where the leak came from," he said. "Nobody knew of that bid but you and me. I have told nobody. It's up to you, MacKenzie."

A grim MacKenzie went back to the bond department. The disappointment at losing the issue would in itself have been enough. But this! It added to disappointment the acid drop of humiliation.

It was easy, shamefully easy, to surmise where the leak had come from. He recalled Millicent Allen's understanding, surprising interest in the Founders' City bid. He recalled her very question, saw her soft eyes raised to him, wide with childish, guileless interest. At the memory of Millicent's wide, innocent eyes, MacKenzie shrank with a revulsion of distaste for deciding her despicable. Gayly incompetent where she should have been earnest, coquettish where coquetry did not belong—these, of course, he knew her to be. But to have betrayed this trust—that would be something quite different. If she had done this she had done it deliberately. He had warned her. The act would have been deliberate, treasonous, contemptible.

But there was no blinking the likelihood of the matter. MacKenzie knew that she



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lunched with young Rodman Evans himself almost daily.

MacKenzie was at the office promptly at nine the next morning. He left word with Miss Cutting to send Miss Allen into his office the instant she arrived. It was half past nine when she pushed open his office door.

"Well, you caught me at it all right, didn't you?" She looked guilty, roguish, like a naughty child hoping to wheedle her way out of a well-deserved scolding.

For a moment MacKenzie was stunned speechless. Was it possible that she hoped to brazen this out?

"Honestly," the soft pretty voice coaxed—"honestly, it's the first time I've done it since I've been here."

"I can promise you it will be the last."

"Oh, it will!" she promised eagerly. "It wasn't even any fun. I was worried all the time about having slipped away, and besides it wasn't much of a tea."

Good Lord, the girl was talking about yesterday afternoon! The memory of that indiscretion served excellently, however, to add fuel to the flames.

"Sit down, Miss Allen. I want to talk to you."

In this grim, angry MacKenzie there was no trace of the Bruce MacKenzie with whom Millicent had danced. This was the head of the Founders' City's bond department interviewing an untrustworthy subordinate. He recalled curtly the afternoon she had taken his letter in which was the Founders' City's bid for the municipal bond issue.

"The information in that letter has leaked out. Rodman & Evans knew what our bid was to be before it went in. Was it through you?"

"Oh, no; I've never said a word." The wide brown eyes were as innocent as a baby's.

"You know you lunch with Rodman Evans pretty often," he reminded her. "You're very sure you never repeated anything whatever to him? Even thoughtlessly?"

Millicent laughed.

"You must think I can't entertain a man through luncheon without talking business to him," she challenged.

"I'm not discussing your social capacities at present. This is a serious business, Miss Allen. There is no offense that the Founders' City is more merciless about running down. The suspicion naturally rests on you. If you didn't do it I am going to stand right back of you. If you did, the only decent thing, and by all odds the easiest for yourself in the long run, would be to admit it to me now and resign."

"But I've said already that I didn't do it. You don't think I'd lie to you, do you? I believe you're just tired of having me in your office."

The coaxing, sweet voice; the teasing, tender eyes; the faint, faint accent, "You don't think I'd lie to *you*"—it was the personal appeal direct, and it did not work. Coming upon nerves already tightened with suspicion, humiliation, disappointment, it served only to bring MacKenzie's two months of irritated indecision to a sudden decisive head.

"Miss Allen," he said coldly, "I don't know whether you'd lie to me or not, and it's your own fault that I don't know. You have done very little in this office to make me think you would be trustworthy. You have accepted the Founders' City's salary and have cheated on its rules. You come late and leave early; you spend hours that the firm is paying for in flirtations with one man or another. You use manners that would be very charming in a ballroom, but are merely cheap in a business office; and you use them to cover up carelessness and inefficiency. In an important matter I appeal to your honesty and your self-respect, and you try to throw me off, as you have tried in a dozen minor matters, by attempting to establish our relationship on a flirtatious basis. Well it won't go, Miss Allen. That's all! You can't vamp me, you know!"

He paused, but she did not answer him or meet his eyes. She sat very still in the big visitor's chair, her elbows straight, hands clasped stiffly in her lap, looking down at one slim foot with its outrageous chiffon stocking, a straight, stiff, childish little figure.

MacKenzie opened his lips to go on; but somehow, strangely enough, he couldn't. She looked so little and young and helpless; he felt as though he were striking a frightened child. Even resentment could not quite make him say any more. She looked so little and scared. And then he saw that she was crying.

Resentment, justice, even man's natural repugnance to a weepy woman left MacKenzie in one sickening gulp. Every extenuating circumstance that he had angrily put out of his mind came rushing back to accuse him. Millicent, dancing, flirting, playing, as carefree as a flower a brief twelve months ago; Millicent, taught to be gay and sweet and charming, never to be businesslike, impersonal, conscientious; Millicent, working out her mistakes alone in the big office that other night after everyone else had gone home ——

"Don't cry," he begged. "I—I must have said more than I meant to."

The straight little arms grew even stiffer; she drew in her breath in a long, quivering sigh. MacKenzie rose, standing awkwardly beside her. A tear splashed down her cheek and she brushed it away with the back of her hand, a gesture unbelievably young. Then she stood up, keeping her face resolutely turned away from him.

"Don't take it as hard as all that," he urged, and patted her on the shoulder reassuringly.

Under the touch of his hands he could feel her slim shoulder tremble; color flamed up over her white temples. And suddenly, more than he wanted to find the Rodman & Evans leak, more even than he wanted to be a vice president of the Founders' City, more than he wanted anything else in the world, he wanted to take Millicent Allen in his arms.

"Don't cry—my dear ——"

His voice was husky, his hand was on her shoulder. He could feel the tremor sweep over her again.

She stepped back sharply, brushed away the tears, and then laughed, a sudden, hardy, triumphant little laugh.

"And you think I couldn't vamp you!"

While he stared, completely dumfounded, she walked to the door.

"I'm sorry I've been so all-around unsatisfactory," she said stiffly. "If you care to give me another trial, though, I'd like to see if I can't do better. About the information that has leaked out, I never repeated a word of that letter to Rodman Evans or to anybody else."

The next day MacKenzie was summoned again, and it was suggested that Miss Allen be dismissed. Pickthall had learned that she lunched almost daily with Rodman Evans; that it was she who had taken dictation for MacKenzie's letter making the bid. It was circumstantial evidence of the most damning sort. But, in the face of it, MacKenzie believed the girl had told him the truth in that last, direct, eye-to-eye answer. He had told her he would stand back of her if she were innocent, and he believed her innocent. He had no choice now but to keep his word.

Courteously but firmly he declined to act upon Pickthall's summary suggestion. Pickthall was evidently unconvinced.

"Perhaps you would like to talk to her yourself," MacKenzie suggested.

"Oh, no; that isn't necessary," Pickthall hastily assured him.

MacKenzie read the hasty reluctance aright and grinned sheepishly, recalling his own interview. The president was wise, he admitted, in tempering valor with its better part.

For the time being the question of dismissing Miss Allen was held in abeyance.

During the next week it was proved that MacKenzie's interview with her, though it made him redden uncomfortably whenever he thought of it, had fulfilled its purpose to an amazing degree so far as decorum was concerned. Miss Allen had become overnight the perfect stenographer. Miss Cutting's "Good morning, Mr. MacKenzie," was no more courteously impersonal than Miss Allen's. When MacKenzie returned an occasional letter with a mistake in it to her a perfect copy would be laid on his desk promptly and silently. There were no more lengthy telephone conversations. Once when his door was ajar he heard her say, "I'm awfully busy, Rod. Suppose you ring me up at home tonight." Eddie Pickthall, with his fatuous grin and his lemon-colored spats, draped himself over her desk no more.

Her looks, naturally, remained unchanged. There was the same soft yellow hair, the softly curved peach-petal cheek, the soft kissable lips; and with shameful lack of logic MacKenzie found himself missing the coaxing, gay impudences that

(Continued on Page 192)

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(Continued from Page 190)

he himself had taught her did not belong in the Founders' City bond department. He actually found himself watching for Miss Cutting to go out of the anteroom and then making some errand the excuse to loiter several moments at Millicent's desk. And each time—oh, the injustice of calling inconsistency feminine!—he felt disappointed, actually a little hurt by her businesslike curtness.

For lurking in his mind was a subtle, teasing, tantalizing memory. It was weakening his bankers' caution, luring him out of his Scotch keenness, coaxing its way even into the granite of his ambition. The memory of that moment when he had felt Millicent Allen's shoulder tremble at his touch, had seen the hot blood rush to her face, had wanted, more even than he wanted to be a Founders' City vice president, to take her in his arms. Even the recollection of her triumphant laugh, her "So you think I couldn't vamp you!" could not quite cast out the other and more vivid memory.

It served, of course—that vivid memory—more than he would admit even to himself, to strengthen his natural determination to have no injustice done in his department. Matters hung fire for a week, and then one afternoon he walked through the anteroom where Miss Cutting was evidently giving earnest, urgent advice to a meek Miss Allen, and chanced to overtake the friendly personnel officer in one of the corridors. They walked along to the elevator together.

"I hear you're losing your baby vamp," Miss Stoner observed conversationally.

"When did you hear that?" he asked, thinking that the week-old matter had at last drifted into the office gossip, as Founders' City personalities often did.

"About ten minutes ago. That's as long as Mr. Pickthall's secretary can keep still about anything that isn't pure business. I also hear you wanted to keep her."

"Naturally. I don't want anyone in my department dismissed for something she didn't do."

Miss Stoner shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," she quoted philosophically. "The old man put her in your department over your head, and he's going to take her out the same way. I don't know why he's so rabid about it, but I hear that he is. Better not get mixed up in it. He's after that girl's head."

MacKenzie walked on, wondering why the old gentleman was so determined. To dismiss a girl summarily, on circumstantial evidence purely, when her own department head vouched for her innocence—this was contrary to all Founders' City precedent, unexpected and puzzling.

As he turned back toward the little anteroom through the glass door he saw young Eddie Pickthall leaving Miss Allen's desk. Miss Allen was briskly typing away; the very set of her shoulders was eloquent of dismissal. Just outside the door MacKenzie met the young man. Pickthall brushed past him without speaking, but MacKenzie caught a brief glimpse of his face, angry, sullen, threatening. That one glimpse solved MacKenzie's puzzle.

Millicent Allen had turned down Eddie Pickthall, the apple of his uncle's eye. That was why Eddie had not been in her office for a week; that was why —— Yes, of course! As Millicent had said, Eddie could work the old gentleman, and Eddie was just the kind of undisciplined spoiled young cub who would take any kind of revenge he could on anyone who denied him anything. The bond-bid grievance had paved his approach, and even bank presidents have their vulnerabilities. Eddie was old Pickthall's. So that was why the Founders' City president was out after Millicent Allen's head!

The cheap injustice of it sickened MacKenzie, and as he passed through the anteroom for the first time in her week of reform Millicent looked up from her typewriter and smiled at him. It was not her old smile, feminine, subtly invitational. This was a smile of apology and forgiveness, of shy friendliness and—to MacKenzie, at least—a heart-twistingly brave, forlorn little smile.

He walked on into his office, and in those brief few steps he made up his mind. It would not be discreet; he might be chancing his present position, the vice presidency lurking in bright distance, all the rewards of five years of single-minded ambition. But glowing suddenly within him was the spirit of all the knights who have defended helpless innocence, who have tilted with fate for the smile of a yellow-haired girl. If the Founders' City fired Millicent Allen, the Founders' City could hunt another head for its bond department.

Not that the Founders' City could not have found another of course. Mr. Pickthall made this clear to the quite unmoved MacKenzie in their interview that followed late that afternoon. But, in the face of MacKenzie's defiant firmness, he admitted that the evidence against Miss Allen was purely circumstantial. If Mr. MacKenzie felt so sure an injustice was being done, of course, he, Mr. Pickthall, would be the last to wish to be unjust. There might be no harm in giving her another chance, watching her sharply meanwhile, and so on; all the high-sounding phraseology of knuckling under.

MacKenzie went back to his own office a little after five on the high stilts of triumph. He had put his Founders' City standing to the test and found that it held firm. He had done the high-handed, decent thing and had lost nothing by it. He had protected an innocent girl with dignity and success. And, strange freak of human reactions that it is, anyone always feels unusually tender toward a person for whom he has done a kindness. MacKenzie sauntered through the deserted anteroom, remembering Millicent's helplessness, her sweetness and prettiness; forgetting her incompetence; sweetening her impudence with the admission that he liked spirit in a woman.

The anteroom was deserted, each typewriter black with its night-rider's hood. MacKenzie's own office was still lighted, and on his desk was an envelope. Absently he tore it open:

Dear Mr. MacKenzie: This is a cowardly way to do it, but I can't face you. Here is the resignation that I should have given you a week ago. I'm awfully sorry. Please don't think any more badly of me than you have to.

MILLICENT ALLEN.

For several minutes MacKenzie held the note before dazed eyes. Incredible at first. This couldn't mean what it—yes, what it undeniably did mean. The glow of his triumph chilled as though plunged into ice water. His grand gesture, his successful protection of innocence oppressed—for several moments he could not reconstruct his ideas. This triumph—oh, surely it couldn't be just false and cheap! But there was the note, Millicent Allen's own confession.

The dazed unbelief shaded slowly into anger; anger that grew hotter and more resentful as the certainty of having been tricked possessed him at last. The anger was there all the evening and the next day, and the next and the next, a dark undercurrent running beneath his daily schedule, coming to the surface every now and then in moments of leisure, sometimes even sweeping up over some necessary business concentration.

If there is any old ironic fate with a mean sense of humor, how she must have chuckled. The wise old bird! The shrewd, canny head of the bond department, who knew every approach, every beguilement of the scheming feminine! And tricked like a prep-school sophomore by a little yellow-haired girl who couldn't spell "receive."

What rankled more even than his injured vanity was his disappointment in the girl herself. That seemed, strangely enough, to hurt him outrageously. He had convinced himself that she was really fine; that her very lightness was the most gallant, swashbuckling kind of courage, laughing in the teeth of ill fortune. She had turned down a rich man she might have married; there was a fastidious self-respect in that. He had respected her especially this last week, even while he was resenting her curtness, for she had made his rebuke constructively an almost sure character test.

And all the time she had been deceiving him, living a cowardly lie! If only he could have believed she had lied out of fright! He found himself trying hard to make excuses for her; if she had denied her guilt when he had first accused her, when she had been startled, threatened. That would have been different, to lie like a frightened child. But he could find no comfort there. He saw her facing him, looking him straight in the eye, thoroughly mistress of herself. "I never repeated a word of that letter to Rodman Evans or to anybody else." There it was, flat, unequivocal, deliberate. Each time that he tried to find an excuse he came back to the undeniable, irrefutable facts. And yet, to save his peace of mind, he could not keep from trying again and again.

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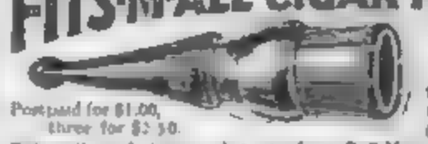

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She had been gone a week when he happened to be delayed late in his office of an afternoon and came out to find the anteroom deserted for the night. Miss Cutting's desk, trim, orderly, closed in efficient waiting for the next day's duties; across the room the desk that had been Millicent Allen's.

No one had used it since she had left. A girl from the main office had been summoned daily until Miss Stoner could find just the right successor. MacKenzie crossed the deserted room and stood behind the little straight-back chair where Millicent Allen had sat. The vacant chair, the bare desk, the typewriter with its black hood, the whole quiet, deserted office seemed strangely still and empty, like a home after a death.

MacKenzie opened the flat desk drawer absently; perhaps she had left her notebook or a pencil. Crumpled in the corner of the drawer was a forgotten handkerchief, a bit of rose-colored linen, net frilled, fine, soft. He picked it up gently, and from its folds came a faint, faint perfume. It was such a bit of a thing to be so potent, just a scrap of fine, fragrant linen, in among the typewriters, telephones, files—all the hard, impersonal trappings of commerce.

But at its touch all commerce tottered. MacKenzie forgot ambition, judgment, strict standards, shrewdness, all the talents and virtues that had made him one of the most promising young men in Wall Street. Even resentment was swept away with them in a sudden, amazing, overpowering longing, an aching loneliness. He saw Millicent Allen smiling up at him from her vacant chair her sweet, gay, teasing smile. She might be irresponsible, selfish, a liar even; but all the arguments MacKenzie's intellect could marshal against her went down in a sudden crumbling defeat. They could not stand a moment against the scrap of sweet rose-colored linen that had brought her back.

He wondered, with a clutching tightness in his throat, what she was doing; whether she had found another place; whether in all the scheming, exacting world there was anyone who was looking out for her.

He stood for several minutes, holding the little handkerchief, then folded it tenderly and slipped it into his pocket.

Young Eddie Pickthall happened to go down in the elevator with MacKenzie that evening. MacKenzie answered his cheerful "Hello, Mac," with a nod of chill dislike.

"I'll draw alongside," Eddie offered, quite oblivious of any snub. "I'm taking the L myself. The old gentleman went early in the car."

He sauntered along beside MacKenzie to the station, stood beside him in the crowded L train. He spoke of the weather, of winter golf, of a new bootlegger he had found, shifting from one subject to another, MacKenzie answering perfunctorily. At last, "How's Millicent Allen?" he inquired.

"I don't know." MacKenzie was deliberately curt.

"I'll bet you don't!" Eddie jeered. "You're a sly old dog, Mac."

It was evident that Eddie considered MacKenzie's reluctance to lose his stenographer proof positive that he was emotionally interested in her. MacKenzie said nothing. Eddie, after the way of fools, was probably nearer the truth than MacKenzie would have admitted to himself.

"Personally, of course," Eddie went on, "I'm sorry the girl lost her position. I'm really cut up about it."

"Well, I can lighten your burden a little," MacKenzie observed. "Miss Allen didn't lose her position. She resigned voluntarily."

"She did?" Eddie was frankly amazed. "What the dickens did she do that for?" And then eagerly, "Why, that's the same as admitting that she did it! Does Uncle Howard know that? Have you told him?"

"No; I haven't happened to see him, and there didn't seem any particular reason for going out of my way."

"Say listen, Mac, I'd tell him right away if I were you. He ought to know."

"You can tell him if you like. There's no secret about it."

"No, you tell him, Mac. It would sound better, coming from you."

Something in the station at which their train was stopping attracted MacKenzie's attention for several moments. Then he returned to Eddie.

"Ever tried the new Interocean course in Bermuda?" he inquired conversationally.

"No, never been over there." A moment's pause. "Say, Mac, just tip the old man off about Miss Allen, won't you? Might as well close the matter up."

"I should say the matter was most effectually closed already. Go ahead and tell him yourself, Eddie, if you want to. You'd get more comfort out of it than I would."

"No," Eddie insisted; "it would be better to come from you."

"All right," MacKenzie agreed. "I'll tell him first time I see him."

"Better do it right away," Eddie urged. "The sooner a nasty situation's closed up the better for everybody."

MacKenzie glanced sharply at the stripling beside him.

"What difference does it make to you?" he inquired curiously.

"Oh, not any," Eddie hastily assured him. "Not to me, in particular. But there's no point in having suspicion floating around the place loose. It might light on anybody. Why, it might light on you yourself, for instance!"

MacKenzie laughed.

"My reputation's safe," he said, "considering that I stood to lose more by that information leaking out than I could possibly have sold it for."

"Oh, I don't mean anyone would think you had sold it. But—oh, they might get to thinking you'd dropped something, accidentally, you know; in conversation, for instance. That's all I meant."

They rode a station or two in silence, swinging by the metal straps.

"Know any of the people over at Rodman & Evans—socially, I mean?" MacKenzie inquired casually.

"No," said Eddie quickly; "not a soul."

"I was thinking it was you who introduced me to Calder."

"Oh, I forgot about Calder. Yes, I do know him. We used to run around together, but I haven't seen him for a long time; not since long before this trouble happened."

"No?" MacKenzie's tone was casually conversational.

"I'd forgotten all about Caldy's being with Rodman & Evans, as a matter of fact," Eddie went on. "That's why I said I didn't know anyone over there. I never think of Caldy in connection with business at all. We never used to talk about business at all. Then, as I say, it's ages since I've even seen him."

Another station in silence.

"I was thinking of old Caldy just today," Eddie observed. "Thinking I ought to ring him up. He'll be thinking I'm trying to Ritz him. I was just thinking it must be three or four months since I've even seen Caldy."

He glanced sideways at MacKenzie's profile. MacKenzie, his eyes narrowed speculatively, was apparently studying the second-story apartments the train was flashing past.

"That's a funny one," Eddie went on uneasily, "my forgetting Calder was with Rodman & Evans when you asked me if I knew anyone over there."

Suddenly MacKenzie laughed, a short, rather grim laugh.

"What's the joke?" Eddie demanded.

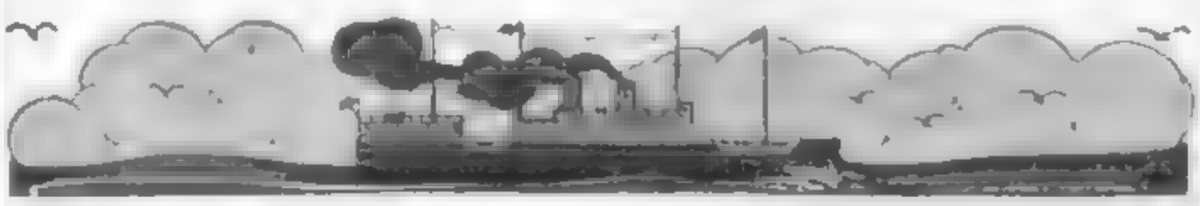
"I was just thinking," MacKenzie said, "what a scare it must have thrown you into when you found what an important tip it was you'd accidentally dropped to Calder."

"I'd—what do you mean, MacKenzie? I don't know what you're talking about. I tell you I haven't seen Calder in ages. I can prove ——"

MacKenzie did not seem to hear the flustered, blustering boy beside him.

"I suppose," he went on, as though Eddie had not spoken, "you must have seen my bid on Miss Allen's machine when you were hanging over her desk. Naturally she wouldn't think it necessary to keep anything from the president's nephew."

"I tell you I didn't do it! I don't know what you're talking about! I never told



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Enclosed find 10c—please send a large family size "Sweet Lover" to

Name
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"Old Town Canoes"

The Call of QUIET WATER

A QUIET stream is a wonderful place to laze-paddle a canoe. Just idle along. The "Old Town" glides forward at the slightest pressure of the paddle. The water murmurs a mild protest as it ripples off the bow.

An "Old Town" is the finest of canoes. It is easy to paddle—exceptionally strong and light and steady. It will last you for years. And it is the lowest priced canoe you can buy. $54 up from dealer or factory.

The new 1923 catalog shows all models in full colors. Write for one today. It is free

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
305 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

SIMONIZ your car

There *is* a way to keep your new car new. SIMONIZ! It's the standard way, the safe and easy way to keep all fine finishes clean and beautiful. Simoniz restores the lustre of used cars. It protects the finish in all weather and travel.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
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Hires
HOUSEHOLD EXTRACTS
For making ROOTBEER GINGER ALE *at home*

A Pure Delicious Beverage

One package makes 80 glasses. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send postpaid package direct. Or, send $2.80 for carton of one dozen. Canada and foreign price 35c and $4.00 respectively.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
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Ask for
In Bottles **Hires** At Fountain

John Meeker
$75.00 every week

What is Your Age?

W. H. Guscott
$90 extra a month

It doesn't matter whether you are this side of twenty or beyond fifty, you have an opportunity to make money as a representative of this Company.

If you want a spare-time position, our proposition offers you a chance to make up to $1.50 an hour. If you want a regular full-time job, we have one waiting with fifty or sixty dollars a week, *besides commission*, as the reward to the right person.

The men on this page, and hundreds like them, are making good with us. Why not you too?

These next few months several hundred thousand orders for our three publications will be placed. You can share in this business—and in the profits! Whatever your age or position, if you want more money, let us tell you about our plan for making it.

Clip off the Coupon and Mail it Now

O. W. Hendee
$175 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
308 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation, how to make money by your plan.

Name

Street

City State

Floyd Parks
$200 in one month

unything to Calder! I haven't seen Calder! I never saw the letter! I ——"

"Lord," said MacKenzie, "but you must have been scared, to hide behind a girl's skirts! I wonder if you'd have done it just the same even if she hadn't let you down first."

"I tell you I didn't ——"

MacKenzie turned for the first time and looked Eddie full in the eyes, his own like blue-steel gimlets.

"I tel you I ——" Eddie began again, and then crumpled.

"Mac" he reached out and clutched MacKenzie's coat sleeve convulsively—"Mac, I swear I didn't have an idea it was important! Honest, if Calder'd been a gentleman he'd have been above using it! Honest, Mac, I've always been a good friend to you! For the love of heaven, don't tell Uncle Howard! I hadn't any idea it was important! Honest, Mac—Mac, you won't tell him ——"

MacKenzie shook off the clutching hand impatiently.

"I'll let you break the news yourself," he said. "Any way you prefer."

"Oh, Mac, I can't!" Eddie's voice rose in panic above the roar of the train. "Mac, don't make me tell him! I can't ——"

"It's lucky for you," MacKenzie observed, unmoved, "that you know how to handle your uncle. You probably won't be kicked out as you deserve."

"Mac, for the love of heaven, keep it dark! Just this once! I swear that never again as long as I live—Mac ——"

"Oh, shut up!" MacKenzie interrupted contemptuously. "You gave yourself away, you know, just by overdoing it. That's your worst fault, Eddie, aside from being a whining little sneak and a coward. You talk too much."

He swung about and stared out of a window on the other side of the car as station after station flashed past, ignoring the stricken Eddie till just before he reached his own. Then, "By the way, Eddie," he said casually, "I'll trouble you for Miss Allen's home address."

"But to make me think you had done it ——"

Millicent Allen's Hundred and Fourteenth Street boarding-house parlor was, fortunately, deserted.

"I didn't really say I had. I had to make you think so, though, or you'd have felt it your duty to keep me on, even if you'd killed your own chances with the firm or maybe even lost your own job. Miss Cutting had just told me; she'd got it from Mr. Pickthall's secretary."

"But it wouldn't have been your fault if I had. You——"

"I couldn't see any other way. I didn't know who had done it. You've been so fair; you have such prospects—do you suppose I'd have let them be spoiled?"

"But what about yourself? You might have had trouble getting any other place at all. What about yourself?"

"Well, I didn't think about that at the time. I was just thinking what an awful thing it was for you. I just couldn't bear it to see you taking chances with your future. I ——"

"Millicent Allen!" She faltered and looked down. He caught her hands. "Millicent Allen, look at me!"

Abashed, she raised her eyes. Her hands trembled, the hot color swept up over her white temples, her eyes filled with quick tears. And suddenly, sure forever, MacKenzie knew which part had been real that other day in his office.

It was the merest chance that they were not in the office now. For so far had caution gone out of MacKenzie he would doubtless have done in the Founders' City office, that very stronghold of wisdom and caution, exactly what he did next in the boarding-house parlor. It was chance, but on the whole a fortunate chance.

Some moments, like some girls, are better out of any office.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

May 12, 1923

Cover Design by Elbert McGran Jackson

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Chin-Chin—*Sophie Kerr*	8
Bigger and Better—*George Randolph Chester*	12
Miss Tanner—*May Edginton*	14
The Wells of Truth—*Philip Gibbs*	16
State's Evidence—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	20
The Siren and the Boss—*Fannie Kilbourne*	24
When McTurk Met Greek—*Carl Clausen*	42

ARTICLES

Filibusters—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	6
Money From Everywhere—*Albert W. Atwood*	10
Topping 'em Off—*Philip Ashton Rollins*	18
Legislating Water to Run Uphill—*Roger W. Babson*	22
My Diplomatic Education: A President in an Embassy—*Norval Richardson*	23
The Last Stronghold—*Hal G. Evarts*	26
Everybody Works But Father—*William T. Ellis*	30
The Future of the Railroads—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	33

SERIALS

Barbry (In five parts)—*Henry Milner Rideout*	3
Are Parents People? (Second part)—*Alice Duer Miller*	28
North of 36 (Sixth part)—*Emerson Hough*	36

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	32
Short Turns and Encores	34
Out-of-Doors	50

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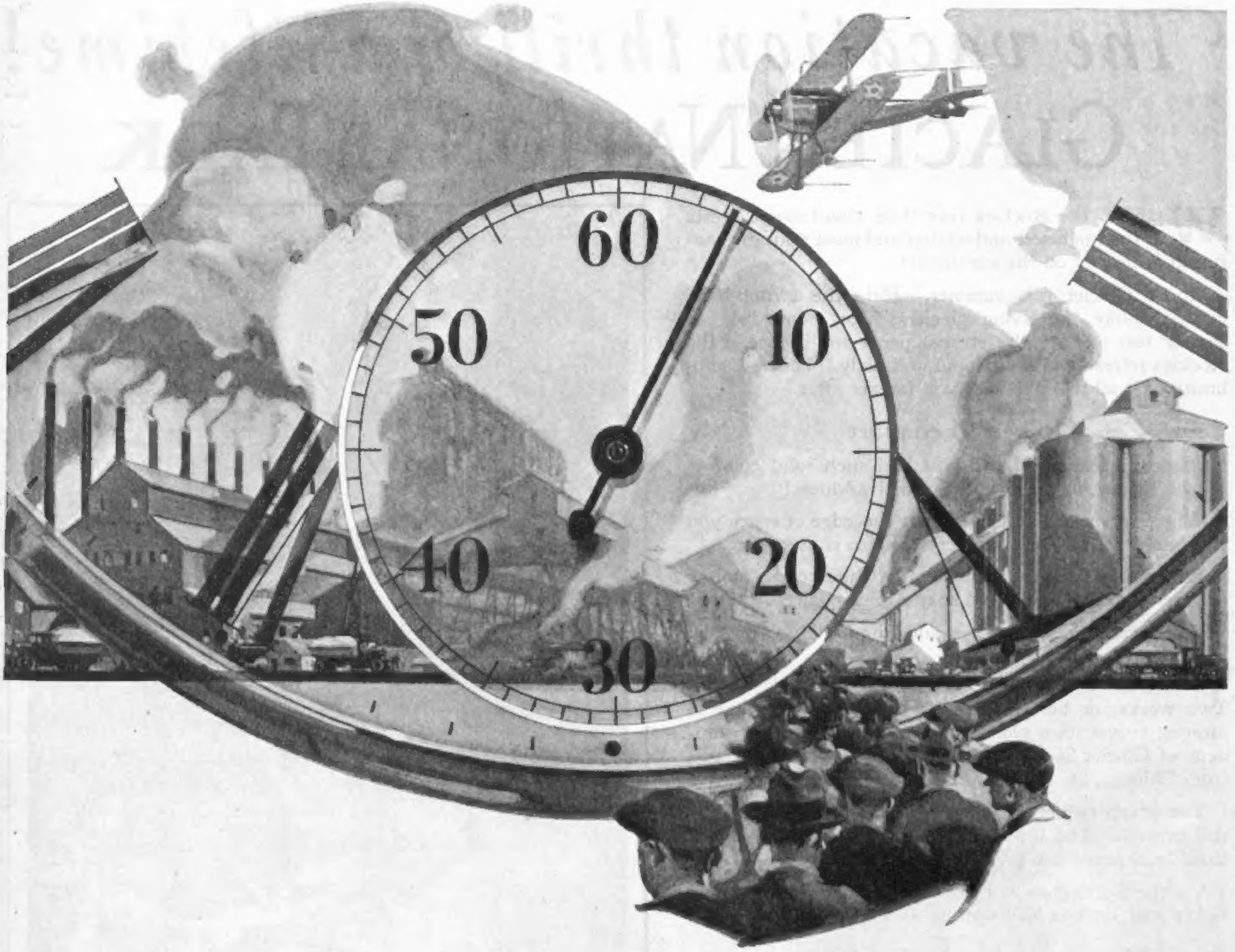


"In Just a Minute"

What happens?

A woman powders her nose. A sluggard sighs. An aeroplane wings through two miles of space.

In the basic industries, minutes are precious units of time. In the portland cement industry they are jammed with action. Last year the mills in this country produced 455,480,000 sacks of portland cement—867 sacks for every minute of the year.

Replacement of worn-out cotton sacks alone created a market for 50,000,000 new ones. 93 yards of 30-inch cotton cloth had to be woven every minute to make them—76 miles of cloth every twenty-four hours.

And dynamite and other explosives—42,000 pounds of them were shot every day to supply the giant crushers with the 130,000 pounds of raw materials used each minute.

Every twenty-four hours the mills burned more than 30,000 tons of coal or equivalent fuel—enough every minute to keep 2 average homes comfortably heated throughout the winter.

This was in 1922.

It has been estimated that building activities this year will create a demand for more than 480,000,000 sacks of cement.

Government figures give the industry's capacity as 600,000,000 sacks per year if the mills are not handicapped by transportation delays, strikes and fuel shortages.

To many "in just a minute" means delay—procrastination. To this basic industry it means speed and yet more speed in the production of a commodity that goes to increase the permanent wealth of the country.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A National Organization
to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete

Atlanta	Denver	Indianapolis	Milwaukee	New York	Pittsburgh	Seattle
Boston	Des Moines	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Parkersburg	Portland, Oreg.	St. Louis
Chicago	Detroit	Los Angeles	New Orleans	Philadelphia	Salt Lake City	Vancouver, B.C.
Dallas	Helena				San Francisco	Washington, D.C.

The vacation thrill of a lifetime!

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

WHERE the Rockies rear their cloud-swept crests in the mightiest and wildest and most majestic confusion of beauty on the continent!

Go to Glacier this summer. Ride the switch-back trails, explore the living glaciers; hike, boat, fish, or simply rest and let the eternal peace and silence of the Rockies refresh you, soul, mind and body. The vast sublimity of it all will live with you forever after.

In perfect comfort

Nowhere in the world will you find such solid comfort —such luxury, in the heart of primal wildness!

Where mountain sheep pose on the edge of space you will find great hotels with every modern convenience.

Where the Blackfeet Indians pitch their tepees among the serried peaks you'll find cozy Alpine chalets.

Yet, never is the spell of deep and primal wildness broken.

A short-time vacation

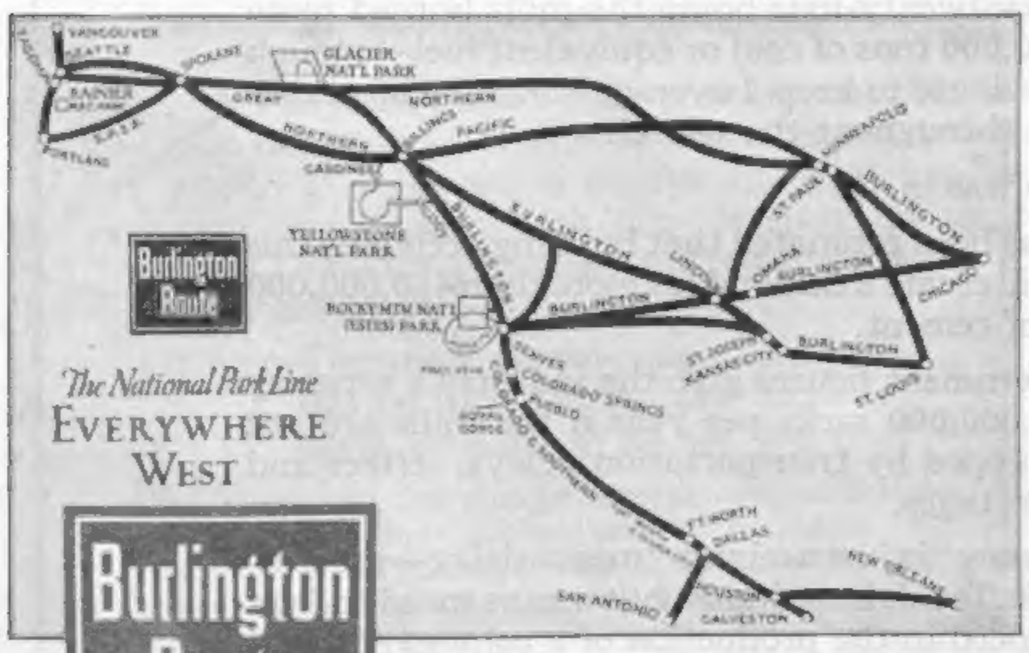
Two weeks, or better three, is ample, if your time is limited, to vacation gloriously amid the mountain grandeur of Glacier National Park. Two days will take you from Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City to the Park.

The sharp reduction in railroad fares made last year still prevails. The low cost of the trip will surprise you. Your local agent can give you an estimate.

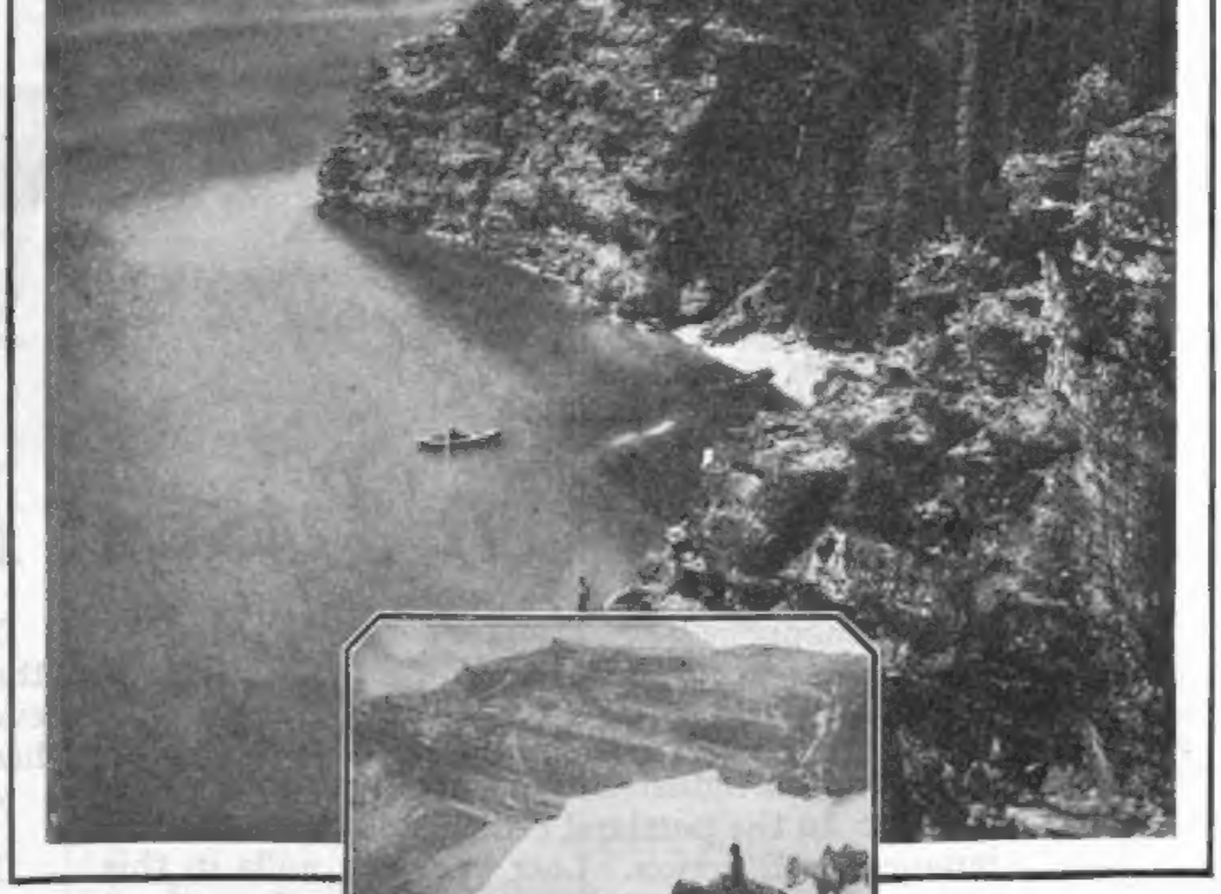
Via the Burlington you can visit Colorado on the same ticket and include Yellowstone at slight additional cost.

If you are going farther West—

Just say Burlington to your local agent—he'll understand. This will allow you conveniently to visit Glacier en route.



Everywhere West via the dependable Burlington, the route of Comfort, Courtesy and Convenience



The home of the Blackfeet

Evening on St. Mary Lake

Magnificent motor roads

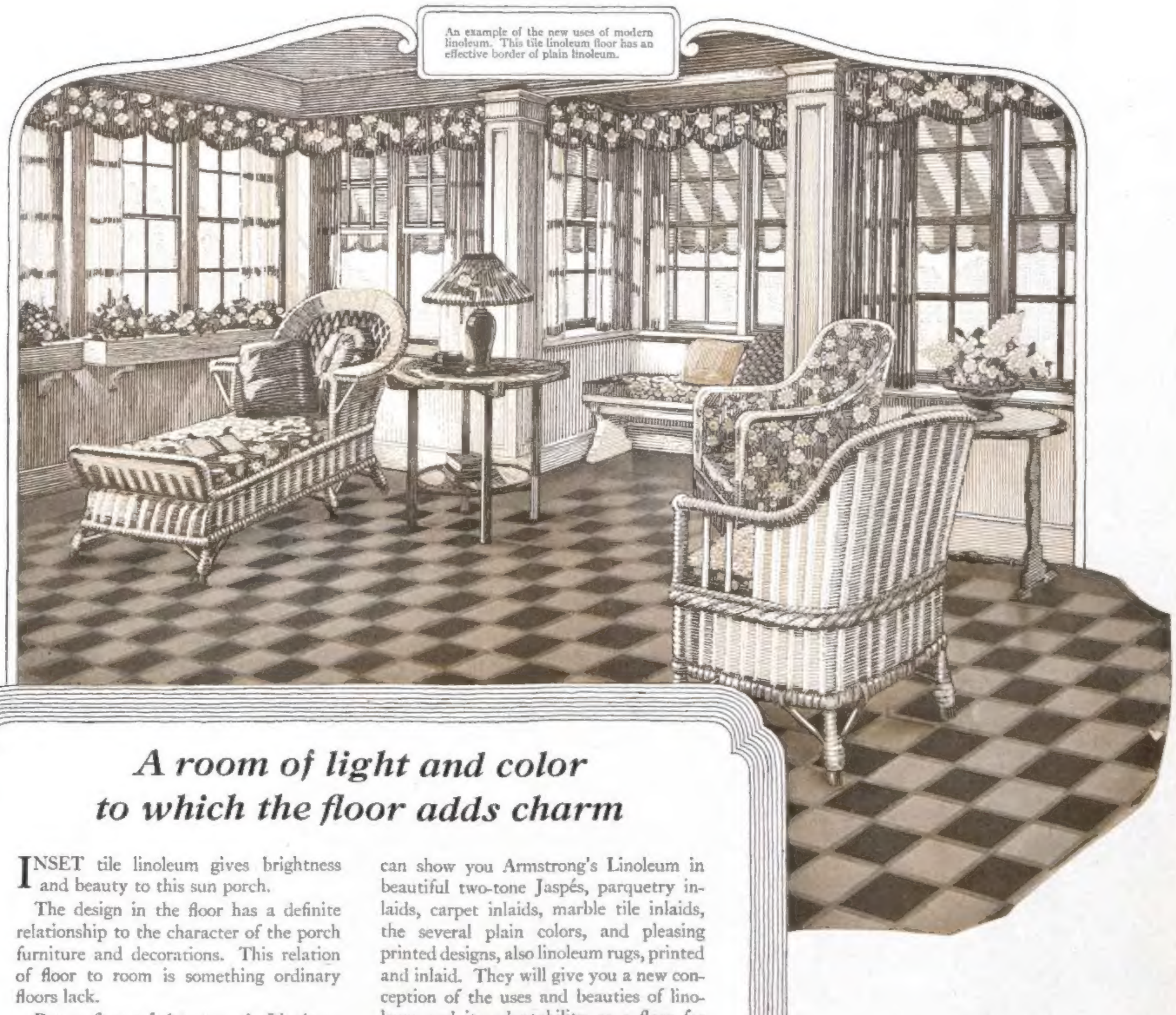
Free Book

WRITE for free book, "Glacier National Park," to P. S. Eustis, Pass. Traffic Mgr., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Burlington Planned Vacations

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



An example of the new uses of modern linoleum. This tile linoleum floor has an effective border of plain linoleum.

A room of light and color to which the floor adds charm

INSET tile linoleum gives brightness and beauty to this sun porch.

The design in the floor has a definite relationship to the character of the porch furniture and decorations. This relation of floor to room is something ordinary floors lack.

But a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum has other advantages besides its decorative value. It is easy to clean and, when properly installed, permanent, waterproof and durable.

Every housekeeper can appreciate the comfort of a floor that does not stain, splinter, or take up dust. A linoleum floor never needs expensive refinishing. An occasional waxing and polishing is all the care it demands, and this attention it rewards handsomely by looking bright and new.

Good furniture and department stores can show you Armstrong's Linoleum in beautiful two-tone Jaspés, parquetry inlaids, carpet inlaids, marble tile inlaids, the several plain colors, and pleasing printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid. They will give you a new conception of the uses and beauties of linoleum and its adaptability as a floor for any room in your house.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is marked with a Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back. Look for it.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

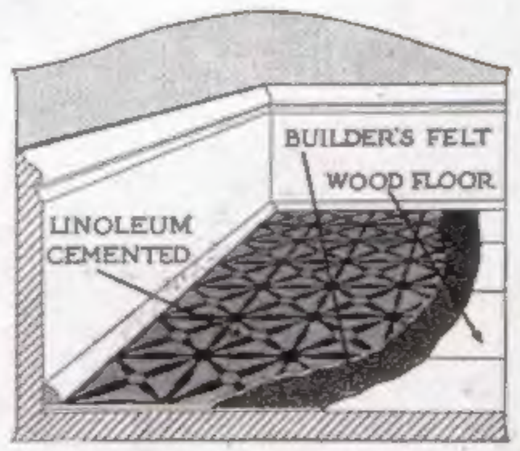
"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" **(Second Edition)**

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

804 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

Clean Floors

Make

Cheerful Homes

A little Old Dutch Cleanser and the mop make the floor clean almost at a stroke.

Old Dutch is so extraordinarily efficient because the tiny, flat-shaped, flaky particles completely wipe away all dirt and impurities without scratching. It makes things absolutely clean and therefore hygienic and sanitary. Old Dutch is a natural cleanser; it contains no hard grit to scratch and mar the surface.

Old Dutch is economical because its particles, due to their flat shape, cover more surface and do more and better cleaning than hard, gritty material.

Use it for all cleaning—sink, bath, walls, utensils. It's your best helper, saves you time, money and work.

Old Dutch removes the dirt and not the surface.